

M.S. of "My Life".

To be placed in the hands
of Prof. Libbey of
Princeton University

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Return to W. E. SCHENCK, D. D.

4006 Baltimore Avenue,

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Rev. Dr. P. H. Nassau
(Gaboon *Anglo-African* Mission)



Gaboon,

West Africa

Assuming
[Keele]

[About Sketch
of the Mission]

Written Jan. 16/82
Recd Mar. 13/82
Recd. Philip's
From
Mrs. Schalk

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society

OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Jan 6th 1882

Rev. E. W. Assan, M. D. Africa.

Dear Sir, I am directed on behalf of this Society to express to you its thanks for the Sketch of Missions of the Pres. Bd. of Foreign Missions in Africa. It proves to be interesting & satisfactory. A copy of the sketch has been sent you & we desire you to order from our Society gratis such a number of copies as you shall desire.

The preparation of these Historical Sketches seem to be timely & well fitted to the use of Pastors & others interested in the world's redemption as pursued by our Church. A call for the ten sketches, bound together with a stiff paper cover has led us to put out such a volume. Special friends of each of the Theological Seminaries of our Church have on application given us funds, which we believe will enable us to place a gift

copy in the hands of every student now in
these Institutions. Thus our future Pastors
and Ministers will have no excuse for not
knowing what the Pres'n. Church has been, and
is doing in Foreign Missions. Let us pray that
the facts presented may lead many to
obey in person the last command of their
Lord. "Go ye." &c.

We were glad to hear from a note
from Mrs. Mason - to Mrs. Turner rec'd during
our week of prayer services, that your journey
had nearly closed & in such comfortable
health to you both. My love to Mrs. Mason -
whom I remember as a guest in my home, I
regret that my illness from fever prevented
my meeting you both when you were in
our City. Wishing you every blessing
which a gracious God can bestow, both
on your work & on your selves. I am
Yours truly. W. B. Schenck.
(Mrs. W. E. Schenck)

Chapter XXV.

A third Furlough

February 1891 - September 1893

I was then free to make plans for my own voyages, after I should have performed all my duty as clerk, on the minutes of the Mission's meetings, and the annual copy of Presbytery's minutes for the Synod of New Jersey in the United States. I

considered that my furlough had begun. My Ogawa Station was in other hands. I had no responsibility at Isaraka. There would be at least thirty days before there could be a steamer for Liverpool. That interval became a trying one. And, I looked westward. One

day, with a very bad headache, I strolled into the villages, and visited Ajivo (who had returned from Batanga Beach, after M^r. Briere's death.) When I mentioned my headache, she quietly handed me a small white object like a bean-kernel, and told me to rub it on my forehead. Almost instantly it relieved my pain! It was menthol; the first that I had ever seen or heard of that medicine. (Since then, I have always carried menthol with me.) I went

shopping at the various trading-houses, buying a large quantity of native curios for my American friends. I bought many parrots for them. The twelve boxes of ethnological specimens for the University of Penna. I re-marked, to be sent in advance of me, by a German steamer expected from the south.

I took my company of Mary, her governess and Iga, and Igweo and her husband, a tour of the trading-houses, and bought them souvenirs. At the restaurant of the White Meris Club, I ordered a special dinner, where, for the first time, Mary drank ice-water, and had her curiosity gratified in seeing a collection of geese, canary-birds, pigeons, frigs, &c. French beef-steak was such a rare thing that I bought to Baraka a piece for Mrs. MacMillan; but, she was too sick to eat it.

My little girl missed her Talagega home; there were few amusements at Baraka. As an alternative, she went one day to see the church-women, at their monthly Sewing Society, who were sewing for Mrs. Sneed. Another day, I took her to the end of the pier of H. & C., watched waves as they rolled in from the west, and told her of her relatives who lived beyond the setting sun, to whom we were soon to go.

On the 24th, went on a walk with Mr. Pisset and Mr. Robert (the new teacher for Kängwe) to the Sibange coffee Farm. We were entertained by the two traders there. And, after a rain had ceased, walked back in time for supper, not as tired as I had been on the unfortunate walk with Mr. Good, a few years before.

On Thursday, Feb. 26th, Rev. and Mrs. Mac Millan, though still sick from their repeated disappointments, obtained a sail-boat to take them to their Benita Station. And, Mr. Robert boarded the "Éclairneur" for the Ogowe. I and my company were left, the last of the Mission gathering that, for two months, had drafted on the hospitality of Baraka.

Mary's desultory education continued; but, as far as I was aware, she never had been in a school room, until, at her request, I allowed her to go to Mr. Pisset's; she said that she liked it. The thought of the United States had no attraction for her. She had heard only that it was utterly unlike Africa. She asked what she would eat there, and whether there were plantains. I was filling my Wardian case with rare African plants for the Horticultural Hall in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. To satisfy her, I put in a plantain-rob, whose fruit was to be her food!

By March 11th, news of

steamers had become definite. Early in the morning of the 18th, friend Njivo, coming up the hill to see her sister, signaled to me, as I stood on the Baraka veranda, that a steamer was entering the estuary. It was our expected "Benquela"! After breakfast, I went off, and saw Capt. Glasscock and the chief steward. Purser Fathergill was ashore. When he returned, I engaged 1st class passages for myself, Mary, Mr. Sneed, Anyentyewa and her child. Returned to Baraka; and Mr. Gault sent off such baggage as was ready; and the inevitable last things were gathered together. Native female church-members were on the beach to say good-bye. With two other boat-loads, ourselves and our baggage were on board by seven o'clock. My company were the only ones in the ladies' cabin. There was some delay the next day, about the steamer's taking on board logs of African mahogany. Finally, early on Friday, Mar. 20th, the "Benquela" started on its seven weeks voyage to Liverpool. The vessel made many stops on the coast, at some of which we went ashore:— At Duala, in the Kamerun river, remaining there three days; and we all visited ashore at a trader's, a brother of Anyentyewa, who presented me with an ivory-

task (Mary has it to day): - At Old Calabar, for eight days. There, at church ashore, I met the Methodist Missy Bishop, W^m Taylor, and a number of his recruits: - At Bonny, in the Tiger, two days; bought a quantity of the pretty Bonny-grass table-mats: - At Freetown, Sierra Leone, where we could not go ashore, being quarantined by the death of a sailor: - At Grand Canary; quarantined; but were allowed to buy from boats alongside. I bought for Mary her "Bengy", and two other little white Teneriffe daisies as gifts for others: - At Havre; and took a two hours ride through its streets: - And, landed at Liverpool, Wedy, May 6th.

Then, for a week in Liverpool, where we received most courteous attention from the Messrs Holt, in whose care Augustynus and his child were to remain, until the sailing of the excellent Capt. Fred. Davis, who would safely carry them back to Gaboon. On the "Benguela", the vessel's employees had seen my careful watering of the Wardian case, and probably had over heard me speak of the value of the plants. The case was stored ashore with my other luggage. When it was transferred to the steamer for America, most of my precious plants had been stolen.

There was an epidemic of grippe in Liverpool.

I was seized with it; and had to abandon my plan to visit Switzerland. On Wed'y, May 13th, I, utterly prostrated and helpless with the grippe, and Mary weeping in the parting from Anyentjeva, we boarded the "British Princess"; on which there was a distressing voyage for me and my child. I was in bed for ten days, and could do nothing for her. A passenger, a Miss Brown, of Philadelphia, kindly showed her some attention.

On Monday, May 25th, we landed at Philadelphia. And, the first news was that my dear brother William was dead. My little girl was home. My two sons had come to meet me, on the Inspector's tug, who boarded the vessel before its actual docking at the pier. They assisted me in the identification and passing of my more than twenty pieces of luggage at the Custom House. Mr. Sell, a wealthy colored gentleman, one of the directors of the Home for Aged Colored Persons, to which Mrs. Sneed was destined, was also on hand, and took her to his house. Mary and our dogs and parrots went at once to my son William's home at Queen Lane, Germantown, where the Rev. Allen H. Brown was awaiting to greet me. They were glad welcomes; but, I was very tired. There was a large

bundle of letters awaiting me; but, I was too weary
 to read any more than the two from my dear
 brother William. When I had rested, the next
 day I read the letters; made plans; selected
 names of individuals to whom to distribute some
 of the dogs, parrots, skins, and African curios.
 The next day, I had a wearisome time with
 errands into the city; to Dr. Ziegler for my eyes;
 to druggist; to optician; with Mary to 1334
 Chestnut St (the then site of the Board of Publi-
 cation Rooms, in the W. F. M. S. office, to see Miss
 Lombard and Mrs. Fishburn. I gave to the
 Society, ten of the African ivory hair-pins. To
 Mr. Sills, to arrange for Mrs. Sneed; to Wauwatese;
 and back to Green Lane, very tired. Mr. W. J.
 Latta called, in the evening; and, I shared the
 skins with him. On Friday 29th,
 with my son and Mary, went to the Horticul-
 tural Hall in Fairmount Park, whither my
 Waudian case had already been sent. The poor
 remnants of what the Liverpool thieves had left
 were politely received. Probably sprouts from
 Mary's plantain-rot may be growing there still.
 On the way back from W Philadelphia, met my
 sister Mrs. Louie and her daughter Matilda at
 Mr. Roberts & Curie's. My son's wife was

not well, but she assisted me in the emptying of Mary's trunks, and the arrangement of their contents in bureau drawers. Her infant daughter Elizabeth was in the care of Mrs. Varrau's mother, Mrs. Mace, of the Management. I visited my son Charles guardians, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Patton. As far as my strength allowed, I was boxing and expressing to various friends the parrots &c, and answering letters; and, assisted by my daughter-in-law, shopping for Mary's needs of dresses, shoes, &c. One day in

June, I went to W. Philadelphia to the University, to see the Rev. Jesse G. Burk, about the boxes for the Museum, which were being detained in the N. Y. Custom-house. The N. Y. officials asserted that the pottery, implements, &c. came under the clause of the Customs Law, about "manufactured" articles, and demanded \$50. duty, which I declined to pay.

Most of the skins, and the heads of elephant and hippopotamus, had been obtained by money sent to me by my brother William; so I sent them to his widow and children in Burlington, Iowa. They returned the latter to me, for me to use as I chose for Science; the former, unfortunately, owing to the improper native African method of drying in the hot sun, were most of them unavailable for a furrier. My

brother in law, the Rev. Dr. Gosman and his wife, of Lawrenceville, Vt. called to see me. My errands in the city continued; to Provost Pepper of the University; to the Board of Publication; and other places.

On the 8th went into the city to Mr. Sills, and paid \$150. as entrance fee for Mrs. Sneed into the Home. With that deposit, the Home would thereafter during the remainder of her life, provide for all her wants.

I had been making plans of travel; and, one day, my son Charles had said to me, "Do not be absent on June 11th." "Why?" "The University wishes you to be present." "For what?" "Provost Pepper will tell you"; That was the first intimation I had had that, ten days later, a degree was to be conferred on me. I have never known whose were the influences that had brought my name before the University officials; on the morning of the 11th I went to the foyer of the Academy of Music, where I was met by the Rev. J. G. Burk, Rev. M. Harris of Watferry, Rev. M. Steele of Ohio, and lawyer Stuart Patterson of Philadelphia (who had been a pupil of mine at Lawrenceville, in 1855, and whose son was to graduate that day.) Then, I joined the procession on to the stage, listened to the orations, the granting of diplomas, and the conferring of honors; among them my own of S. T. D.

(*Sacrae Theologiae Doctor*). Then, I went with Mary, to the Colored Home at Girard and Belmont Aves, and was one of the speakers, with Rev. Bp. O. W. Whitaker, a Rev. M^r. Johnson, and two colored ladies, Miss Wopfer, and M^rs Coopers.

On Sunday 14th, walked the mile distance to the 1st. Presb. church, Rev. Dr. Charles Wood, pastor, and listened to an excellent sermon on Parental Training of Children. Miss Hannah Johnson, a member of the Phil^a. W. S. N. S. and a relative of Mary's mother, introduced us to Dr. Wood, and to Miss Virginia Pearson, whose name I knew as interested in Foreign Missions. My

son and his wife, knowing my love for music, kindly invited a lady of musical reputation to sing for me one evening. In courtesy, I had to thank the lady. But, if I could have laid all the truth, I would have had to say that I then received my first dislike (a dislike that has deepened every year) to the "wobbling" of the voice in the offensive tremolo of modern singing.

My brother-in-law, the Rev. Wm. Swan and his wife, of Lambertville, N. J., called to see me. And, I went to pay my respects to Mr. W. J. Latta, of Chestnut Hill (a relative of my first wife), being cordially received by him and Mrs. Latta, and her

mother and sister, Mrs and Miss Bingham, and Mr Latta's four little children. On the 18th, went to Camden, N.J., to Rev. Allen H. Brown. In the uncertainty of life in Africa, I had placed Mary and her mother's small list of funds, in his care, as her legal guardian. He showed me his very careful accounts.

The errands and shopping in the city continued; but, I took a part of a day for recreation with Mary at the Zoological Garden. The keeper of lions was interested in my stories of gorillas; and Mary was delighted for three hours with the sight of all the animals, especially with her feeding of the deer and raccoon.

On Sunday 21st, on the way to church with Mary, without umbrella, we met with rain. A lady in an open doorway of a pretty house, seeing our misfortune, invited us on to her veranda. Soon, the father came from Sunday School, with his two little children. And, the rain growing worse, we were invited into the parlor. Then I told them who I was. That was the beginning of a pleasant acquaintance with the Parr family; and young Florence became a play-mate for Mary.

On Tuesday June 23rd, began a series of journey and visits, that continued for two years. They were all

made on invitation and pre-arrangement of dates, Mary was with me on most of these visits. At them all, I made from one to three addresses, in churches, Sabbath Schools, C. E., W. F. M. S., or private parlors. I have not space to mention all the courtesies received, or the names of the many who welcomed me. They gave me a constant exhilaration that enabled me to have strength for all the nerve strain in the many Meetings, the while that, on an average of every other day, I was suffering from the headaches that I had had in Africa, for which I could find no cure, and of which I knew not the cause. Because they were almost always associated with nausea, I laid the blame on my stomach, and denied myself of one after another article of food which I (unjustly) suspected to be the guilty cause. At all these visits, I carried and exhibited (especially in parlors) my hundreds of African photographs. To save repetition, I mention that on these journeys, "we" means Mary and myself. So, on that 23^d, we went to the Colored Home, and took Mrs. Sneed to visit her two grand-daughters, Kate and Grace Market, who were in the care of Mrs. Losee, at Summit, N. J. There, in the evening, Mrs. Dean, mother of Mrs. Bachelor, called on us, at

Mrs Lasee's.

The next day, leaving Mr Sneed, we went to Trenton, N. J., to my aunt, Mrs Matilda G. Hamill, where I met the Misses Kelly Green and Mary Gwynners, and little Matilda Wood. Presently, the children of my cousin Mr H. H. Hamill, Matilda and Hergo, came to play with Mary.

The next day, after some business with lawyer J. S. Atkins, we left aunt Hamill's, for Lambertville, Rev. and Mrs W. M. Swan. On evening of the 26th, a short address at the Mission Band meeting. The next day, Elder Greene kindly took us a ride in his carriage into the country toward Ringoes; from which Mary returned with a cold. On Sunday evening the 28th, in the church, preached my first missionary sermon, since my arrival in the U. S. The next day, as Mary was sick in bed, I left her with her aunt, and went to New York at the Mission House, to consult with Secy Gillespie, to settle accounts, and to try to get my University boxes out of the custom-house. Was unsuccessful; left; and went to Summit; and visited Mrs Deaw, where ^{were} Mr Bacheler and her four children, who had arrived from India. The following day, taking Mr Sneed, I accompanied her as far as Trenton, where I left her to proceed to Philadelphia, while

returned to Lawrenceville where found Rev. Dr. Gasman and niece Jenny; and attended sessions of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, at which I was called on for a short address. On

Wed. July 1st; we returned to Trenton, where I had some legal business with my cousin, lawyer Hamill; and, to Lawrenceville with Dr. Gasman and Jenny, where we were welcomed by my sister Mrs. Gasman and her other three daughters. In the afternoon, at the Ladies Sewing Society, resumed acquaintance with the Lawrenceville names of Brearley, Caldwell, White, Reese, Hendrickson, and De Witt. On the 2nd,

we returned to Philadelphia, to Queen Lane, where Mrs. W. C. Nassau was sick. And, on the following day, after visiting my plants in Horticultural Hall, with son Charles, and enjoying the view of palms and other tropical plants, I went to Dr. Morton's country-seat "Blowmel", at Strafford, fifteen miles out on the P.R.R. Main-line. Returned, the next day, to Queen Lane. And, in the evening, with Mary and son Charles called at M^{rs}. Latta's, where she witnessed the first 4th of July exhibition, at Wissahickon Heights.

On Monday 6th, with son Charles, we started for Warriors mark, Pa., arriving next day,

at the lovely home of my sister Mrs Louie; where we were met by my Louie nephews, Charles, Walter, and Matthew. There, for two weeks, we enjoyed the love and hospitality of not only the Louie family, but also of friends in the village, and day-visitors from adjacent places. Among them were the Misses Edwards and La Porte; Dr. Wm Louie and wife and their little daughter Mary; Mr. Grier, and Miss Davis, from Birmingham Female Seminary; Mrs Stewart of Tyrone Forge, and her two daughters; Mr and Mrs and Miss Carter, of New York; Mrs Patton and her young daughters; Miss Kate Stewart; Mrs Rev. J. H. Stewart and her little Mary; Rev and Mrs Bronce, and their little Sarah.

With son Charles and other young men, and some ladies, I made successful effort in playing tennis. One day, enthused by my success in athletics, I seized a branch of a pine tree out on the rear lawn, and swinging violently back and forth, I gave a vigorous jump to the ground. At night, following my regular habit of inspecting my entire body before going to bed, I observed a tumor in my left groin. To my horror, I suspected it to be inguinal hernia. I easily reduced the rupture, but lay awake with anxiety. The next morning,

all seemed normal. But, after breakfast, the tumor appeared again. My son reduced it; but, it was painful. So, the next day, Monday 13th, he took me to Philadelphia, to be fitted with a truss. It was necessary; but, it made me feel that I was in bonds; and, those bonds burdened me during the following nine years, making travel a discomfort, especially in the heat of Africa. My son returned with me to Warrior's mark, where I found that my brother Joseph had arrived from Warsaw, N. Y.

On Saty 18th, I received a satisfactory letter from Provost Paper, about my African boxes. He had written to Washington to Post-master General Wauwattke, who, as an interested Philadelphian, used his influence with the Secy of the Treasury, who promptly ordered the scientific collection to be released.

On the 27th, I completed a long article for H. M. Wetherill, M.D., of Philadelphia, which he had requested, about Insanity in Africa. On Saty Aug. 1st, addressed Miss Sara Lewis's W. F. M. S. stud, on Sunday 2nd, to a good audience, addressed the Methodist church, Rev. Mr. Ely.

My son Charles, being of age, I handed over to him the principal of the sum of money his mother had designated for him in his infancy. He

lovingly told me to retain the interest. My son William had already, several years before, received the full principal and interest of the sum his mother had designated for him.

Among our daily recreations was the reading aloud to the company, stories from magazines or chapters from noted books. I enjoyed the reading, from the "Century", of Frank Blackton's serial story, "The Squirrel Inn". In the afternoon of Sunday August 9, I preached for the Rev. Dr. H. H. Henry.

My especially enjoyed a ride to the farm of Mr. Patton, where she played with the three little daughters; admired the three colts, and the Guinea fowls, and wondered at the milking of cows. I was quite impressed with respect for the Patton family. (Later, a son and a daughter went as missionaries to China.)

On the 16, preached for Rev. Mr. Henry at Birmingham; and addressed the Sab. School. And, on the 29, addressed the C. E.

On Monday 31, we left Warrior's mark, for a week's visit at Orangeville, Pa, the home of my cousin, Rev. R. H. Davis, Ph.D., where we were welcomed by him and his wife, their son, and three daughters. While there, my theol. Sem. class-mate, Rev. J. M. Patterson and his wife called on

ces from the adjacent town of Bloomsburg. I
 addressed the prayer-meeting, in the evening; and,
 also, the next day, the W. F. M. S. On
 Sunday, Sept. 6th, in the morning, preached to a
 large audience in the Orangeville church. And, in
 the evening, to Mr. Patterson's, in Bloomsburg;
 welcomed by him and his family. The church
 was full; and, at close of the services, was in-
 troduced to many friends of Missions, Mr. and
 Mrs. Neal, Mr. and Mrs. Shipley, Rev. Dr. D. J. Walker,
 and other ladies and gentlemen. On

Monday the 7th, Morton Davis brought Mary from
 Orangeville; and we left via Philadelphia and
 Washington, for Manassas, Va., the home of Rev. and
 Mrs. Frank Tadd. Was met at the station by Miss
 Harriet Tadd, a sister of Mr. Tadd, cousin of Mary's
 mother. A Mr. Round was there also, to kindly
 help with my baggage. During our visit
 there, there was a view of the Manassas Battle-
 ground; addresses at a meeting of the county
 Sab. Sch. Association; and twice on Sunday 13th
 in the morning at Mr. Tadd's, and in the evening
 at a colored Baptist. And, at the prayer-meeting
 of the 16th. There were visits at Mr. Rouse's, and at
 Mr. Round's.

On Thursday 17th, we left
 Manassas. At Washington, was met by my cousin,

W. B. Fassau, Esq. While waiting for a train to Otterburn, via Richmond and Amelia Court-House, he took us to the U. S. Museum. At Otterburn, we were welcomed by Rev. G. C. and Mrs Campbell (formerly of our W. Africa Mission) and their three little children. During our five days with them, there was a walk to Amelia Court-House, with introductions to its colored mayor, and to the Messrs Sackettall, Rev. M. Griffith, and Mrs Montgomery: a walk with the Campbell family to the Otterburn L. Thia Spring: and, a ride to Burkville, to see the large Ingleside Female Seminary, for colored young women, being erected by the Freedmen's Board, and of which M. Campbell was Principal. There I was taken for lunch to the home of M. and Mrs. Reilly, both of whom had memories of my father at Durham and Easton, Pa.

On Sunday 20th, preached twice, to large audience in the colored church of Rev. M. Wright. I had asked him, as I was to speak of my work among Negroes, what form of language I should take. He replied, "The same as to a white audience." But in referring to African Superstitions as I mentioned that they existed also in the U. S., and not wishing to tread too closely, I said, "down in Georgia and Mississippi." One of the Elders on the

front bench spoke out, "yes! and right here too!"

On Wed. 23, we left the Campbells for Washington, with many sentiments of gratitude; for, they had been most kind to us. Being delayed in Richmond, we walked in the Park, fed the friendly gray squirrels, and witnessed a parade. At Washington, were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. McKnight; where also I met two ladies, Miss Chester and Mrs. Childs. In the evening Mr. McKnight took me to a Medical Congress, to hear an Address by S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.; where also, I met Provost Pepper of the Univ. of Pa. On

the 24th, I addressed the Presbyterian W. F. M. S. of the church of Rev. Dr. Bartlett. Here I met a Mrs. Paull, relative of beloved George Paull of our African Mission. In the afternoon, to the Botanical Garden, feeling at home among the many tropical plants which I recognized.

On Friday 25th, we left Washington for Philadelphia, going out to Dr. Morton's country seat at Stratford, for several days' visit. There, Mary enjoyed plays with young Isabella Morton, and her pony Galdie, her big dog Captain, and fox-terrier Robbie. The next day, leaving her in Mrs. Morton's care, I went into the city to Queen Lane, to get clothing, and to open my box of African daggers; which I distributed to

relatives, and to five members of the N. J. Synod. Saw a cricket-game on the Manheim grounds, between two elevens of Philadelphia and English gentlemen. Heard proud news of son Charles good work in the hospitals. And returned to Dr. Morton's. Enjoyed walking in the flower-garden with Mrs. and Miss Morton. On Wed. 30; went again into the city, and spent several hours in the University Museum with Dr. Abbatt, the Curator, in describing, marking, and locating the ethnological contents of the boxes which had arrived from New York. (These articles were not retained in distinct collection; but, were scattered in different places, according as they represented Pottery, Boneology, Music, &c, &c.) And back to Stafford.

On Thursday, Oct. 1st, my kind Morton friends were loath to let us go, and Mary was equally loath to leave, she making use of the time for a last long ride, while I was packing my valise. Went into Germantown to Deean Lane; where I wearied myself opening some of my African boxes stored there; and, in packing for the next day's journey. On Friday, to Tranton, to my aunt Hamill's. As most of the family had gone to the State Fair, I took Mary to Mrs. Hugh Hamill's to play with Matilde and Hugo, while I started to walk

to the Fair grounds. I did not know that the distance was so great; the afternoon sun was warm, and it put me in a profuse perspiration. But, on the return, hanging on the outside of an over-crowded trolley car, in the cool evening wind, I caught a severe cold, with chills at night. The next day I had business at lawyer Filkins, making out my will. In the evening, the Rev. Dr. Brooks had been invited to meet me at my aunt's table. But, my chills were so great that I had to excuse myself and go to bed. So extreme was the pain, that I thought of the possibility of death, and insisted on having witnesses to sign my will that very night. The following day, I remained in bed, most kindly visited by my aunt, Rev. Dr. Brooks, and cousins Hugh Hamill and Mrs. Mary Wood. As it was evident that I was to be seriously sick, and I was expected at Lawrenceville, aunt Hamill took me in her closed carriage to the Gosman family at the Parsonage. I had strength only to hand to them the African curios I had designated for them. Then, I had to cancel all appointments, and went to bed; where I remained for two weeks, treated by Dr. Bewitt for pneumonia that congested the top of my right lung. I think that I must have

been unconscious during part of those two weeks;
 for, I do not remember how they were passed.
 My case being a serious one, a trained nurse,
 Miss Mary Powers, was summoned from Trenton,
 who watched me day and night, it was my
 first experience with a trained nurse. Several
 times since then, I have had others; they all
 confirmed my high estimate of the profession,
 for their skill, their strength, and their wonderful
 union of lady-like dignity and devoted service.
 Friends visited me, even if they were not per-
 mitted to come into the room; cousin Mrs Mary
 Davis Stewart of St Georges, Del, cousin Mrs Mary
 Hamill Wood, my uncle Rev. Dr. Robert Hamill of Pa,
 Rev. Dr. Brooks of Trenton, Mr Charles Patton and
 nephew Matthew Lurie of Warriors-mark. By my
 sickness, I missed attending the Synod of N. J.
 meeting, I was told that, had I been there, I
 would have been elected Moderator. The thought
 of the honor deeply impressed me. My first act
 on being allowed to rise and dress, was to take
 my guitar, and sing for Miss Powers. By the 23^d,
 I was able to go about the house, and do
 some work on the correction of proofs of the
 Bengel Grammar, that had been awaiting me.
 By Tuesday 27th, being considered

permanently recovered, I was desirous to start for Burlington, Iowa, where my coming had been expected. With Mary, and carefully covered in a close carriage, I was taken to Trenton, for Philadelphia and Queen Lane. There, the next day, was opening of trunks and re-packing for the journey. The following day, in an evening Pullman train, we were escorted, as far as Pittsburg, by my son William and his wife. Thence, to Chicago, we had a state-room to ourselves, where I could lie down on a lounge. Mary was very patient and attentive. And, from Chicago, to Burlington, in an ordinary car, arriving at midnight of the 30th, where we were met at the station by niece Eleanor Cassan and young Maxwell Green, son of a Lawrenceville school-day friend, and welcomed by my dear widowed sister-in-law Mrs Ella B. Cassan and niece Mabel.

There, for two months, Mary and I were at home, daily appreciating the greatness of the loss of a home that was to have been here's, but which could not be, as my sister-in-law planned leaving Burlington, in order to travel for Eleanor's health. During those two months, there were so many visits and return calls to and from my dear brother's Burlington friends; and meetings in the various churches.

On Sunday Nov. 1st, I went to the Presb. church, Rev. Dr. McBlintock; but, I did not feel strong enough to accept his invitation to the pulpit. On the 3rd, Mary was taken, for variety, to see the Kindergarten School of Miss Margaret Kelly. She was so pleased with it, that she stayed; and, thence, when the weather permitted, she attended regularly; her first school. I made a solemn pilgrimage to my brother's grave. I went, during many days, to dentist Cochrane, for a thorough treatment of my teeth. I continued to work on proof-sheets of the Bangs Grammar. There was a Young Ladies Tea, at the Congregational church, Rev. Dr. Salter, where I met many of my brother's friends.

On Saty the 14th, Mary saw, with wonder, her first snow-fall. On Sunday 22nd, at the Congregational church, there was a Harvest Home Service of Song.

During the days, I did some reading of books. Among others, Wallace's "Fair God", and Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico". The two books fitted into each other. There was a Thanksgiving Service at the Episcopal church, on the 26th. And, in the evening, in the Methodist church, a Farewell Service for an evangelist Davidson. On Sunday 29th, I preached in Dr. Salter's church. In December, I attended a fine Musical concert; of all the instruments,

to me, the most attractive was Madame Chatterton's harp. Though I was sick on Sunday Dec. 6th, I went to the Presbyterian Communion Service. Rev. Dr. McClintock had me to assist him in the distribution of the Elements. I did so, though I could scarcely hold up my head: 40 were admitted, as the result of the revival services.

On Monday the 7th, Mary took her first sleigh ride. And, she too, young as she was, had to go to the dentist. Her milk, in Africa, had not had enough of lime in it. There was a Fair, at the Presb. church; and a visit from a lady, Mrs. Bandy, of Kossuth, interested in foreign Missions, and business at the furriers for some of my African skins.

On the 10th, made an address at the Presb. Men's For. Missy meeting, and, on Sunday 13th, preached in the Presb. church.

On the 16th, to a Tea and Y. M. C. A. ^{Entertainment} at the Cong. church. On the 18th, the Rev. W. H. Clark, of Park College (my associate on Louisa is land in 1862) called; and we revived old associations.

Mary was delighted with her fur cape made of the African skins.

On Tuesday, Dec. 22nd, we started back eastward, arriving at Pittsburg in the morning of the 23rd. While the train, ^{waited} to ~~which~~ to be made up, I left Mary in it, for a few minutes,

to buy sandwiches at the station restaurant. When I returned to the platform, the train was gone! I was horrified. Rarely in my life have I been so distressed. The train-men assured me that the train had only gone out to the yard to take on another car, and that it would soon return. Nevertheless, I knew that my little girl must be suffering. I walked out toward the yard, and boarded the train as it slowly backed in. Mary had wisely kept her seat; so, I had no difficulty in finding her. She was weeping; when she ^{had} felt the train leaving without me, fellow-passengers had kindly tried to comfort her. Late at night, we were again at Germantown, Queen Lane.

On Thursday 24th, we complied with an invitation that Dr. Morton had given us, long before, and went to the family Christmas Eve, at the doctor's Chestnut St city residence. Next day, it was a rare pleasure to see Mary's delight over her first Christmas stocking. There was a large company at the evening table. And, after supper, charades down stairs, and games for the young people up stairs. The next day, packing together ~~our~~ Christmas gifts, we returned to Queen Lane.

On Monday evening 28th, we attended a Christmas Entertainment of the Sab. School

of the Lutheran church of Rev. Dr. Seiss.
 Dr. Cochrane, of Burlington, had been a very careful
 dentist, reducing the pain of treatment to a mini-
 -mum. As Mary's teeth still needed attention,
 he had recommended to me a young man, a
 Dr. Darby, of Philadelphia. On taking her to him, I
 felt indignant at the hasty, rough, and un-
 kind manner in the use of his instruments.
 It was an agony to listen to my child's cries,
 though she bravely sat still in the chair. I
 wrote an article, at Dr. Morton's request, on "African
 diseases".

On Sunday, January 3^d, 1892, with Mary on my
 lap, I was singing to her "Nearer, My God, to Thee",
 and told her that that was what I had sung
 for her mother ~~as~~ ^{as she} was dying. Mary was
 looking downward; I did not see her face;
 she left my lap, and lay on the sofa; and
 then said, "When you sang that for my mother,
 didn't you cry? It made me cry."

On Jan'y 4th, to Dr. Morton's; where I made the
 acquaintance of lawyer Thomas W. Barlow.
 With Dr. Morton, I went to hear his Address at the
 Annual Meeting of the Phila. College of Physicians.
 After the Doctor had read his Address, I was
 called on to read the article I had written on

"Diseases of Africa": On the 6th, we were present at the church of the Epiphany, wedding of Miss Bessie Morton to Mr. John Eiddings; and, at the Reception at Dr. Morton's.

I had bought Mary a sled; and, ... the 8th, at Queen Lane, she had her first sledding, on the adjacent hill-side. The 9th was a notable day; for, on it, I made the acquaintance of the McComb family of Chestnut Hill. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. McComb became dearest to me than brother and sister; and, outside of the list of my relatives, Mary and I were entertained at no house that was more home-like, and where I could go, uninvited and unannounced, at any time of day or night, and find the most cordial welcome. We had gone to the Pastor of the 1st Presb. Church of Chestnut Hill, the Rev. Dr. W. W. Hammond (whose wife had been a Miss Baseviest, niece of a former Pastor, Rev. Dr. Owen, with whom my first wife Mary Co. Fatta, had taught school.) Mrs. Hammond took Mary to a meeting of the Children's F. M. S., under the leadership of Mrs. McComb, wife of one of the Elders. And, I followed with Dr. Hammond, and made an African Talk for the children. Mrs. McComb took Mary, for the night, to visit her home. (Her four daughters and three sons have grown up with rare devotion on several Christian lines.)

One of them became the wife of Rev. Hugo Miller, a missionary to Persia. I went with Dr. Hammond into the city, to the opening of the Bessel Institute; meeting there, the Rev. Drs. G. S. Boardman, Nelson, McIntosh, Wylie, Graham, Rice, and others; and returned to Chestnut Hill. On the Sunday, I preached for Dr. Hammond; also addressed the Y. P. S. C. E.

On the Monday, we returned to Queen Lane; and, I attended the Ministers' meeting, making the acquaintance of many clergymen.

On Tuesday 12th, in a carriage, went to witness a cremation, at a crematory two miles out in the country, from Germantown, in company with Dr. Morton, his brother, and son, and Dr. Wetherell, and lawyer Barlow. On the 13th, I packed my last box for the University Museum.

On Sat. 16th, took Mary to Mrs. McCoub, while I went to Montclair, N. J., Rev. Orville Reed, Ph. D., and was welcomed by Mrs. Reed and her little children. Dr. Reed's Elders called on me in the evening. On Sunday morning, I addressed Dr. Reed's church; in the afternoon at Sab. Sch. of the 3rd Presb. church, Rev. M. Putan; and, in the evening again at Dr. Reed's. The three addresses, and the cordial hand-shaking that followed them all, excited me; and I closed a very interesting day. On the Monday, went with Dr. Reed,

to New York, to the Mission House, for corrections ⁱⁿ the
 the Benga Hymn book, that was being printed. And,
 to the Ministers' Meeting, where I met Rev. Dr. Birch,
 and thanked him for his action in moving the
 case of discipline against Prof. Briggs. Then,
 to an Alumni dinner of Union Seminary. But,
 I did not enjoy it; there was a heterodox
 address by a Rev. J. W. Hagerman, of Brooklyn.
 Having one of my headaches, I left; and, Dr. Reed
 escorted me to the Station, for my return to
 Manhattan. The next day to Mr. McComb's.
 And, on the 21st, we returned to Queen Lane.

I made inquiries about a School for
 Mary; and, on the 25th, selected Mr. Richard's Walnut Lane
 School, near Sulphurton Station. I wrote an article for
 Mr. Stewart Culin, of the University Archaeological Society,
 on "African Fetishism". (It was the germ of my Fetish-
 ism in W. Africa, of a dozen years later.)

On the evening of the 26th, we went, with the Morton
 family, to the Academy of Natural Science, where Dr.
 Chapmann made his Report of his examination of
 my gorilla's brains. After which, I was called on for an
 address on the Gorilla and its Habits. (This address
 is contained in one of the articles of my "In an
 Elephant Coral, and other Tales"). On
 Sat'y 30th, we went to the McCombs', who took us to the

Adams family, for Miss Starca Adams Sociable of her Junior C. E. (That was another Chestnut Hill family, whose six daughters made Mary's visits always welcome. But for her state of health, one of them would have been a foreign missionary). On Sunday 31st, I spoke in St. Hammond's church, on "Romance of Missions". In the course of my remarks, I mentioned the difference between missions in Africa and those in other countries; the African missionary having to turn his hand to so many tasks; and, I told of the houses I had had to build. Coming out of the church, a young man said enthusiastically, "Dr. Nassau! I'll build your houses!" He was M. H. Kerr, a machinist, an active leader in the C. E. (A year later, he was appointed to our Mission).

Monday, February 1st, we went back to Tuscan Lane, for Mary's school. In the evening, I addressed, in W. Philadelphia, the P. R. R., Y. M. C. A. With a memory of the unpleasant two months at Baraka, just before leaving Africa, I had planned to have built there a small house of my own; and had written to a German firm for estimates. When those estimates came, they were too expensive, and I abandoned the plan. On the 4th, I wrote an article for the "Mid-Continent", on "The Political Influence of France on the W. Africa Missions". I had many

arrands in the city, and, on the evening of the 5th, at the Academy of Music, enjoyed the rendition of the "Lorelei", by the Germania Orchestra. On

Saturday Feb'y 6th, Mary was sick. Leaving, I went to the home of Rev. Dr. W. P. White, pastor of the Mt. Airy church. Met by himself, Mr. White, and his sister, a daughter, and two little boys. (Mr. White was a sister of Rev. Dr. McShintock, of Burlington, Iowa). In the morning of Sunday, I addressed a small, but attentive audience. And, in the afternoon, walked back the whole way to my sick child, whom I was glad to find much better. On the Monday,

we went to the Presbyterian Hospital, where son Charles was on the staff. There, I met Rev. Dr. Miller of Bryn Mawr, Supt. Johnson, and Chaplain Burt; and Mary was very much interested in the children's ward. In the evening, Mr. Patten took me to the Academy of Music for the Boston Symphony Orchestra; and thence to the Union League, to which he gave me a ten day admission ticket. On

the 11th, we visited two of my cousins, Mrs. Anna Handy Phillips and Mrs. Fanny Handy Armstrong. Among my readings, I took up Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde". Next day, at Rev. Dr. Hammond's, I told his W. F. M. S. about the Agave native Evangelists.

For the possibility of my ~~not~~ being located at Batanga,

on my return to Africa, I went to a teacher of German, on the Berlitz Method, and entered his class, for daily instruction. On Sunday 14th, we went to the Market Square church of Rev. Dr. J. E. Wright; where I met Elder W. H. Scott, and Genl. Louis Wagner. In the evening of Friday 19th, at Mr. McComb's, made, for two hours, a Parlor Talk, to forty invited guests. On the 20th, again at Chestnut Hill, for a three hour conference with Miss Emma Adams about Mission-Life. And, on the Sunday, addressed Dr. Hammond's Ch. E. In my going back and forth to Chestnut Hill, I every day kept up with my German lessons. On the 26th, took Mary to a new dentist, a Dr. Tissard, recommended by Mr. McComb. We found him more humane than Dr. Darby. On Sunday 28th, preached at Chestnut Hill, in the Methodist church of Rev. Mr. Heebner; and, in the afternoon, addressed the Sab. Sch. A very warm-hearted and earnest audience. I was so very frequently annoyed, when strangers were introduced to me, by their promptly inquiring whether I intended to leave Mary in the U.S. It was a sore subject with me. I had, indeed, to leave her. But, the painful question in my heart was, where? That question, from an entire stranger, made in mere curiosity,

I felt was impertinent. I was indeed waiting and praying for some one to ask for her. So much of interest had been shown about her while in Africa, in letters from America, that I expected some one to ask for the privilege of taking care of her. I assumed that that request would be made by some one of my relatives.

On March 4th, left Mary at Mr. McComb's; and, on the 5th, I went to Newark, N. J., to Rev. Dr. Hopwood; where, in the morning of Sunday, and addressed his Sab. Sch. in the afternoon. And, in the evening, to Rev. Dr. Halliford's, and addressed his congregation. Talk quite free, and spoke for 50 minutes. Returned to Dr. Hopwood's.

On Monday 7th, on returning to Philadelphia, and Queen Lane, found a telegram from my sister Mrs. Louie, announcing the death of her daughter Matilda. Brought Mary from the McCombs, and leaving her at Queen Lane, took a night train to Harrisburg, where, the next day, I met my sister in her room. Sister Deborah had also arrived, with niece Belle Gosman, for the funeral in the afternoon. I started back to Philadelphia that night; and, on the 9th, was again at Queen Lane.

In the afternoon, Mary and I went to Mount Airy, N. J., to Rev. Dr. Reed's, where she was welcomed by his little children.

In the evening, I addressed the united congregations of Dr. Reed and Rev. Dr. W. F. Jenkins, on the story of a day at an African Mission. The next day, I went into New York, to attend to business at the Mission House. On my return, in the afternoon, had a heart-to-heart talk with Mrs. Reed about her generous offer to give Mary a home in her family. I have never forgiven myself that I did not accept it. I had been in the U.S. ten months, hoping for some such offer. This was the first that had been made. I was grateful; but, I made a mistake in not accepting it. I assumed that an offer would come from some one of my relatives. In the evening, I went to Bloomfield, Rev. Dr. Ballentine's; and addressed his people. Met Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Mann. And returned to Dr. Reed's. The next day, we returned to Philadelphia and Duross Lane. On

March 20th, preached on Africa, in the Germantown Market Square church, Rev. Dr. Wright. On Tuesday 22nd, ended my German lessons, which I had been taking twice daily. One of my fellow students, Miss Grace Trumbull, gave me her German notebook, and recited for me her beautiful missionary prayer, "Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?" Took Mary for her last treatment by Dr. Tissard.

Not only had he exercised his skill in gentle treatment, but he generously charged nothing for his services.

On Wed. 23^d, we left Queen Lane, for a day's visit at Bayhead, N. J., to Mary's maternal uncle, Mr. Julius Foster. The day was chilly, and a fire was kindly kindled in the parlor grate, which caused quite an alarm of fire in the chimney. Mary enjoyed herself with her Foster cousins. The next day, we went to Aubury Park, to visit my Sewing class-mate Rev. Dr. F. Chaudler; addressed his W. F. M. S. And, on to Freshold, guests of Mary's mother's friend Mrs. Oscar Robinson. Friends of Mary's mother's school days came to call on us; Mr. Ex-Gov. Parker and others, and Rev. and Mrs. Smith of the Presb. church.

On Friday 25^d, to Newark, N. J., guests of Mr. Wm. Rankin; and addressed the Newark Prufly W. F. M. S. There were also addresses by other missionaries. The next day, we left for Lawrenceville. At night, I laid awake a long while, thinking of my serious illness in that same room and bed, in the previous fall. On the Sunday, Dr. Cassman being too sick to go to church, I occupied his pulpit.

On Monday 28^d, we returned to Philadelphia and Queen Lane. And, the next

day, I was busy arranging clothing and packing trunks, for a two months absence.

On Wed. 30th, we left for Orangeville, Pa., arriving there that afternoon, at the home of my cousin Rev. R. H. Davis Ph.D. In the evening addressed his Prayer Meeting. While at Dr. Davis', I wrote for my former mission-associate, Rev. S. H. Murphy's J. P. S. L. E., a Child Story, based on Iga, Mary's little play-mate at Talayuga. On Sunday April 3rd, preached in the morning for Dr. Davis. In afternoon, a carriage came from Bloomsburg, from Rev. Dr. D. J. Waller, who entertained me at his table, and then took me to speak in the evening in the pulpit of Rev. J. M. Patterson, where I remained over the night. The next morning, Mary was brought by Dr. Davis' daughter.

On the 6th, visited the Normal School; and, on invitation of Prof. Welsh, addressed the pupils. We went to lunch at Mr. Yeal's; and, in the afternoon, I gave an African Talk in the church before the W. F. M. S. And, in the evening, a short talk in the Prayer Meeting.

On Thursday 7th, we left for Homestead, Pa., to which place Rev. F. Jodd had removed from Manassas, Va., and were welcomed by him, Mrs. Jodd, and Miss Harriet Jodd. The next afternoon, the united W. F. M. S. and W. F. M. S. met at Mrs. Jodd's;

and I talked to them and showed my pictures. The Reception by the ladies was specially cordial, through the activity of Mrs. Park, Mrs. Willcock (who had known Mary's mother), Mrs. and Miss Rockwell, Mrs. DeVoe, and Mrs. Drake. On Sunday 10th in the morning, addressed the Monrocton congregation; and, in the evening, in the adjacent Greenwood church. On the 12th, we all went to Towanda, where I was the guest of Rev. Dr. J. S. Stewart; in whose church, in the evening, Mary and I were given a most loving Reception by ladies and gentlemen who had known her mother. Met Mr. Noble Betts, Mrs. Welles of Wilkesbarre, and a score of others. The next evening addressed a large audience in the church. And, on Thursday, made a call at Mrs. Betts', where Mary and Mrs. Todd had been guests. And returned to Monrocton, where, in the afternoon of Friday 15th, the Young Ladies W. F. M. S. came to Mrs. Todd's, and I talked Africa to them, for an hour. And, spoke at the evening prayer-meeting.

I had waited many months for some one of my relatives to offer a home to my little girl. As none was made, and it was due time that she should be located before I planned for return to Africa, I had myself to take the initiative, and

ask for the favor of a home. I had knocked, in succession, at five different doors; whose declinations, I do not think, were intended to be unkind. For various reasons, "it was not convenient." After that evening Prayer meeting of the 15th, M^r and M^{rs} Todd took a great burden off of my shoulders by offering to Mary a place under their roof. On Saty 16th, went to Wyalusing, at home of M^r Lewis. And, on Sunday morning, addressed an attentive audience in the crowded unfinished lecture-room of the church building. A retired minister, Rev. M^r Kennedy, who had known me as a boy at Lafayette College, took me to lunch. In evening, Rev. M. L. Cook called and took me to a Methodist church at Hamptown. The next day, left M^r Kennedy's, and returned to Monroeton. And, on Wed^{dy} 20th, addressed the evening Prayer meeting. On Friday 22nd, we left Monroeton for Warsaw, N. Y., where we arrived late at night, at the home of my brother, Rev. J. E. Kassar, D. D. My sister Isabella was visiting there (the first time I had met her for two years). In the afternoon of the next day, in Mrs J. E. Kassar's parlor, a Reception was given to sister and myself. During my stay in Warsaw, there was a renewal of acquaintance

with families I had met there, more than thirty years before. On the Sunday morning, I preached on Missions in my brother's pulpit. In afternoon, in his parlor, he held a family Farewell Service. He was not in good health, and believed that he, sister, and I would not meet again when the Warsaw visit was over. (It was so.) In the evening, the Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational churches united in the Presbyterian building, and I spoke to a very large and fine audience. During my visit, there were many courtesies. My brother's son in law, Yera Leek M.D., took us a ride to the Salt Works and the Cemetery. I placed Mary temporarily in the Kindergarten School of Miss Bartlett.

On the 27th, I went to Rochester, to the home of Mrs. Abbing (where there called to see me Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Riggs, and a former Warsaw friend, Mrs. Louise Phillips Vick.) who, after tea, took me to the Central church, where I made an address. And, returned to Warsaw next day.

Preached in my brother's pulpit in the morning of Sunday, May 1st. In the evening, attended a union Service of the Y. M. C. A. At the evening Monthly Concert of May 4th, talked on Missions. In the afternoon of the 5th, I went to the Salt Bathy Sanitarium, to make

an address in the evening. But, my headache was so bad that I limited myself to a parlor-talk with Mr Fisher, Mr and Mrs Vick, and Dr; and Mrs John Fisher. The next day, with my niece, Mrs Miller, went to Rochester, for some shopping. In returning, on the train, was the Rev. Mr Congdon, of Wyoming, with whom I had ^a some conversation about Auburn Theol. Seminary, with some doubt of its orthodoxy. On Sunday 8th, in the afternoon, I addressed the Y. M. C. A., and, in the evening, an hour's address in my brother's church. During those days, I prepared two articles for expected use in the June Inter-missionary Conference at Clifton Springs on "Romanism and Foreign Missions", and "Marriage relations of white foreign Traders with native African church members".

On Wedy, May 11th, leaving Mary in care of her aunt, I started on my journey as a commissioner to General Assembly at Portland, Oregon. At Buffalo, had an unpleasant beginning, my ticket for a sleeping berth being disputed by the conductor, who had given my place to a lady. The Rev. Dr. Swarce, who was in charge of the train, explained that the tickets for the sections of the train had been mixed. I had to vacate three times.

In passing through Niles, Michigan, Col. Shepherd, who was on the train, generously gave the entire list of passengers a dinner. He also wished, at Council Bluffs, to take us all in carriages, to a Methodist conference; but, our section was two hours late. As we passed Grand Island, southern negro delegates sang their jubilee songs. There was a snow, as we crossed the divide at Sherman. Was at Salt Lake City by 6. A.M. of Sunday 15th. To 1st Presb. Church, of Rev. Dr. McKiee. I knew that visitors from the eastern states were often deceived by Mormon speakers. I asked Dr. McKiee about it, and he advised me to go to the Mormon Tabernacle, in the afternoon, and hear for myself. I did not like the idea; it looked to me like "Sabbath desecration to go to such a wicked place." But, I went, I saw the deception. The speaker knew that Presbyterian ministers might possibly be present; and he invited the services to them. The reading from the Bible, the hymns, and the prayers were all commendable. Even the sermon was good, except, when speaking of church discipline, he covertly defended the murder, by his "Sanctes", of Mormons who had become Christians, by saying, "You discipline your church-members, do you not, when they disobey your rules?" In

the evening attended a Home-Mission meeting. On Monday 16th, visited sights of the city; to Fort Douglas; and to Garfield Beach; where, I with a very few others (on the cold day) bathed, to prove (what I had been told) that the excessive saltness of the water would prevent my sinking. It was true.

The journey was resumed at night. In crossing Wyoming, I was given permission to ride on the locomotive for three ^{so as to obtain views} hours, in the late afternoon, part of that time in company with Mrs. Rev. Erskine White. At one place, where the train stopped on a prairie, and most of the passengers alighted, I gathered some ^{roots of} wild violats, for Mrs. White. On the way, over an embankment, a herd of cattle was crossing the track. A bull stood still and dared the engine. He was flung aside so readily that I doubt whether the ^{other} passengers felt the concussion. But, to myself on the locomotive, the rocking of the engine was not pleasant. By the ^{18th} ~~16th~~, the train was running along the Columbia River; with a sight of Mt. Hood; breakfast at the Dalles; and on to the Cascades; and changed to a large river-steamers. The hills of the upper river, had they been covered by a tropic forest, would have reminded me of the Ogowe at Salaguerpe; they made

me feel home-sick. Lower down, at a certain point, there were visible, at the same time, the four mountains, Hood, St. Helens, Jefferson, and Adams. At Portland, there was a long wait at the depot, for the aid of the Reception Committee, which had not its list in good order. I was the last to be aided. Finally, by dusk, I reached the home, to which I had been assigned, of a Dr. Poppleton.

All along the journey, advocates of the two candidates for the Moderatorship had gone through the sections of the train, pointing out the heterodoxy or the orthodoxy of the two nominees. At the afternoon session of the Assembly, on Thursday 19th, on the third ballot, the "dark horse," Rev. Dr. Young of Kentucky, was elected.

On Sunday 22nd, I was taken, on the East side, to the Mizpah Presb. church, where I preached, showed my African photos, and talked to the Sab. Sch. In my devotion to my duty as a commissioner, I kept my seat faithfully in the Assembly; thus losing opportunity to accept invitations to extra missionary meetings in the homes of some of the prominent Portland ladies. I was exceedingly interested in the prosecution of Prof. Briggs. At the close of the session of the afternoon of the 24th, Secy Gillespie called together

all the foreign missionaries present, and arranged us preaching places for the next Sunday; for the Wed'y evening Popular Meeting; and for the Missionary Prayer Meeting, Sunday A.M., before church. At first, he arranged that I should be one of the two, who on Wed'y, from the floor of the Assembly, should follow his Address for the For. Miss. Board from the platform. But, later, he placed me one of the five on the program for the evening popular addresses. The other four were Wright of Persia, Lowrie of China, Underwood of Korea, and Field Rev'y Marshall. My address was very favorably received; and many came to the platform to greet me; among others, Rev. Dr. Cruikshank, Mrs. Denier of Burlington, Iowa, and Rev. and Mrs. Moore, of Helena, Montana. I had been announced as one of the speakers at a Popular Temperance meeting to be held on Friday; but, that evening was taken up by an Assembly session.

On Sunday A.M. 29th, at 9.30., took part in the Miss'y Prayer Meeting in the 1st church. There I met my friend, Mrs. Gen'l. Williams, of Detroit, and Mrs. Johnson, formerly Mrs. Herrick of Galva. In the evening, a carriage came to take me to the East side, 1st Presb. church of Rev. Dr. D. C. Thornley. The audience was diminished by the G. A. R. meeting in an adjacent church.

On Tuesday 31st, at request of Mrs P. D. Browne, a leader in the Pacific W. F. M. S., I went to address a W. F. M. S. meeting in the parlor of Mrs Ladd, where Mrs Halcombe of India, Miss Ballell of Persia, and a lady from China were also to speak. Mrs Halcombe objected to the presence of a man in the room; so, I left.

Our commissioners were allowed to return home by any route they chose different from that by which they had come, with privilege of stops off. I had my choice of going south to San Francisco and then east through the Yosemite Park, or northward and then east through the Yellowstone Park. I have always been delighted that I chose the latter. But, first, I accepted invitations to visit some churches in Oregon.

On Friday, June 3rd, I went to Salem, to the home of Mrs J. M. Martin. And Thence, to the home of Mrs Mary S. Matthews; where, in the evening, I talked of Africa and showed my photos. On Sunday 5th, in the morning, preached in church of Rev. Dr. Gwynn; in afternoon a parlor talk at M^rs Martin's; and in evening, an hour's address in the church to ~~the Y. P. S. C. E.~~ ~~in afternoon, a parlor talk at M^rs Martin's,~~ the Y. P. S. C. E. On Monday 6th, returned to Portland, to Dr. Poppleton's.

On Wedy 8th, started on my return journey. At Spokane, where I was to change trains, I called at the home of a

Presb. minister, Rev. M^r. Stratton, whose wife was a cousin of Rev. B. B. Bowie, who had died in our Mission; and spent the night at a hotel.

The next day, resumed the journey, and reached Helena, late at night, and was taken to a home of wealth of M^r. W^m. Cox. The next day, the church Elders called, to arrange for Sunday Services. On Sunday A.M., preached on African Missions. Many expressed regret that there would be no evening services in the church. I also in the Sab. Sch. And, in the evening, at a Temperance Hall, spoke on Liquor in Africa. A very enthusiastic meeting.

The following day, again on my journey, stopping at Livingston, to buy curries; and stayed at a hotel. The next day, early in the afternoon, I was at Mammoth Springs Hotel, in the Yellowstone Park, in company with Rev. M^r. Fisher, of Warsaw, N. Y., with whom I calculated our plans for the five days tour of the Park.

The next day, Wed^y 15th, with M^r. Fisher and a German fellow traveler, in one of six carriages, a survey, with a good driver and two young horses, we rode through the Golden Gate gorge, to Norris Basin, the Geyser, the Hurricane, the Opal, the Emerald. We were at the Fountain House by 7. P.M., and visited the Fountain geyser. Next day, to the Lower Basin,

to Old Faithful; and walked to many other geysers, and the Paint Pots. The next day, at the Punch Bowl, the Black Sand. At the Norris House for lunch; and, then to the Yellowstone Canyon. From the Yellowstone Hotel, we walked to Lookout Point, and viewed the wondrous Falls, and Canyon with its colored rocks. Among the members of the company were a Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Cramer of N. J. (with whom a delightful friendship has continued to the present day.) The following day, Mr. Fisher and I rode to the Norris, and walked in the Basin, to the Black Growler, and the Hurricane. In the carriage again, we were over taken by a severe storm of wind, hail, and rain, on the plain south of the Golden Gate Pass. In the evening, at the Mammoth Springs Hotel, I showed my photos to Mr. and Mrs. Cramer and two other ladies. On Sunday 19th, I feared that the day was not to be like a Sabbath; for, two companies of guests started on their tour of the Park. Mr. Fisher and I greatly kept the sanctity of the day, until the evening, when I took part in a voluntary union prayer-meeting; and afterward showed my pictures. Left the Park, on Monday 20th, reaching Butte at 3. A. M. of the next day. It was an unpleasant hour at which to arrive, especially as I

had been warned against the character of the town. So, at the Hotel, after carefully examining the fastenings of the doors and windows, I only partly disrobed, and hid my purse under the pillow. By day, I called at an office where was employed my nephew Charles V. Gosman; and, he introduced me to his friend, a Rev. Mr. Russell. Continued my journey in the afternoon. At Portland, Rev. J. G. Reed, of Greeley, had asked me to stop on my return eastward, and address his church. On reaching Greeley in the morning of the 23^d, I went to his house. He was not at home, and, unfortunately, he had left no information of me to his wife. She was not discourteous, but, uncertain as to what kind of a tramp I might be, did not invite me to enter. I went to a hotel, where I remained all day. The next day, I reached Grand Island, and changed to go to North Lemp, whither I telegraphed; and was met by Mr. J. S. W. Brown; who, at night, took me in a carriage seven miles out in the country to the home of Mr. W. M. Gray, a brother of Mr. Gault of our Mission. The next day, I visited other relatives of Mr. Gault, the Atter and Armstrong families. On Sunday, 26^d, rode from Mr. Gray's to a country Sab. Sch., of which,

Miss Stella Gray was Supt.; and I baptised an infant, and preached on Africa. In the evening, returned to Mr. Brown's; and again preached on Africa. On the Monday, Mr and Mrs Gray called for me, and again took me to their home, and thence to Mr. Armstrong's, where I showed my pictures; and returned to Mr. Gray's. On the following day, visits and showing of the pictures were continued. And, in the evening the Misses Stella and Maud Gray drove the carriage with me to Mr. Brown's at North Loop, where Rev. and Mrs. Ray called on me; and, with them, I went to his church and addressed the prayer-meeting. The audience was small, as most of the village were attending a S. A. R. Festival.

On the 29th; I resumed the journey. In going through Chicago, I observed that the Mich. Central Station, was still the ruined burned building of eleven years before, the poorest large city R.R. depot I had seen in the U. S. At night, on my way to Buffalo; and, was at home in Warsaw by 11. A.M. of Friday, July 1st. Mary was just then away at the home of Dr. Lusk, whither I went, and surprised her. She gave me a glad welcome! A score of letters were awaiting me. On Sunday July 3rd; occupied my

brather's pulpit twice. And, the 4th was a rare day for Mary, with her picnicks, and visits, and a ride to the display at the Fair Grounds.

Among the letters for me were two from M^r. F. P. Noble and Rev. S. J. E. Roy, who, in the name of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition, urged an invitation that I should write an article on "Medical Missions in Africa", to be presented by myself during the sessions of the Congress exactly a year later, in 1893.

We left Warsaw evening of the 7th; and were again at Queen Lane, Germantown, on the 8th; where there were letters awaiting; and hospitals to visit; and shopping to be done. On

Thursday 14th, we went to Freehold, N. J., guests of Mr. Ex-Gov. Parker. On the 16th, Mrs Parker took us and her grand-daughter Helen, to see the old Tennent church and the Monmouth Battle Ground.

On Sunday 17th, spoke at Sab. Sch.; and, in evening addressed the congregation of Rev. M^r. Smith. Spent two days also at the home of Mrs Oscar Robinson.

On Wed. 20th, we went to Bay Head, N. J. and were welcomed by Mary's uncle and aunt Foster and her five young cousins; where, during our stay, there was much visiting and bathing. On Sunday 24th, rode with the Foster family to

Point Pleasant Presb. church, Rev. Dr. Cunningham, and occupied the pulpit morning and evening. Very pleasant acquaintances at Pt. Pleasant; Mrs Kibbie, Mrs Bonant, and Mrs Hogarth; and, at Bay Head, Rev. Dr. Studdiford of Trenton, and Judge Willson of Philadelphia, at their summer homes.

On Sat'y July 30; with great regret, we left the loving Foster home, and went to Little Silver Station, to the home of Rev. Dr. Thaddeus Wilson and his family. On Sunday morning, preached in the old Shrewsbury church (where I had been licensed in the Spring of 1859). The audience was small, and I did not feel well. But, was better, in the evening, at the Eatontown church.

On Tuesday Aug. 2^d, we left, for Asbury Park, to Rev. Dr. Frank Chandler, at the Minat House. The resident guests of that Hotel had taken so much interest in Mary, that on the next day, they gave her a gold neck-lace and a half dozen silk handkerchiefs, for her coming anniversary birthday. And, she much enjoyed the merry-go rounds, bathing, &c.

On Thursday 4th, we left for Lakewood, to home of Mr. Merriman. Many letters awaiting me. Mr. and Mrs. James Holman, of Whitesville, warm friends of Mary's mother, called on us. Also, the Rev.

Dr. and Mrs. Dashiell and their three daughters.

On Sat. 6th, Mr. Holman called with his carriage, and took us to visit in Holmanville and Whitesville among many friends of Mary's mother, during her life there as a teacher; and, back to Lakewood.

On Sunday 7th, in evening, addressed the C. E.

And, on the 9th, we went to Barneget, to visit other warm friends of Mary's mother. It was the place where I had first called on her in 1881. In evening of the 10th, addressed the Prayer meeting of Rev. O. W. Wright

On Thursday 11th, we left for Hightstown, at the home of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Tyack, and their three children, and talked about my sister's work. (She had, before that date, returned to Africa.) In the evening of the 12th, gave another Talk on Africa. And, on the 13th, addressed the Amaranth Mission Band, that had so kindly thought for Mary, during her captivity in Africa. On Sunday 14th, addressed in A. M. at Dr. Tyack's church on Mission; and, in evening, spoke to the Y. P. S. C. E. Among other kind friends, I had been welcomed by Mrs. Davis, widow of Dr. Tyack's predecessor, whom I had known at Lawrenceville, during my school-days.

On Monday, 15th, we left Hightstown; and, by evening, were again in the Gasman Parsonage,

at Lawrenceville; where there was much visiting of former friends. On Sunday 21st, Rev. Dr. Gosman being absent, I occupied his pulpit. During the following week, I rested, and read, and wrote, and went to Festivals. On Sunday 28th, Dr. Gosman having returned, I spoke for him, both morning and evening.

On Tuesday 30th, we returned to Philadelphia, to Susan Lane. There, ^{in September} were errands at the doctor's and dentist's and other places; and Mary's daily lessons at the Broad St. Natatorium; and, I got for her, the long-desired roller-skate. My head aches were unusually severe.

We made a week's visit to Dr. Morton's country seat at Strafford. The Dr. and his friend, lawyer Barlow, were interested in my African work, and hoped to provide me, on my return thither, with a horse or a steam-launch. And, went to Susan Lane by the 15th.

I was already planning for my return to Africa; and, on the 19th, went to Lancaster, to buy a \$300. supply of clothing; and, for Mary, a much-desired tri-cycle. And, on the 24th, left her for a few days in Chestnut Hill, at Mrs. McCombs, whose Y. P. S. C. E. offered to give me a tent for my use in Africa. Brought Mary back to Susan Lane; and she resumed her school at Mrs. Richards,

in Tulpshoeken.

On the 29th, I went for the day, to New York, to a meeting of the N. J. Synod For. Miss. Committee, among whom were my brother in law Rev. Dr. Gosman, and my beloved cousin H. H. Hamill Esq.; and, planned with Seely Gillespie for my return to Africa.

On Sat^y, Oct. 1st, we went to Malvern, to home of my Seminary class-mate, Rev. Dr. R. M. Patterson, Pastor of the Great Valley church; and, on Sunday, preached twice to his congregation. Among many who greeted me, were Mrs. Lee and her daughter, relatives of Mr. Mary G. (Latta) Vassar. And, on the Monday, returned to Germantown.

On Sat^y 8th, we went to Frankford, guests of Rev. Dr. and Mr. Alexander Henry, and their daughter and son, of the Hermon church. In the evening, the church had a Children's Miss^y Band ^{Social} ~~Festival~~. On the Sunday, I addressed, morning, afternoon, and evening.

And, next day, we returned to Quaker Run. Among other occupations, I was receiving, from time to time, proofs of a Mpongwe hymn-book, which was being printed.

On Tuesday 11th, leaving Mary at Mr. McCoub's, I went to New York, on errands; among other things had the pleasure of witnessing the great Fire works celebration of Columbian Day. And, the next day, from a window at the Mission

Home, saw the great Parade. But, I left, as I had an appointment for the evening in Philadelphia; returned to Chestnut Hill, for Mary. In the evening in the church at 18th and Arch, made my address, and met other missionaries, among them Mrs. Frank Newton, of India.

On Sat. 15th, gave Mary a good-bye party, for her friends, Florence Parr and the McCoub twins, Ruth and Laura. And, then took her, with the latter, to Chestnut Hill. On the Sunday, addressed Rev. Dr. Hammond's church twice. Returning to Queen Lane the next day, Mary made her good-bys, for her expected journey to her arranged home at Monroeton.

But, just, I was to attend the annual meeting of my Synod of N.J. We left Germantown on Tuesday Oct. 18th; and were at Belvidere, N.J. by 11. A.M. We were wearing only our ordinary clothing, our better garments being in my valise, which I had checked, but which, on our arrival, was missing. We were assigned to the home of Mr and Mrs Thomas Paul, and their two daughters, the widowed Mrs Soranton, and Miss Laura Paul. In the afternoon, Synod met. I was unaware of a rule that gave the choice of Moderator, in rotation, to the ten Presbyteries of Synod. I was unaware also, that that year was the

turn for my Cousin Puffety, being its only member present, I was nominated and elected by acclamation, in less than five minutes. I was amazed, as I was marched by my College and Seminary chums Rev. Drs. Steadford and Hickok, to the platform, where the retiring Moderator, Rev. Dr. Shaw dared me by suddenly flashing on me one of the African daggers which I had sent to Synod two years before. I soon recovered my nerve, and was kindly aided by the ideal State Clerk, Rev. Dr. Waller A. Brooks. The next day, I was in the chair all day. And, in the evening, Sec'y Ellinwood, and Rev. Mr. Jamison of India made For. Missy addresses. Mary was asleep on the platform with me, an object of interest to many ministers. Elder Lyon, of Bridgton, N. J., asked for permission to adopt her. The next day, I was so wearied, that, in the afternoon, I asked Rev. Dr. J. C. Colyde to take the chair, and I made a missionary address, and then went out for a few visits in the town. Mary had been tenderly cared for by Mrs. Scranton, and had visited at Mrs. D. C. Blair's, Mrs. Wyckoff's, Mrs. Wurts, and Mrs. Ketchum's. I returned to Synod in time to make the closing address.

On Friday 21, there was a children's

School Parade, at which Mary and I assisted. My valise being still missing, our need of change of clothing was kindly attended to, for Mary, by Mrs. Scanton; and, for me, by Mr. Blair. The kindness and hospitality of the Paul family began a friendship that has continued to the present day.

On Sat'y 22nd, as we were waiting at the rail-way station, for the train on which we were to leave, another came in, bringing my missing valise. Though it was properly and distinctly checked to Belvidere, a baggage employee at the change in Trenton had carelessly read it as Belmar, whither it had gone, and whence it was returned to me, after much telegraphing.

We went to Whitesville, N.J. to the home of Mr and Mrs James D. Holman. On Sunday 23rd, at the Presb. church, I preached and addressed the Sab. Sch. And, in the evening, at the Methodist church, after the Pastor had preached for 45 minutes, I, being invited, spoke on Missions for 45 more minutes; and Mary and I sang, "I will sing thee a song of that beautiful land", in Mpongwe. A man, in the audience rose, and made a short address about the aid that Mary's mother had been in

his spiritual life; and, all the kindly congregation gathered around the child.

On the Monday, Mr. Halman took us in his carriage to Lakewood, at the home of Rev. Dr. Dashiell, where we were welcomed by Mrs. De Forest. There was awaiting me a letter from Mrs. Scanton, stating that the little girl, Margaret Ketcham, at whose house in Belvidere Mary had visited on the evening of the 20th, had, on the 22nd, developed scarlet-fever, and advising me to use prophylactic measures. I immediately took Dr. and Mrs. Dashiell into my confidence; and, they were at once most kind, and welcomed Mary, even with the possibility of disease. I was exceedingly grateful to the Dashiell family; but, was much distressed as to what my plans should be. With Dr. Dashiell I went to a physician, who said that he did not really believe that Mary was in danger of scarlet-fever. But, he gave me prophylactic pills, and forbade her traveling; and, as she had a cold, required her to remain in one room. (This was done; but, one of the Misses Dashiell kindly remained with her, on the plea that the weather was too cold for her to play out of doors.) This changed my plans of never, as I had intended to

go with her to Mountclair. Of all the homes whose courtesy I had enjoyed during my entire journey, I have ever felt that the climax of kindness was rendered me by the Dashiell family. Many a host or hostess, under fear of infection from scarlet fever, would have rejoiced me to leave and go to a hospital. But, even with this kindness, I felt that, if Mary was to be sick, it would be right, while she was still able to travel, to reach Mountclair, and be sick there. For, the Todd family, in their offer of a room, knew that that meant, for a child sick or well. But, all of Mary's trunks and clothing were at Germantown. In the evening, I addressed the Y. P. S. C. E. of the church of Rev. Dr. McCallaw. And, the next day, the 25th, I went early to Dueson Lane; found awaiting me an affectionate letter from Rev. A. C. Good; packed and expressed Mary's possessions to Mountclair; and returned to Lakewood. The following day, I kept my appointment at Mountclair, at Rev. S. Reed's prayer meeting. And, the next morning, Thursday 27th, back to Lakewood; and hastily packed my valise. Miss Anna Dashiell continued her kindness to Mary to the last, and until we boarded the train for Philadelphia. There, we spent the night at

a little hotel near the (at that time) Reading railway station, 9' and Green st. The next day, Mary seemed quite well, and lively, except her cold; and, my fears of her having contracted scarlet-fever disappeared. We resumed the journey; and, on arrival at Monrocton, I at once told Rev. and Mrs. Todd of what had been my fears for Mary; nevertheless, they received her warmly. Dr. Rackwell was summoned; and, he decided that her case was only that of an ordinary cold.

On Sunday 30; I preached at Greenwood; and in the evening, at Monrocton, to a crowded house. On Tuesday November 1st, I addressed the Y. P. S. C. E., on Intertropical African Extremes of Animated Nature, descriptive of white and driver ants, and the elephant and gorilla. While at Monrocton, I ^{began to} write, for Rev. M^r. Jacot, in the Ogowe, a History of Kânzwe Station. I replied also, to M^r. Good's preposterous letter, which, while he addressed me as "Dear brother", and signed himself as "Sincerely your brother in Christ", I have always regarded as a cruel assault. Without any basis of which I knew, he "had heard" (not meaning his informant) that I intended bringing Mary back to Africa, would build a house for myself, in which I would marry Argentiwa!!!

Whom, though she had by that time been for three years restored to good and consistent standing in the church, he denounced with the worst terms that can be used against a woman. The only christian portion of his letter was that (properly) he had written to me privately, rather than complain to the Board. (And, yet, that is just what he did do, in a ~~letter~~ resolution that was, later, sent by the Mission. His and my relations had been, at least, friendly; but, I knew that, after that absurd, ... kind, and unjust letter, our way returned to Africa, he and I could not be friends.) This entire subject depressed me very much, during the remainder of my stay in the U.S.

At an evening Prayer meeting, I spoke on Systematic Benevolence. Was occupied also in making an index for the completed Mpongwe hymn-book. I addressed also the W. F. M. S.

There came a surprising letter from Feely Gillespie, delaying for six months my expected return to Africa. Before I had left for the U.S., Mr. Good was translating the epistles and revising the Gospels of the Mpongwe N. T., and he had requested me to attend to their proof-reading in the U.S. He had been so long delayed in the forwarding of the N. T. that I felt myself absolved of my promise. But, now that they

were soon expected, the Sec'y thought that the importance of the printed Bible for the Ojibwe required my delay. (In my consent to M^r Good, to do the proof-reading work for him, he had conditioned that I should make no changes in his translation. I complied, and made none, except three obvious slips of his pen. But, to please our French brethren, he had adopted a new orthography, which was so confusing to me, that the final result was unsatisfactory to myself, and very displeasing to him.)

On Friday, Nov. 4th, I left Moncton, spent the evening in Towanda with Rev. Dr. Stewart; and, at night, started on the way to Philadelphia and Laurencelle, where I was welcomed at the parsonage next morning. On Sunday 6th, spoke for For. Miss. in the church in the morning. Rev. Dr. McKeuzie, Head-Master of the School, and Rev. Dr. Martin of Lincoln University, called on me, and took me to address the School boys at their Vespere Service; and, in the evening, in the church, at Monthly Concert, I spoke on For. Miss. in S. America. For several months, I had been traveling with a rheumatic shoulder, that needed rubbing every night with the liniments I carried with me. That rubbing

had to be done by some one in the home where I happened to be visiting. On the 8th, I used my American citizenship in voting the Republican ticket for the Presidency.

On Wed. 9th, went to Elizabeth, N. J.; and, in the church of Rev. Dr. Kempner, made a meisy address to three united congregations. The next day, returned to Philadelphia, to Queen Lane.

On Friday 18th, went to Trenton, to meet Howells; and, in the evening addressed Rev. Dr. Brooks' Y. P. S. S. E. on A Day's Routine at my Talagee; to which, as a peroration, I recited my poem, "Teneo et teneo", written ten years before.

The next day, I was sick in bed with chills and fever, much as I had been when there in the Fall of 1891, and was unable to keep an appointment with Rev. Dr. E. B. Hodge at Burlington, N. J.

On Tuesday 22nd, I left, for Lambertville, at home of Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Swann, where I completed for Rev. Mr. Jacob, my History of Kängwe Station. On Sunday 27th, addressed the church, both morning and evening, on For. Miss.

Friday December 2nd, I addressed the W. F. M. S. on African Child-marriage. On Sunday 4th, addressed the church for one-and-a-half hours, including a fifteen-minute introduction, in answering

Some dozen written questions sent to me by Mrs Titus. The next day, Mr Green sent his carriage, and I was shown through the entire process at the Rubber Works. On

Sat'y 10th, I left, and went to Asbury, guest of Rev. R. A. Bryant; where, on the Sunday, I spoke on Missions three times. I was much touched in the evening, at the Bryant family-worship, when all the family, even little Cora, took part. The next day, in conversation, I told Mr Bryant of my long effort for Industrial Work in our Mission. The family gave me decided sympathy.

Then, I left for Easton, Pa., to the home of ^{Rev.} Prof S. J. Coffin, Ph.D., my childhood playmate at Lafayette College, and was welcomed by him and Mrs Coffin and their little son. In the evening, I addressed the Brethren Y. M. C. A. for twenty five minutes; and then some twenty of the hundred young men remained, and asked me questions for ninety minutes! The next day was full of interest in reviving old memories of places and names of persons known there in my boyhood days. I took supper at Rev. Dr. Eckard's. While resting up-stairs in the evening, I listened with intense pleasure to Mrs Eckard's beautiful

piano-playing of "Traumerer", and variations of my favorite ballad, "Bonnie sweet Bessie, the Maid of Dundee". I loved music; but, I did not often ask for ~~the~~ my favorites, at places where I visited, because they were not always played with expression sufficiently delicate to suit me. Most persons played the "Traumerer" with too much dynamics. At night, addressed at the Brainerd Church. The weather was very wet, and less than a hundred were present; but, they were very appreciative and interested.

Student Volunteers from the College were present, and a member of the Nassau Band for For. Miss.

On the following day, I continued some of my re-views of places in South College (one end of which had been our family residence during the latter part of our life at Easton.) and returned to Lambertville. And, on the 16th to Lawrenceville.

On the 17th, to Burlington, guest of Rev. Dr. E. B. Hodge; where, on the Sunday ^{A.M.}, I preached for him, on Missions; and, in the afternoon, for the E. Burlington mission Sab. Sch., of Rev. J. B. Howell, formerly a missionary in Brazil. The following day, in company with Rev. Dr. and Miss Margaret Hodge, down to Philadelphia; and out to Mean Lane.

On Friday 23^d, left for Monroeton; where Mary met me at the Station. She was delighted with her presents, especially skates, and a doll from Miss Paul of Belvidere. Christmas was celebrated in the church in the evening of Saturday, Mary taking part with a recitation.

On Sunday 25^d, I addressed the church on Missions. The day was bitterly cold, and also the building; so that I shortened my address. In the evening, Rev. M. Tadd made an impressive Christmas sermon on the text, "There was no room for them in the inn."

Sunday, January 1st, 1893, I assisted in the Communion Service at Monroeton; and, at night, addressed at Greenwood. The next day, I took Mary to the Mason-town school-house, to resume her schooling.

On the 3^d, I left, and returned to Philadelphia, to Queen Lane. And, on evening of the 4th, at Dr. Morton's, was present at a large dinner, in company with seven physicians, and lawyer Barlow.

On the 6th, went to Trenton, to aunt Hamill's, where letters from Africa were awaiting me. Hence, on the Sat^{dy}, left for Stewartsville, N. J., Rev. Wm. Thomson; and was taken to the manse in a sleigh; my first sleigh ride of the winter. On Sunday 8th, made addresses in both morning and evening; and

made new pleasant acquaintances, and resumed some former ones. On the Monday, returned to Trenton, to aunt Hamill's. On Thursday, 12th, went to New York, to a Missionary Conference, at the Mission House, where I met many clergymen. Among them, Rev. Dr. Eskine while told me that violet plants which I had gathered for Mrs. White, when we were crossing Wyoming on the train in May 1892, were living and growing. In the evening, listened to an address by Rev. Dr. J. G. Paton, of New Hebrides. And, the next day, after business at the Mission House, and the Bible House, returned to Trenton.

On Saty 14th, on an appointment, to Junction, N.J. Rev. A. L. Kelly, as guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Coramer of Dowlaydale near Hampton. It was delightful to meet again the friends I had first met in Yellowstone Park. On Sunday 15th, made three addresses; in the morning at the Musconetcong Valley church; in the afternoon at the Hampton Sab. Sch; and, in the evening at the village chapel. There, more interest was manifested than at any other place I had previously visited; so much so, that I spoke for an hour. At the close of which, most of the audience remained to see my African pictures.

I do not forget, how the ladies gathered around me, and gave their hands in welcome. I requested a little girl, Emily Stroebel, to organize a Children's Mission Band.

With the thermometer 20° below zero, I returned on the 17th to Trenton, where, late at night, I had to do some of my unsatisfactory proof-reading of Mr Good's M.S. of the N.S.

On the 18th, went to New York, guest of Dr Dowkott of the International Medical Missionary Institute; and, in the evening, gave a talk to his students. (This was the beginning of a long friendship with Dr. and Mrs Dowkott.) The next day, at the Mission House, Dr. Ellwood engaged me to write an Address for his Society of Comparative Religions. And, in the evening, at the Hotel Brunswick, attended a Banquet of Princeton University Alumni. There was a fine dinner, a great display, and music, and speeches by seven distinguished speakers. But, there was too much use of Liqueur, to suit my temperance views. And, the next day, returned to Trenton.

On Sunday 22nd, in the morning, I occupied Rev. Dr. Brooks' prospect of church pulpit. And, in the evening, in Rev. Dr. Studdiford's 3rd church, addressed the

united congregations of the 2^d and 3^d churches. Their attention was so close, that I spoke for nearly minutes. The next morning, attended the Trenton Ministers Meeting. And, late at night, was working on M^r Good's M.S.

On the following day, in the Supreme Court room in the State House, attended a meeting of the N. J. Historical Socy, coming in contact with many distinguished men. I made visits to my dear brother-cousin Hugh H. Havill and his family; one day, enjoying the fine singing of his brother in law, M^r Samuel Gummere. Between times, I had to confine myself to M^r Good's trying M.S. My eyes were beginning ^{to} feel the strain of close proof-reading (the hardest kind of work for the eye), and I refrained from using them at night.

My greenly aunt Havill was accustomed to hold an informal Saty evening Family Gathering which included, besides her own household, the families of M^r Hugh H. Havill, Mrs Mary Wood, and M^r Gummere. At the gathering on Saty 28th, I, for the first time had the privilege of meeting Miss Isabella Gummere.

On Sunday 29th, I was allowed the unusual privilege of sitting in a pew. I listened to a sermon by Rev. Dr. W. F. Brooks

in the Prospect of church, on 1. Peter. 1. 2., a most lucid, simple, spiritual explanation of the doctrine of Election.

On the 31st, attended an all-day meeting of the Presbytery of New Brunswick; of which aunt Hamill entertained Rev. Dr. Gasman, and Rev. Messrs Swan and Voorhies.

On February 1st, began to write my Essay on Folicism for Socy Ellinwood. And, in evening, at Dr. Brooks church, spoke to the prayer meeting, on African Native Christians, their prayer meetings, and their endurance of persecution.

On the 2nd, my school-friend, lawyer Atkin, made a dinner and Reception for me, where I met many prominent Trenton ladies and gentlemen. On the 3rd, aunt Hamill's house was in excitement, preparing for the Reception to be given in the evening to ~~the~~ ^{a niece, and a} grand-children, Miss Kelly Green and Matilda Hamill.

There were present 120 guests; among whom I had again the pleasure of meeting Miss Draboll's Summers.

On Sunday 5th, in A. M. I assisted in the pulpit of the Prospect of church; in the afternoon, at Sab. Sch., addressed the Young Ladies classes; and, in the evening, addressed the 4th church, Rev. S. A. Hallow. On the following day, at the Union Ministers meeting,

in the State of Methodist church, made an address; as also did Rev. M. Hyde, of the Rungs river Baptist Mission. On Wed. 8th, on invitation, went to Philadelphia, to a dinner at Dr. Morton's, attended by ten prominent clergymen, doctors, and lawyers. And, the next day, returned to Trenton, and Lawrenceville, at the Parsonage; where I found visiting for the day, my sister Mrs. Louie, three of her sons, and Miss Sara Louie. And, the following day returned to Trenton. On Sat. 11th, back to Philadelphia, to Queen Lane; and, in the evening, at the Presb. Publication Room (at that time, 1334 Chestnut St.) addressed a company of Student Volunteers. On Sunday evening the 12th, at the 1st Germantown church, Rev. Dr. Charles Wood, I heard a sermon by the Rev. Charles R. Erdman of Overbrook. It was my first meeting with one who became one of my most beloved friends, in his subsequent offices as Pastor of that same Germantown church, as member of the Foreign Board, and as Prof. in Princeton Seminary. On Tuesday ~~15th~~^{14th}, in evening, at the Westside church, Rev. Dr. W. P. Lee, I addressed the Young Men's League. On Thursday 16th, I left, and went to Newark, Del., guest of my aunt,

Mrs. Hugh Hamill; where, on Sunday 19th, in A. M.,
 I addressed on Missions, the Head of Christiana
 church, Rev. Dr. Vallandigham; and, in the evening,
 the Newark church, of Rev. Dr. Miller. During my
 stay in Newark, I began the compilation of
 my article on the History of African Medical
 Missions, for the Chicago World's Congress; and
 resumed acquaintance with families I had
 visited twelve years before, especially the Wilson
 and Springer families. On the 21st, I was
 still working on Mr. Good's M. S.; and, in evening,
 at Dr. Miller's church, addressed the W. F. M. S.
 A good audience, notwithstanding bad weather;
 so, I spoke for an hour. On Friday 24th,
 at the church Sociable, I assisted with my
 flute and guitar. Sunday 26th, preached in
 the church, on Missions. Though
 I had been so urgently invited to be present
 and write for and speak at the Chicago
 World's Fair Auxiliary to be held in June,
 assurance being made that my article should
 be publicly read, even if I should not be present,
 there came, on March 1st, a list of speakers and
 writers, with my name omitted!
 Left Newark, and returned to Philadelphia, and
 Queen Lane. And, next day, went to Washington.

S. C., for the President's Inauguration, guest of my
 cousin, W. B. Nassau, Esq. I went to the Capital,
 and was introduced to Senator Cameron and
 other public men. And, next day, visited the
 Public Buildings; and resumed acquaintance
 with the McCanowns, a family connection of
 thirty years before. On Sat'y 4th, in a snow storm,
 my cousin took me to a covered stand on
 Pennsylvania Ave, where, bundled up with shawls and
 rugs, I sat safely from 10.30. A.M. to 5.30. P.M.,
 witnessing the Inaugural Parade with its
 splendid military display. On Sunday 5th,
 attended in A.M., church of Rev. S. Sunderland.
 Did not go to church in the evening. A man,
 who said that he was a son of the great "Camp-
 bellite" Campbell, visited my cousin, and
 annoyed me by his objections to Missions, and
 by his evident pro-Slavery and secession feelings.
 On Monday 6th, left; went to Chuteau Hill to the McCobbs.
 On parting with ~~her~~, at Liverpool in 1891,
 with Mary's goodness, in her devotion as great
 as the proverbial Southern American negro
 "Mammy", she had begged that I would keep her
 informed of Mary's growth and development.
 I had done so. On returning to Queen Lane, on
 the 7th, there was awaiting me a letter from the
 Mission, written in January, that utterly cast

me down. It was a sequel to Mr Good's prepos-
 terous letter of the preceding Fall. Under his
 manipulations, a Committee of the Mission,
 consisting of two ministers and one young
 layman, at the annual Meeting in January,
 under a pretence of "brotherly love", were
 placing a barrier to my return to Africa,
 under a threat of complaint to the Board,
 because of my "intimacy" in writing letters to
 my native friends. It was humiliating
 and cruel. After the first feeling of depression,
 I tried to throw it off by an appeal to my
 pride and self-respect; and, by trying prayer-
 fully to see what was my duty in the premises.
 Whether to resist the attempt to drive me from
 the Mission, or to yield and stay in the U.S.
 For, I did not wish to go among associates
 who seemed so inimical; nor, yet, did I
 like yielding to injustice. Had my enemies
 not known enough of my character, I
 could have told them that, from childhood,
 a threat always drove me to do what was
 prohibited, while kindness had always made
 me most obedient to any recognized
 authority. My noble parents never threatened me.
 It was sufficient for them, ~~at~~ in their love, to say,

"my son, I wish you to do (or not do) so - and so." I decided to go back to Africa; and that I would, more than ever, seek my compatriotship, not among my falsely professed white friends, but among the native ones, against whom they had so insultingly protested.

It was a comfort to me, that my friend and successor at Telaguza, the Rev. W. S. Bannerman, in forwarding that letter to me, under his capacity of temporary clerk of Mission, added a private letter, protesting for his individual self, against it. He was ever my sincere friend. (Also, as far as I was aware, the Board did me the justice to take no action against me, when that letter came to them later, in the Mission's annual Report.

On that same 7th of March, I left Queen Lane, and went to Newark N. J., Rev. J. H. Polhemus; and, in the evening, spoke in the church of Rev. M^r Stephen, on Missions. The next day, to Mountclair, and addressed the church of Rev. Dr. W^m Jenkins. The following day to Bloomfield, in a hard rain; and, in evening, spoke in church of Rev. Dr. Ballentine, to a small assemblage of only 25 people. Was entertained at the home of M^r Peter Coarter. Then, on the 10th, back to Mountclair, to home of Rev. Dr. Reed.

In the evening, at the Congregational church of Rev. Dr. Bradford, heard Mrs. Booth, of the Salvation Army. On Sunday 12th, in the morning, addressed Rev. Dr. Reed's Trinity church; the audience spoke very gratifyingly of my address. In the evening, at Roseville, home of Rev. J. H. Palhornes, I was cordially met at the door, by his two young daughters, Kelly and Sarah. He and Mrs. Palhornes proposed that his church should make itself responsible for my salary; that I should be their missionary. (He had been a missionary in Mexico.) This touched me very much. With my heart full, at night, I told the church my story of a Typical Day in our Mission work. The house was crowded. No where else, during my entire sojourn, was I met with such numbers and warmth of greeting, as came from these men, women, and children! They complied with their Pastor's wish; and thereafter (until he removed elsewhere) I was the recognized missionary of the Fenwick Memorial Church. And, they and I kept up a delightful correspondence to and from Africa.

On Monday 13th,
to New York, at the Mission House; and at the Bible House, to leave the M.S. of Mr. Good's N. J. for printing.

Escorted by Secy Ellinwood and Dr. Kerr of China, I went to N. Y. University, and, to an applauding audience, read my 40-minute Essay on "Bantu Superstition": (That M.S. was the root, ten years later, of my book, "Fetichism in West Africa.") In the audience were my sister Mrs. Wells and her husband (a church Elder and a member of the For. Miss. Board) of Peekskill, who entertained me at a hotel.

Early next day, I went back to Lawrenceville, to my brother in law, Rev. Dr. Gosman, whom I took into confidence, in the matter of the unfriendly letter from the Mission. He was a man of excellent judgment, and gave me every sympathy.

On the 16th, to Trenton, for N. J. Synodical Missy Conference, guest of Messrs Hamill and Scudder; and made a short address. And, passed on ~~the~~ ^{to} Philadelphia, to Queen Lane, to get various documents. The next day, returned to Lawrenceville. On other rides, in that Lawrenceville stage, I had been annoyed by the tobacco-smoking of the School-boys. That day, there were no boys; instead, I was charmed by the artless singing of a little girl. During those days, I had enjoyment of music at the Parsonage, with my nieces; and

a Musicale by the pupils of the Preparatory School. On Thursday 23rd, to New York, to Bible House, with some Mpongwe M.S.S., and to proof-read those already in the printer's hands. In the evening, guest of Dr. Dowkott, addressed the Anniversary of the Interdenominational Medical Missionary Society, in the church of Rev. Dr. Burrell. Next day, returned to Lawrenceville.

On Sunday 26th, spoke in Dr. Gasman's pulpit; the audience apparently more interested than on previous occasions. During these days, I was busily writing articles, and correcting Mpongwe M.S. and proofs.

On April 1st, left, and went to Chestnut Hill, to Mr. McCoun; where I had a long conference with Mr. Kerr, the recently appointed recruit to our Mission. On Easter Sunday, the 2nd, at Rev. Dr. Hammond's, spoke at the C.E. meeting.

The next day to Princeton, guest of Rev. Dr. W.B. Greene; and, in the evening, addressed the students of the students of the Theol. Sem'y. Next day returned to Lawrenceville.

On Wedny 5th, to Philadelphia; and, in the evening, at the old 1st church, Rev. G. S. Baker, for an anniversary of their church organisations, and made a half-hour address. In the audience

was my part-friend, Miss Grace Trembull, joined with Dr. Morton at the Union League. In his friendship for me, I confided to him the possibility of my having difficulty with the Mission on my return to Africa. And, late to bed, at my Chestnut Hill home, the McComb's.

The next day, I returned to Lawrenceville, where there were Mpongue proofs to be corrected; and, I made out drafts of orders for food and other provisions to be gotten in England on my way to Africa. Also, made visits; one of them to Miss Alice Ingham.

On Sunday 9th, in the church, spoke to a small audience on Missions. On Monday 10th, back to New York, to correct proofs at the Bible House; and to Dr. Dowkouts. The following day, at the Bible House, I met Rev. Hiram Bingham, who was having a ceremony of rejoicing at the completion of the printing of his Gilbert Deland N. J.

And, then, I went to Matawan, N. J., to address the Monmouth Presbytery W. F. M. S.; and, in the evening, addressed the Presbytery itself; being received at night as the guest of Mr. Terhune. The following day, I returned to New York. At the Mission House, I told Rev. Gillespie of the Mission's unjust letter. He introduced me to a new mission-recruit,

Dr. Laffin; and we all three lunched at a restaurant.
Went to Dr. Bowkourts',

On the 14th, back to Queen Lane; and arranged baggage for a final visit to Monroeton, in order to take Mary on a good bye tour among my friends before returning to Africa. Left on the 15th; and was at Monroeton before evening. On Sunday 16th, spoke in afternoon at Greenwood; and in evening at Monroeton.

On the Monday, we went to Towanda, guests of Rev. Dr. Stewart, to an Entertainment of the Y. M. C. A.; and, at mid-night, resumed our journey; arriving the next day at Hampton, N. J., guests of Mr. and Mrs. Coramer. The Rev. R. A. Bryant came from Asbury, and presided in the evening, when I addressed the church on Missions.

On the 19th, leaving Mary in Mrs. Coramer's care, I went to Pittston, Pa., to home of Mr. Parke; and, in the evening addressed the Lackawanna W. F. M. S. in church of Rev. Mr. Swan, West Pittston. The next day, back to New York, at the Bible House; and to Dr. Bowkourts'. In the evening, to Peekskill, to my sister Mrs. Wells, for a Reception to her son Charles, and his wife, on their return from their bridal tour.

The next day, the 21st, back to Lawrenceville, for a Church Sociable. Miss Dmelay

made me a most generous gift for my Mission work. The following day, I returned to New York, to the Bible House. And, then, to Cranbury, N.J.; on the way, being seized by an attack of grippe. On Sunday 23; notwithstanding my grippe, I preached in the morning; but, was not able to do so in the evening. The physician who examined me, said that my temperature was normal, and that my lungs were not affected. So, I went back to New York on the Monday; did some work at the Bible House; and went to Dr. Dowkott for farther treatment. Was so much better on the Tuesday, that, after some work at the Bible House, I went with Dr. Dowkott's son, to Fort Washington, to witness the twenty ships of War giving their 21-gun salutes for the Columbian Parade. The next day, again at the Bible House; at the office of the "Christian Herald," for which, I was to write an article on Medical Practice in Africa; and to the Mission House, to arrange about the packing of my baggage for Africa. At Dr. Dowkott's, met a fellow-African independant missionary, Mr. Eli Chatelaine. On the 28; from a window of the Mission House, witnessed the Naval Parade of the Columbian Review. On Sunday 30; in the evening,

addressed the interested young people of the church of Rev. Dr. Birch. On Monday, May 1st, I said good-bye to Dr. and Mrs. Douthett, and went to Jersey City P. R. R. Station, to await the coming of Mr. Coramers with Mary. And, with her went to Philadelphia, to Chestnut Hill, to see McComb home. The next day, into the city, to Dr. Woodbury, for Mary's throat to be attended to, for nasal catarrh. As she had failed to learn to swim at the Broad St. Natatorium, in the previous Fall, I took her there again for six special lessons, for which the proprietor promised that himself would see that she should learn. The following week was spent in going back and forth from Chestnut Hill to the swimming lessons. The joy of returning to my work in Africa was frequently depressed by forebodings of the unfraternal reception I expected to meet from the Mission. I confided to my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. McComb, the story of the Mission's humiliating letter. They urged me to marry, before returning to Africa! (They were the only persons who had suggested re-marriage to me.) On Sunday 7th, called at Mr. Kerr's, and had a good talk with him about his son Henry's prospects (who had sailed for Africa two weeks

previously). There were excursions to the Zoological Garden and other places, between the times of Mary's swimming lessons and her visits to Dr. Woodbury's office; and my trying proof-readings on Mr. Good's N. T.; and, on the 9th, attending the Princeton Sem. y. Commencement; and, in Chestnut Hill, visits to the Adams family; and to Fairmount Park, and to the Horticultural Hall, for plants to be taken to Africa.

On Sunday 14th, in A. M., preached in the Germantown Westside church, Rev. Dr. W. P. Lee.

On the 16th, saying good bye to the McCoub family, we went again to Duesan Lane; and, in the evening, I addressed the Mission Bands of Rev. Dr. Baker's 1st Presb. church.

On the 17th, after a good deal of final packing of my boxes for Africa, and of Mary's for Monroeton, we left, and went to Washington, D. C., being accompanied by niece Isabella Gosman, who joined us in Philadelphia, to take charge of Mary, while I would be occupied in my seat as a commissioner to the General Assembly. There, in the New York Ave. church, the retiring Moderator, Rev. Dr. Young, preached a splendid opening sermon. At the election, I voted for Rev. Dr. Baker; but Rev. Dr. Craig of Chicago was chosen. On the 19th, there was a

tiresome Reception at the White House, and, on the 20, an Excursion to Mt. Vernon. On Sunday 21, we were at Rev. Dr. Sunderland's church. The Rev. Wilton Merle-Smith preached an excellent sermon, closing with an appeal for Peace and Work.

The Briggs case had caused intense feeling in the Assembly. Dr. Merle-Smith was supposed to be a friend of Briggs. Dr. Sunderland did him the discourtesy of interrupting him, ^{and} exclaiming, "And, your friend Briggs is the cause of all the quarrel!" The audience was amazed. And, the benediction being pronounced, two lines streamed up the aisles to the pulpit, the one to thank Dr. Sunderland for his denunciation of Briggs, and the other to express regret to Dr. Merle-Smith for the discourtesy shown to himself. We attended a C. E. Rally in afternoon; and then, at Rev. Dr. Wyntkoop's church, in company with Lucas of India, and Reid of China, I made an address to a meeting for For. Missions.

Next day, at the church of Rev. Dr. Hamlin, I spoke before the W. F. M. S. There was a Reception given to Foreign missionaries at 5. P. M., where I was deeply touched by the kindness shown to Mary and myself.

On Wed. 24, Assembly For. Mis. day, at the evening Popular Services, I was on the program, my address

being very well received.

After much excitement
~~the next day~~ the
 Briggs case was settled. In my devotion to the
 Standards of the Presbyterian Church, I have always
 regarded with satisfaction my vote against
 Prof. Briggs.

On Sat'y 27th, I finished the last
 proof of the Mpongme N. T., a work that had been
 following me, from place to place, for months.

On Sunday 28th, I spoke, in A. M., at the 4th St
 Meth. Episcopal church, Rev. M^r. Rice. And, in the
 evening, at Rev. Dr. J. J. Kelly's church, together
 with Halcomb of India and Lingle of China.

The Assembly adjourned on the night of
 Thursday, June 1st.

On the 2nd, we left
 Washington, for Newark, Del., to my aunt
 Mrs. Hugh Hamill; and attended a Sociable, in
 the evening, at the church. For Sunday 3rd, I
 spoke at St. Georges, for Rev. Dr. Davison; and
 we visited my cousins M^r. Gorman and M^r.
 Stewart. And, on the 5th, returned to Newark.
 Leaving Mary there, I went, on the 6th, to
 Swarthmore University, to attend its commencement
 as guest of the Presb. Rev. Dr. J. N. Randall, and
 was invited to take part in the Exercises.

On Wed'y 7th, I returned to Newark; and, in the
 evening, at Rev. Dr. Miller's church, made a
 farewell address. The audience was very cordial

in their good bye wishes. Two young ladies mentioned that their class was called by my name.

On Sat'y 10th, we left Newark for Lawrenceville, N. J., to Rev. Wm. Swan. Sunday 11th was Children's Day. It was a beautiful exhibition, for which I made a short ^{Talk} address; and, in the evening, I made my parting missionary address, to a good audience. On Monday, a company of ladies came to make an informal call on niece Belle Gosman, Mary, and myself; and I told them some of my African Stories, and Mary sang for them the mission-song, "Over the ocean wave." I escorted one of the ladies, Miss Ely, to her home; and, on my return, found that M^r and M^{rs} Studdiford, and M^r. Green, had each left for me a most generous check. I was overwhelmed with humble gratitude.

The next day, niece Belle with Mary left for Lawrenceville. And, the following day, I left for Clifton Springs, N. Y. Interdenominational Missy Conference, Rev. Dr. Gracey, presiding officer. On Sat'y 17th, I went to Romeus, to Rev. J. W. Jack, and on Sunday morning and evening addressed an interested audience. On the Monday, I read to the conference, a portion of my ~~2d~~ Essay on Bantus Superstition. And, the next day read my

article on Improved Health Conditions in African Missions. In the evening were Farewell Services for ~~a~~ thirty missionaries returning to their fields, each with 2-minute remarks. I was the first on the list, as I had to leave on an evening train, for Trenton; arriving at my aunt Hamill's the next day. The following day, good bys were made; and, with grateful thanks to my aunt and generous cousin Hugh, I rejoined Mary at Lawrenceville.

The next day, we went to Philadelphia, for Mary's need at Dr. Woodbury's office. And, in the afternoon to Oxford and Goshen, to the historic Chestnut Land Church, Rev. Dr. J. M. Galbreath, with whose six children Mary played. And, on Sunday, I addressed twice on Missions. On the Monday, we went back to Philadelphia and Queen Lane.

And, the next day, the 27; to Morriston, where we were met by Mr. Tadd and his sister. On the evening of the next day, we all attended a Garden Party at Mrs. DeVoe's; returning from which, Mary asked me to carry her; which I did, for a memento of her infancy, and for a parting remembrance. Then, I went with her to her bed-room, and packed my valise, while Miss Tadd undressed her. When Miss Tadd left the

room, I gave Mary my parting counsels, played a little with her, prayed with her. And, then, while telling her the story of Jairus daughter, I was called by Mr. Todd, to take the midnight train to New York. Where I arrived early the next day, at the Mission House; and worked at my boxes. And, went to Dr. Dow Koutts for the night. On the following day, the 30th, after another job on my boxes, and good-bye to Sary Gillespie, I went to Peekskill, to say good-bye to my sister, Mrs. Wells.

On Sat'y July 1st, to Newark, N. J., to home of Rev. J. N. Palthermus. In the evening to a Fair, which his Young People were having. And, on Sunday, A. M., spoke on Missions at the church of Rev. Dr. Hallifield. In the afternoon, at Bro. Palthermus fine Sab. Sch of over 400 children, spoke for ten minutes. And, in the evening, made a parting address to his church, closing with a most tender hand grasping by the whole church-full of young people. I was proud of my Jewsmith Memorial! I walked home with Miss Fonda, teacher of Bro. Palthermus little daughter "Bobby". In parting on Monday July 3rd, Mrs. Thompson and her daughter Lora came to place in my hand half of the proceeds of their Fair, for Christian work in Africa.

I returned to Philadelphia,

to Queen Lane. There, I had several tiresome days, writing notes, making memoranda, and packing a dozen trunks and boxes. I had expected to go to Batanga, on my return to Africa, where I could make use of the German I had studied a year before. But, the Board's decision had been for Libreville. The French required that the contents of trunks and boxes should be classified. Packing therefore, was more of a task in selection, than if one could put articles in hatter-skelter. My last written essay was one on African Foods, for Dr. Woodbury. And, then, there were a score of final errands to stores, and to doctors and other friends, to whom I made souvenirs gifts of African curios. All this made a great strain on me; for, I had to do it all alone; my son being required at his office. (at that time in the P.R.R.) and his wife was nervous over the sickness of her little daughter. In the evening of Saty 8th, I went to my McComb friends in Chestnut Hill, and they comforted me. On Sunday 9th, at Rev. Dr. Hammond's church in A.M., I made an address on Aspects of For. Miss. Work other than Evangelistic; and took tea with my friendly Adams family, where were present all

the six sisters, Misses Emma, Starce, Beatrice, Caroline, Edith, and Meta. And, made a good bye address at the Co. E.

On the Monday, back to Union Lane; and final errands in the city. It was after midnight of Tuesday 11th, that I finished tying up the last purchases and gifts, and wrote my final letters; my last three were to daughter Mary, Rev. Dr. Gasman, and Mrs. Malone. On

Wed'y July 12th, there was an early start; and, accompanied by my son William and his wife, I was in good time at the dock for the American Line steamer "Ohio". There were only a few there to wave their hands as the steamer started; but there were handed me 40 farewell letters, 35 of them from other than relatives. They were an enormous comfort. Out of the 83 passengers, only 20 were with me as 1st Cabin; including five ladies, five clergymen, one editor, and three boys. I had the discomfort of having a Roman Catholic as my room-mate. I made few acquaintances on the voyage; accepting only advances, and making but few myself. I was living, in thought, with the dear ones I had left behind, and with an intense longing for my little daughter. On Sunday 16th,

I was not well; but, for sake of example, went to the Services in the saloon, hoping that either one of the other two Presbyterian clergymen would be in charge. But, was annoyed to find that the preacher was an Episcopalian who had made himself prominent by his public liquor-drinking.

For the first time of the voyage, I was able, on the 20th, to write. Wrote, from memory, for Mrs. McComb, the address I had made at Chestnut Hill, at Dr. Hammond's, in the morning of July 9th. And, the boys and Miss Jennie Crowe came to me for African stories: I told them about White Ants, and Agave's Chain. In the evening, there was an Entertainment, at which Miss Crowe, Grand-daughter of Rev. Mr. Crowe, declaimed admirably an ode on Columbus. I talked Africa for 15 minutes; and the Entertainment closed by all of us singing, to piano accompaniment, Sherman's "Marching Through Georgia". Rev. Dr. Hoyt, of Philadelphia, indignantly left the room; and, afterward, on the deck, denounced Sherman.

One day, Rev. Mr. Crowe's grandson, Edward Parker, was playing, climbing on the deck-house. He fell, and broke his arm. I picked him up, and carried him to the ship's doctor, who set the bone. He had stood it bravely. On Sunday, 23rd,

in the morning, there was too much confusion, in passing Queenstown, to have the usual Service, which the captain had asked me to conduct, so, the meeting was held in the evening; my subject, at the captain's request, being on Africa.

On landing at Liverpool, in the morning of Monday July 24th, I anticipated no difficulty at the Customs; for, I had none of the three usual objectionable articles, Liqueur, Tobacco, and Silverware. Out of my many trunks and boxes, the officer had, at random, pointed to three, which I opened; and, he had begun to affix the salt's factory stamps, when he pointed to a fourth. I opened it; and, he was just about to pass it also, when he noticed a package in it, and asked, "What's this?" I innocently and honestly said, "Fire-works". (On both my previous journeys, I had brought Roman candles, rockets, and other fire-works, with which to amuse my school children.) He flared up with excitement; and immediately put me and my baggage under arrest. (There had been some cases of Fenian dynamiting; and the English authorities had sent out warning to all their police.) For a moment, I was amused at the idea that I should be under arrest. And, I said to him, "Why! that's

nothing." "You'll see something!" "Why! I've brought them to England twice before" "What for?" "To please my Mission school children". Then, he was sure that I was lying. I began to appreciate the seriousness of the case, and said, "Well then! throw them into the dock, and let me go with the rest of my baggage" "O! I'll confiscate them, sure enough; and, you'll stay under arrest." I gave him the names of several Liverpool gentlemen, as references for my character. Two hours later, our Board's agent came, identified me, and protested against my arrest. The officer was convinced and satisfied. He retained the fireworks, was willing to release my baggage, and would have dismissed myself. But, he said that the matter had already been telegraphed to London. However, that I might go under the agent's care; must report to the police occasionally, and must not leave British territory until permitted by the London authorities.

It was all very humiliating. At Lawrence Hotel, I found Rev. A. W. Masling, on his way from Africa. As he was one of the three committee-men of Mission, whose names were signed to its absurd letter, I was not at all cordial, and called him to account. On my explanations,

He honorably made a Christian acknowledgment of his wrong to me. I therefore was able to reckon him as a friend. (Matth. 5: 23. 24: Luke 17: 3. 4.)

In my loneliness, I walked the streets, taking the same routes and looking into the same shop windows, where I had gone, more than two years before, with Mary. My widowed sister-in-law, Mrs Ella B. Assau, and her two daughters, on their European tour, were staying on the Island of Jersey. That being "British territory," the Inspector of Customs did not object to my making a two weeks' visit there. So, on the 28th, I went to Southampton, and thence by boat to Jersey, arriving there on the morning of Saty 29th; and, went to the boarding-house where Mrs Assau was. During my stay there, she and my nieces took me on almost daily excursions over the island, to all the prominent objects of interest. On Aug. 5th, came word from the Board's agent, Mr Alexander, stating that my fire-works had been destroyed, but that my trunks were released, and the affair settled without fine or further detention. So, on Friday, Aug. 11th, I returned to England, stopping over night at Oxford, with a hasty sight of the University, and reaching Liverpool

next afternoon. There, I found my Surgeon-son Charles, who had arrived from Germany, the night before. He had been spending a year of post-graduate study in the hospitals of Europe. On Sunday 13th, with my son, went to a Presb. church; but, it was closed. Stepped into a Wesleyan Mission-chapel; and, after the Service, was asked to preach in the evening. But, I wished to sit in the pews that day. So, in the early evening, we went to the Cathedral. I did not enjoy the intoned prayers. On our way back to the hotel, I came on to a street-gathering, where two young women with an accordion were singing hymns. I joined in the crowd, and shared in the singing; and felt that that was worship better than the Cathedral Service.

On Tuesday Aug. 16th, son Charles escorted me to the landing-stage, to be ready for the tender, from which to board the steamer "Cameroun", for Africa. At the hotel, I had met three Calabar missionaries, Miss Edgerley, Rev. J. T. Dean, and Mr. Usher, who were to be my fellow passengers. Mr. Alexander, Capt. Davis, Mr. James Lyon, Capt. Jonathan Holt, Mr. Walls, and Mr. Hartz were there to give me a kind good bye. On the vessel, the small cabins were crowded. Of course, I was sea-sick.

But, by Sunday 20th, I was able to attend Services in the Saloon, held by Rev. Mr. Dean; at which, a young trader, Mr. Holder, played the piano for the hymns. And, in the afternoon, I sang Moody and Sawyer hymns, with Miss Edgerley and two other ladies, accompanied by Mr. Weir on the piano. I was better on the Monday, and could read. Read a pathetic little tale "Houp-la" by Winters; and began to read "Les Misérables".

In the evenings, I sat alone on deck, watching the sinking of the north star; always a tragic scene on my African voyages. Day by day, I ran into warmer latitudes, that made me lay aside successively my rug, my overcoat, my cardigan, and unbutton my undercoat; and, later to put on thinner clothing.

On Wedy 23rd, went ashore with my missionary companions at Las Palmas, Grand Canary, and saw the sights of the town. Was annoyed at the persistent Portuguese boys offering themselves as guides, who, to prove that they were capable interpreters, asserted, "I speak English very good", sang the (then) popular song "Boon-de-ay", and cursed each other with English oaths.

Mr. Dean preached again on Sunday 27th.

Night by night, the North Star had been sinking. It

was the last visible thing that anchored me to America and home. At ~~Cape Palmas~~, where it was no longer visible, the cable of that anchor snapped; and I felt distinctly that there was left with me only memory! Dear memory! Sweet memory! precious memory!

At different points, passengers had gone. There were left only a few men, who subjected me to my invariable African-voyage experience of suffering from the tobacco-smoking in the Saloon. I had to go on deck and sit in the rain with coat, rug, and umbrella.

As I passed Monrovia, on Tuesday Aug. 29; there were remembrances of my first sight there of Africa, from the deck of the "Ocean Eagle" in Aug. 1861.

On Sunday Sept. 3; preached at morning service.

Then, having rounded Cape Palmas, all along the 900 miles of the coast of the Gulf of Guinea; past Cape Coast Castle; and Accra; and the river Volta; to Lagos, and Bony of the Niger.

~~To Calabar Mission on Monday, Sept 11; and visited at the two Stations Creek town and Duketown, On the 16; out of the Calabar river, and on to Annas Bay, skirting the base of Kamerun Peak, to the town of Victoria. Then, on Monday 18; to the river Kamerun, and town of Duala. Thence, to Betanga.~~

The story of the remainder of the voyage I wrote in a letter that was printed in the "Presbyterian Journal", of Dec. 14th 1873.

On Monday, September 11th, we had anchored in old Calabar river at Duketown; there a lay missionary, Mr. Alexander and Mrs. Rev. Beedie and Miss Dunlap come on board to welcome my cabin mates, Rev. Mr. Dean and Mr. Weir, and took them ashore. I accepted Miss Dunlap's invitation to go to Creektown, another mission station seven miles around an island, in another part of the Calabar Delta. In the afternoon the station-boat came with Miss Dunlap and took me to a handsome steam launch belonging to the Consulate. The Consul had politely offered us passage, as he was sending two policemen to make an arrest at Creektown. It was well that we went in that closed launch, and not in the open boat, for there was a heavy downpour of rain. How rapidly the powerful launch flew! It made the seven or eight miles in less than half an hour. It made me feel almost envious. How much of my life and strength and health had been worn away in slow, exposed open boats! All the other missions on this African coast use steam, except poor we. But I do not feel jealous of that Scotch U. P. Mission for possessing their own steamer and having the occasional use of the Consul's launch. They need all aid, for they live in an unhealthy river, and their list of deaths is sad. Their church gives them far finer, and larger, and more comfortable houses and furniture than we have; at Creektown are three pretty houses, one of them the best mission house I have seen anywhere. One is occupied only by Rev. H. Goldie and his sister-in-law, Miss Johnston; another by Miss Dunlap and another young lady, and the third is occupied by the missionary carpenter, Mr. Manson—its missionary worker, Mr. John Bishop, having just died before the house was completed. He was the mission printer. He was a fellow passenger on the Benguela that took us to England more than two years ago. I stayed two days in Mr. Goldie's house at Creektown. He is an old man, eighty years of age, still working for the natives who love him, but it made me sad to listen to his memories of those whom he and I had known, and who were gone. I am much younger than he, but he seems to lay hold of me as a connecting link with his past, for it was painfully obvious that his memory was failing. He is a devoted

missionary, hourly prayerful, spiritual and heavenly minded.

A white lady from Great Britain was lying sick in a dark, low, mud house in the town, the guest of the white teacher there, too sick to be removed to the almost empty mission houses. It pained me much to see her. I know that in all mission work there must be suffering and privation. It will come notwithstanding care, forethought and reasonable preparation. But, in the splendid zeal that is now moving the churches of America and Europe to evangelize Africa, I am sorry to have to confess that there is a painful lack of judgment that has entailed needless loss of life and uncalled for sacrifice. Recognized agencies of experience that have accumulated wisdom by past experiment, like our Presbyterian Board, the Congregational and other denominational Boards, reduce the loss and sacrifice to the necessary minimum. But various enthusiastic, over-zealous, undenominational, independent and inexperienced agencies have sprung up, such as Guinness, Plymouth Brethren, International Alliance, Y. M. C. A. Missions, Bishop Taylor's (so called) Self-supporting Mission, Faith Cure, etc., that have sent out large numbers of good men and women, zealous and pious, but most

of them with little education, and the majority with but slight preparation, and many with an inexcusable ignorance of the conditions of African life. The results have been very sad and disappointing; and have brought censure on all foreign mission work here and in a few cases outrageous scandal. This gentleman and lady came not among the ignorant, but they certainly were among the unprepared. And on the steamer I heard a frightful story about an independent holiness man and his family from Iowa. There was enough wickedness in it on which to base a novel. The doings, unwise, unskillful and even improper doings, of these irresponsible movements bring disgrace on the well-established and wisely administered mission work, and give occasion for unjust opposition to all foreign mission work.

One of the native elders of Mr. Goldie's Creektown Church offered to send me back to the steamer on Wednesday, Sept. 13th. He owns a steam launch; but I would not have him get up steam just for me, so he sent me on his six-oared gig, Mr. Goldie's boat being out of repair. Our steamer left Calabar Sept. 14th. We entered the Rio del Rey, the boundary line between British and German territory. It was a very muddy river, and the ship's officers, anxious to get on their journey, did not wait for high tide, but, knowing their were no rocks, steamed ahead, the steamer's keel actually ploughing to the depth of two feet, in the river's soft bottom. That for an iron steamer of over 1800 tons! I have not seen in Africa so desolate, lonely and utterly forsaken a white man's location as was the Swedish trading house here in the Rio del Rey. Low, filthy, muddy and everywhere a monotonous scraggly growth of mangroves. Nevertheless the Swede was there for money. And the Rev. Mr. Fairly, of the British Primitive Methodist Mission, at Fernando Po, had brought with him a native teacher whom he intended locating at a village among those mangroves, farther up the river. And in one of these villages was living, from choice, a wretched white man, who no longer desired to return to civilization, but who adopting native dress and food, and living native life, drunken and almost heathen, made a scant support by the charity of fellow white men and by occasional work for the Swedish house. It was amazing that he did not die.

On Saturday, the 16th, we were off again down the Rio, and in the afternoon, skirting the base of Cameroon Mountain, had a splendid view of its peak, 14,000 feet high. The day had been rainy, but just as we were skirting the base the clouds lifted, leaving the peak perfectly clear. It is generally covered at the top, even when its lower portion is clear. It was magnificent, under the changing colors of the setting sun, as we steamed into Amba Bay to the town of Victoria. There is Basel Mission House and Church. But there was no opportunity to get ashore on the very rainy Sabbath, September 17th. More than twenty years ago a Scotch philanthropist, Mr. George Thomson, of a missionary family (himself unmarried at this time), used his own wealth to induce the three adjacent missions (ours, the Methodist and the Scotch U. P.) to join with him in building a sanitarium on the mountain. There were difficulties and objections. How were the invalids of these three missions to

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reach Victoria? for steamers did not go there then; there was no commerce to induce them to go there. Amba Bay also is rocky. And how were invalids to ascend that mountain? There was no road. While the difficulties were real, it was amazing to me at that time that these missions were not willing to aid Mr. Thomson in removing these difficulties. It is pitiful that they withheld even sympathy from their disinterested benefactor, denouncing his plan as visionary. He bravely kept at work, disinterestedly spending his wealth, and finally his life, in developing at Victoria a commerce that should attract steamers. As I looked ashore, I thought of his unselfish life, that had ended without the sight of what he labored for. Steamers do now go to Victoria; invalids can now get there; the rocks in the bay are buoyed; Mr. Thomson cut a road up the Mountain and the German Missions and Government purpose creating a Sanitarium just about the site that Mr. Thomson had selected. But, just at present, the German Government, by its barbarous severity in its dealings with the natives on the Mountains, has made the road impassable.

Another magnificent view of the Peak was had on the evening of the 17th, as the steamer went on its way toward the Cameroon River. Rain had ceased, though all around the horizon were heavy dark masses of clouds, through the rifts in which, toward the West, gorgeous bursts of setting sunlight were flaming. The steamers do not attempt to travel on these African Oil Rivers at night. They need the daylight to see the buoys. The German Government has put a great deal of expense on the survey of the Cameroon. Formerly that river could be ascended only with native pilots and of the natives there was only one family—whose knowledge descended from father to son—who could take a vessel through the tortuous channel. Now no pilot is needed. You simply follow the buoys. And, at the town itself, the Government is doing a great work, building an iron pier for a water line, including the formerly muddy, foul-smelling beach at low tide, and filling in behind with earth—from the adjacent bluffs. Of course, at present that excavating of fresh earth is unhealthy, but eventually there will be a fine broad wharfage. And the galvanized iron houses of the Government, Basel Mission and British and German traders looked handsomely.

Leaving Cameroon on Tuesday, 19th, we anchored late in the afternoon at Batanga. There, is the river, Lobi, that tumbles into the sea, with a cataract of about forty feet. That is the place which in our mission letters you will see spoken of as Waterfall. It is a very strange sight, the river tumbling from the rocky cliff straight into the ocean. The rains had been heavy and the river was full, making a fine sight. From Waterfall South to a native town called Bongahill are three miles. Our Missionaries are at present at four spots along these three miles, thus: Waterfall—Mrs. Good in a rented house; Bongahill and Miss ~~Mason~~ in a small mission house; The Mission House—Messrs Gault and Goddard; A Native house—and rented by Dr. Laffin. As the steamer was sighted, Mr. Gault and Dr. Laffin came off in the Mission-boat to welcome me. The steamer anchored opposite Dr. Laffin's house. An English trader living at Bongahill kindly offered to take me ashore and send me back, as the steamer purposed leaving that night. It was dark when we went through the warring surf of the Bongahill rocks. He gave me a guide to show me the way to my sister's house. These people speak Benga; and it made my heart beat faster to chat with the

guide in the native tongue which I most prefer, but which for years there has been no chance for me to use in the Ogoe or at Gaboon. The evening 7:00 o'clock prayer-bell was just ringing as I came to sister's open door, from which light of lamp was streaming, and whence was issuing the prattle of children. I sent no one to announce me, but, standing on the thresh-hold, took off my hat, and, to surprise my sister (who was sitting by a table with several little girls and boys about her and Miss Bate standing on the other side of the table), bowed, and gravely said, "Umba nd ekane" (This is I) She knew I was expected on that steamer, but had not thought I could come ashore in the dark. I received a glad welcome, the wondering natives standing by. Some of them had seen me on their journeys to Benita or Gaboon. All knew of me, hearing their fathers speak about me from old Benita days, twenty-five years ago; or from the messages that

had passed between us while my native friends, Rev. ~~Mason~~ and Licentiate Itongolo, had been laboring there under my superintendance years ago, before any white missionaries had settled there. So they gazed with silent respect on the "Father" of whom they had heard. I felt so glad and happy, that sister agreed in my wish to enter the prayer room, and give thanks for God's merciful guiding hand, deferring our home chat till a half an hour later. The evening sea-breeze is very strong, is too much for sister, through the sieve like sides of the bamboo palm school room where prayers were held. That room is on a clay floor, utterly plain and unadorned, except by the A. B. C. cards and spelling lessons hanging on the walls. But those walls that evening were illumined for me by the forty men, women and children who sat on the low seats (a chair was given me) and sang "Ho tumb-wakide Jisu" (Come let us sing of Jesus) and who listened to candidate for the ministry ~~Dama~~ read and comment on the hope of resurrection (a comparison of Paul before the Sanhedrim and Christ's discussion with the Sadducees). He had asked me to take the service; but my heart was very full, and I preferred to make only remarks and lead in prayer. Afterward, I sat and chatted in sister's house till it was time to go back to the steamer. But the white trader told me the steamer had decided to stay all night. So, as Miss Bate was visiting for the night in sister's little house, I accepted an invitation to his house.

On Wednesday, Sept. 20th, we left Batanga, passed the Campo river, the dividing line between German and French territory, and anchored for a short time at Bata. There we have a native minister, Rev. Mr. Etigani, in charge of the church. Besides my respect for himself, I have always retained my grateful affection for his wife; for when she was a young woman she was the nurse and attendant of my little Paul, who died at Benita (see "Crowned in Palm land.") Her name is Aka; I shall always remember her. There was no time to go ashore at Bata: From Bata the steamers, in passing Benita river, keep so far to seaward that they are generally out of sight of the land. At least, our Bolondo House is never visible from the Liverpool steamers and none of them could go to the shallow anchorage there; small coasting steamers do. I thought many thoughts, as the vessel passed that coast in the one night. How scores and scores of times I had toiled with oar or against wind up and down these fifty miles from Benita to Corisco! With the morning of Thursday, September 21st, the steamer was rounding Cape St. John, on its way to Elobi Island. Again I went back in memory twenty-three years to that very month, and almost to the week when, in an open boat, my wife had died. (See "Crowned in Palm land.")

Handwritten notes in the left margin: f, lo, ace, t, b, Eduma, b/, z/, e/, e/, j, e/

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~~enthusiastically welcomed~~ by men, women, and
 + [insert below] ^{natives}
 children. Again, I was satisfied; these were my
~~best~~ friends. I would not be lonely, even if I
 had but few white ones. I went to bed late at
 night. And awake the next day, better
 rested than I had been for the previous six
 weeks of the ocean.
 My furlough of two-and-a-half years was ended.

Now, in a comfortable steamer, I was being carried over the very spot! And after the steamer's day's work at Elobi, it came out to sea again, on its way to Gaboon, at night, with a moonlight, just as had shone the moon on me and Charley, and his lifeless mother on the 11th of September, 1870.

By the morning of Friday, September 22nd, the steamer was entering Gaboon Bay. The new buildings of the French Government in this town of Libreville looked well from the vessel's deck. Boats were alongside, as soon as the quarantine and Custom House officers had examined the vessel. In one of those boats were two white gentlemen and a little white child. I did not know them, indeed, I said in my heart, "Certainly those are not coming for me, there is no white child at Baraka." But they were for me. One was Mr. E. A. Ford, the lay missionary here in charge of the mission finances, and the other was the Rev. W. S. Bannerman, my successor at our loved Talaguga, but who I supposed was still on the Ogohe River. Talaguga and Kangue stations having been transferred to the French Protestant Mission, we have no more work on the Ogohe, and Mr. Bannerman had come here to occupy our vacant station Angom, up the Gaboon estuary. He looked thin and worn, in these two years of work, so I had failed to recognize him at a distance, and Mr. Ford I had never seen, as he arrived here in 1891, after I had left. I was very glad to see little Harold Bannerman. My daughter was the first white child born at Talaguga, he was the second. We went to the Custom House with my baggage. I was then two miles from the mission; so glad was I to get no land that I declined entering the boat and

walked alone to the Mission boat landing, reaching there as soon as the two boats, You may be sure there were many "Mbolo!" and a big "Samba!" in their welcome of me. At the Mission house was Mrs. Ogden and Mrs. Bannerman and Mr. Presset, the teacher of French, and many natives to welcome me.))

+ Again I was satisfied; these natives were my friends. I would not be lonely, &c

Chapter XXVI.

At Baraka Station
October 1893 - June 1897

The occupants of Baraka Station were Mr. Pisset, the Swiss school teacher of French; Mrs. Ogden, caring for the domestic arrangements; and a young layman, in charge of the Station. As a business clerk in the United States, and with only an Academy education, he had joined the Mission during my absence; and was our Mission treasurer. In the United States, he had been interested in C. S. and Y. M. C. A. work. Being a ready speaker he had become Secretary of one of its organisations in the West. While one of its conventions was being held in the town of Troy, Nebraska, the Presbytery of Nebraska happened to be holding its sessions there at the same time. When it adjourned, some of its members, as individuals (not as Presbyters) had attended the popular evening Meeting of the Convention. Hearing of the young man who had offered to go to Africa, one of the congressmen kindly offered a resolution commending him to a cordial reception by our Mission. The resolution spoke of him as an "evangelist". (That word has

a special meaning, particularly in Presbyterian statistics, as describing one, who, though not licensed as a clergyman, has a temporary license as a "local evangelist"). That young layman, on his arrival in Africa, instead of presenting his non-ecclesiastical Letter of Recommendation to the non-ecclesiastical Body, the Mission (which consists of clergymen, laymen, and women) offered it to the Presbytery (an ecclesiastical Body). The Presbytery was deceived by the word "evangelist"; and the temporary clerk ignorantly accepted it as coming from the Presbytery of "Troy". (There is no such Presbytery in Nebraska.) And, the minutes of the Presbytery of Corisco recorded that the young layman was placed in charge of the Gaboon Church, until I should arrive.

During my absence in the United States, the entire Ogowe work, with its two Stations and three churches, and several schools, had been handed over to the Paris Evangelical Society: and, two of our own workers, Rev. and Mrs. Jacot, had transferred themselves to that Society: Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Benneman had removed to Angoum Station; and Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Good to Batanga.

The young layman, promptly and very formally, handed over to me the charge of the Gaboon

church, naming distinctly its several duties, of the pulpit, the Session, the Sab. Sch., and the mid-week Prayer-meeting.

My first act, in taking charge, on Sunday Sept. 24th, before the public services, was to read a burial ritual at the grave of one of Holt's traders.

As my friends, Rev. and Mrs Bannerman, (Ate) in ~~the~~ coming down the Gaboon river, from their Angoum station, to get new supplies, had ^{kindly} ~~the~~ welcomed me on my arrival, I accompanied them, the next day, Monday 25th, with their little son Harold, on their return, by the trade-steamer "Moue", to Angoum. There were interesting views of Ovendo Point; Parrot and Koenig islands; Idougela, a French R. C. Mission; the mouth of the Rimbue; and Nenge-nenge island. I slept ashore at a trader's house of H. & C. And, very early next day, the steamer proceeded to Fuba, the landing place for Angoum. While Mr Bannerman remained on board to land his new supplies, I escorted Mrs Bannerman ashore, and carried little Harold to the station. And, soon returned with the steamer, which had errands at several of its trading-houses. Up the Rimbue, I recognised the place, Agoujo, where I had ^{stopped} in my first over-land journey, in Nov. 1874.

I went ashore, to pass the night in a

comfortable house belonging to a native trader. The Trade was in ivory, india-rubber-gum, and bamboo-palm fiber. My long residence in Africa had made my name known, even where I had not myself been. The man showed me to his best room, with civilised bed and bedding, kerosene light, &c. One of his assistants, who could read, had been taught at the Baraka School. He was a young man, not a professing Christian; but, his wife was an inquirer, enrolled in the list of catechumens of the Gaboon church. Of course, at once, she was one of "the lambs" of my parish, after whom I was to look. I conversed with her and gave her pastoral advice. I do not know why I did not offer to pray with her; but, for not doing so I felt justly rebuked by her, (not that she at all intended it) in the incident that followed. It seemed a very unlikely place for a prayer-meeting. Indeed, there were only four persons in the house. So, being tired with the several meetings I had held during the day, I proposed going to bed, and did not (as was my usual custom) call together the household for family prayers. This young inquirer, Ogandaga, took up the lamp, to lead me to my room. She set it on the table. I bade her good-night, after

she had hospitably examined the pillow and covers, to see that there were no centipedes or scorpions there. I supposed that she was leaving the room, and I sat down, beginning to take off my shoes. But, she remained, fussing about the table. Presently, I appreciated that her fussing was only a getting up of courage to say, "Shan't we have prayers?" Verily, I was rebuked. Slipping into my shoes, I stepped with her into the sitting-room, and she passed out doors, returning, in a few minutes, with some ten persons. Of course then, I had a prayer meeting with these heathen, reading a portion of the native Scripture, which her husband possessed. (She could not read). So, again I bade them good-night; and, again she carried that lamp for me; and, again I began to disrobe; and, again the bashful face looked up, saying, "But, - about, - my catechism?" And, she placed in my hands her copy of the little question-book, which we had compiled for the instruction of inquirers. Again, my heart smote me; and, again I returned to the sitting-room; and I spent a solid hour asking the now happy and satisfied ~~agendas~~ the hundred questions of the little book. Her husband, though not a Christian, had helped her

to learn them; and she answered most of them with little prompting from me. Thus, some who have been in our schools, but who are not themselves converts, assist in spreading the Truth. And, I was back at Baraka, before midnight of Thursday 28th.

With Mr. Presset, I made my duty-call on the French Lieut Governor, with whom I had quite a conversation, as he could speak English. Enjoyed also a walk in the Government Botanical Garden. And, at Holt's trading-house, met the American scientific traveler, Prof. Garner.

On the Monday evening, October 2nd, after supper, sitting in the parlor, I observed that Mr. Ogden and the young layman were dressed for going out (I did not know where). Presently, the church-bell rang. I was surprised, and remarked that I had given no order for any meeting. Mrs. Ogden explained that it was the bell for the regular weekly meeting of the young layman's C.E. I had not known of its existence in the Gaboon church. He had organized it, and claimed it as his special property. He had not mentioned it, when he so formally "handed over the church" to me, a week before.

During my furlough in the United States, I had frequently met with

the C. E., but was not favorably impressed by it. Its Pledge was admirable; but, it was no more than every church member was supposed to make on joining the church and professing faith in Jesus Christ. And, while the Luther and Epworth Leagues were loyal, respectively, to the Lutheran and Methodist Churches, the Presbyterian C. E. took their orders from an Independent Board in Boston. Also, in my evening Addresses in the United States, I had often observed that so few young people were present. Inquiring of the Pastor whether he had no young people in his church, the reply was, "O yes! but, they had their meeting early in the evening, and have gone to their homes." (I often discovered that they had not "gone to their homes", but were strolling on the streets.) So, in the Tabernacle church, I did not interfere with the young layman's claim on his C. E. In the regular pulpit announcements, I named the meeting as his; but, I took no further notice of it; and, I never attended it. Had it been loyal to the church-session, I would have been pleased to recognize it. On inquiry with some of the church-members, who had not joined it, I was informed that, at the time of its organization,

connection with it was announced as a proof of sincerity in Christian professions. Those therefore who declined to join it, were denounced. One of them was Bonyantienne. The good woman was faithfully performing all Christian duties, since her restoration to the church four years before. Her prominence in society, and her civilization (she being the highest educated member of the church) made her refusal to join the S.E. the more marked. She stated to me that her reasons for refusing were:—(1) resentment at the charge that those who did not join it "were not Christians"; (2) though she was faithful in all her Christian duties, the Gaboon Station missionaries, with a few of their native allies who were jealous of the prominence her visit to England had given her, ceased not to revile her, for the error of her common-law marriages. That was cruel in them. She had acknowledged her error; God had forgiven her; and the church had accepted her.

Before settling down to my duties, I wished again to look on the work in the Agouwe, as carried on by my French successors. I could not feel satisfied at Libreville, until I had ~~simply~~ looked again on the loved Integrada and my wife's grave. I had not

even unpacked all my trunks, nor arranged my room at Baraka Station, until I should first make this pilgrimage to my Mecca.

My friend, Mr. Bacon, had returned from Switzerland, married; and had been living at my old Talagueza Station. While I was waiting for a steamer to take me there, they arrived from there, to go on a furlough. They hoped to be able to return in six months. When I looked at Madame Bacon, listened to her story of effort for work among the Fariene women, knew that she had been living in the little bamboo hill-side cottage at Talagueza, in the very room where my wife had died, and saw that her spirit was brave and good and devoted, I felt as if my wife's work was being carried on in and through her. Madame Bacon was a lovely Christian lady. She gave me music, accompanying on the parlor-organ, with Mr. Presset's violin, and her husband's piccolo. He was also a wonderful player on a mouth-organ.

So, on Monday Oct. 9, on the French steamer "Ville de Massé", in company with a Mr. Beddoes and several other traders, whom I had known in my Ojave days, I started for Cape Lopez. There, there were lying two of his steamers, and the "Jeanne Louise"; and two French gunboats. Oct. 11th was ~~the~~ ^{the} 58th anniversary of my

birth-day. I did not have any feast. There was
 little at the Cape, on which to feast; at least, when
 there were no ladies to help make it. The Cape
 is a long, low, sandy, marshy peninsula. The
 sandy soil gives no gardens. There were only a
 few natives living there. Fish were abundant;
 sea-turtles numerous; and, on the adjacent
 prairie, there were often, antelopes, wild oxen,
 and elephants. But, to obtain any of all that meat,
 meant mud, and wet, and rain, and hot sun,
 and an early morning tramp; and, it would
 be obtained at the expense of health, to say
 nothing of toil, strength, and danger. At the
 Cape, were Ojowé employees, in the trading
 houses and on the little steamers, as cooks, table-
 boys, household servants, and pilots. Some of them
 I knew well; all of them knew me. On
 afternoon of Thursday 12th, the "Jeanne-Louise" was
 ready. In asking for transportation, and also
 being given entertainment free, I knew that there
 was no room for sleeping conveniences. But, I
 was grateful for being allowed to sleep even on
 deck; which, though it was covered by the roof
 that ran the length of the vessel, was open on
 all sides. Fortunately, there was no rain that
 night, when we anchored at a wooding station.

The next day, the little steamer was again on its way, but, progress was slow; for, a piece of machinery broke; and hope of reaching the journey's end before Sunday, began to fail. At a place, Asheka, where we anchored at night, some Frenchmen had planted a very large farm of coffee and cacao. I was glad of this new industry for the Agoue natives.

The farm was still young, and had only just begun to produce. On the following day, our progress was still slower; for, another piece of machinery broke. By 10. A.M. the captain stopped at Igenja, to buy fire-wood, and to make repairs.

It was there that was located the 2^d Agoue church; and licentiate Yongwe was stationed in charge of it, living in a little house belonging to the mission. He happened to be away just then, preaching in other villages. The welcomes of the people who came off to sell wood, when they discovered and recognised me, were very gratifying. I was longing for one of the native foods (odika). I asked a young man, who formerly had been in my employ for a short time, whether there was odika ashore which I could buy. Saying nothing, he hastened ashore, and soon returned with an odika and a bunch of ripe plantains, and presented them to me from himself and wife,

refusing to accept any pay. His gift represented a cost of \$1.20. (Yet, some foreigners who abuse and despise Negroes, and who see only their worst side, are accustomed to say that the natives have no gratitude.) Repairs being completed, the vessel lay at Igonja all Saturday night; and the rain fell heavily. The deck, where Mr. Beddars and I would have lain, was flowing with water, but, when evening came, I had taken him ashore to sleep at Yougwe's house. It being small, one of the villagers who was a Christian, took us to his much larger house, and gave us each a room and dry bedding. It was just the time for the usual evening prayer, held by the licentiate; and, I enjoyed conducting the Service. Not many people were present; for, according to custom, many had gone in the afternoon, to their plantation huts, to guard at night the plantain trees and other vegetables from the depredations of wild beasts. The following day was a very quiet Sunday, as the little vessel moved up the river. But for the accident to the machinery, I would have been at the Kângwe church. As we passed the P. Agoue church, at Ovimbéano in the Wâmbâlge region, I saw people who had come from meeting,

reading books in the street. I felt sure that this book was the Mpongwe Bible; for, it was almost the only book that had been printed for them. Late in the afternoon, I landed at Mr. Beddow's house at Inanga. After evening tea, he gave me a boat and crew, to take me to Andoude three miles down-river, where I wished to attend the evening service. There I was welcomed by Rev. Messieurs Teissieres and Bonson, and Madame Teissieres and their pretty little babe, Yvonne. Many of the former Mission employees and church-members also gave me gratifying greetings. And, late at night, I returned to Inanga to be ready for the "Jeanne Louise" next day. In the list of African pictures, which I had shown everywhere in America, was one of Chief Ra-itoki, dressed in fantastic costume, ~~and~~ smoking a long pipe, and receiving white visitors. His villages were at Inanga. They were heathen; and, formerly would not listen to the Gospel. Within the previous two years, so many had suddenly begun to try to be Christians, that I found a native evangelist was located there, to teach them daily. On Monday 16th early, the journey was resumed for the 65 miles to Talaguer. My heart beat faster each mile, as I passed well-known spots. But, there was much toadden.

The pitiable habit of the natives of breaking up their villages, leaving old places, and making new ones, gave a look of desolation to the deserted places, and prevented people from making the improvements in building, furniture, comforts &c, which they would have made if they felt that their locations were permanent.

Night came when we were only a few miles from Talaguga, and a blinding rain made the captain careful of the way; so he anchored. Early on ~~Wed~~ Tuesday Oct. 17, we were again on our way; and, by 7.30. A.M., turning the well known Point, the loved Talaguga was close at hand. A call to the shore brought off in quick haste two canoes, sent by Rev. Mr. Allegret, who stood ^{with the warmest} at the landing, ^{of welcomes.}

During the days which I spent under Mr. Allegret's hospitable roof, it was my very great privilege to assist him in the organisation of a 5^c agowe church. A church for Fa'nevo! With most delicate consideration for me, he recognised my share in the labor preceding these results; and, aware that I intended to make him a visit, he had delayed this ceremony, ^{to Sat'y Oct. 21st} until I should come and take part in it. And, on the Sunday, I had another privilege of assisting at the Lord's Table. In the truest missionary spirit,

He felt no jealousy of the welcome his people gave me, nor of the expression of honor they offered me, as their "first Father". A large Inquiry class, under his care, was being prepared for baptism. The contracted chapel was to be given up entirely for school purposes; and a larger building was to be erected for the use of the new 5' Ogoue church. To my immediate successor, Rev. W. S. Bennetman, all that I had claimed or prophesied for Talaguga had become true. Population had crowded around him. His chapel was welcomed. A School became an organized reality. Under his efficient zeal distant clans were visited. The seed, which he and I had sown, sprang up. Two years later, the transfer had removed him from Talaguga, and passed it over to Rev. E. and Madame Alliquet, of the Paris Evangelical Society, under whose wise hands the work was blossoming into success. I saw a School of 30 boys and girls (with applications for more than 100 had there been means, room, and sufficient teaching aid). I stood in the chapel, now used as a school-room (my former little school and prayer-room being now entirely too small) and saw the sons of wild Famine, orderly, reading, writing in copy-books, and doing

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small sums in arithmetic on a black-board, that chapel, with capacity for only 100 people, which I had built in faith, when as yet sometimes not more than ten Fāme were willing to come there, I saw filled at the Sunday service. I was very glad to see the old home again; for, whatever of sadness it must always have for me, was then lightened by what I saw of growth and progress and light, under the hands of my successors. For all of which, I had much to thank my kind Heavenly Father. On

Monday ^{I started} 23rd in M^r. Allegret's long flat-bottomed canoe, such as were used by the Ogowe tribes, with ten young men, whom he sent to paddle me down the 70 miles to Kängwe. Canoes can go very fast (if the crews choose to pull) faster than boats. But, I disliked them; for, the reason that the crew is all in the rear, behind one's back; and the temptation, when the master's face is not before them, as in a boat, to laugh and play and dawdle in their work, is very strong. M^r. Allegret had sent along a very good captain, who had formerly been one of my people. But, he hesitated to exercise his authority, waiting for me to speak. I determined not to speak, but, as a guest, I should become involved in a contest.

So, they idled slowly down the stream. On the way, I stopped at Njombe, where the Mpongwe trader was owner of daughter Mary's dog Fred. The dog's frantic demonstrations showed that he had not forgotten me! It was a trying day. The sun shone warm. When 5 P.M. came (by which time I should have been at Audände) I was 12 miles from there, and opposite to the Ngrenye river's mouth. A storm of rain was driving down the river. To escape it, my playful crew stopped from their antics, and bent to their work. It was thrilling. For an entire hour that sheet of falling water was less than a mile behind us, following and gaining on us. That canal actually ran eight miles in that hour. Reaching the Inonga trading-house, we ran the canoe ashore, snatched its contents into a wood-shed, and in five minutes the storm was all about us. When it passed, I sent some of the crew with the canoe on to Audände. I followed with the others, in the trader's boat; and was welcomed by Rev. M^r Terisere. The next day, I left Audände, temporarily, to make a detour fifteen miles down river, so as to enter the Lake region, to see Abumba, Elder of the 2^d Agowe.

His Christian wife, Pâwa, had died a few months before; and I wished to say a few words of comfort to her. Also, my friend Njivo was there, not in good health, and troubled about obtaining a divorce from her husband Mboa.

At other villages, I stopped to speak the Word, to get food for my crew, to eat our noon meal, and to buy some more of that native odika I so much liked. On the 26th, I started to return from the Lake. It was a beautiful day. But, as the afternoon wore on, heavy rain-clouds began to follow us; and, I was glad to reach the village Ilovi in safety, and be welcomed by old Mâmbô, a patriarchal elder of the 3^d Ogowe church. A pleasant prayer-meeting was held that evening, in that polite old man's village. The next day, Friday 27th, I was back at Audénda. In the evening, the new French missionary, Rev M^r Bonson, gave a magic-lantern exhibition in the church to the pupils of the Kängwe School, as a reward for good behavior. The scenes were all scriptural; and the children sang in French, Kpôngwe, and Fañwe.

On Sunday, ^{A.M.} Oct. 29th, rain fell heavily; yet, there was a good assemblage; and, I had the privilege of conducting Kpôngwe service. After the meeting was closed, the Fañwe

portion remained, and was taught by Mr. Teisener. My stay at Audende, during the three days, was almost like a continuous levee; men, women, and lads, who had known me, who had been in my employ, or church-members from long distances around, coming to say how glad they were to see me. Next day, Monday 30;

I left my kind hostess; and, on the "Oka", went rapidly down-river to Cape Lopez, arriving there the next day; and waited for some steamer going to Libreville. The "Ville de Maceo" came from the south, on the Sunday November 5; and, on the Monday, I was again at Baraka. At that time, in the Mission,

women, though present at our annual Meetings, had no vote, except when their own departments were under discussion. I therefore did not know what was their attitude toward me in the matter of the Mission's insulting Letter to me. Of the ten men present at that Meeting, two were my friends, who had protested against it. One of them, Rev. Dr. J. McMillan and wife, had returned to America. Of the three members of the Committee who had signed that Letter, Rev. A. Marling had already made acknowledgment; and Rev. Mr. Jacot, later, nobly atoned,

~~disciplining, in his Agowe church, a nation, for~~
~~saying just the same words to which himself~~
~~had subscribed in that letter.~~ The third member,
 the young layman, never made any acknowl-
 edgment; and, he remained my persistent
 enemy during the remainder of my life in
 Africa. Therefore, toward him and the other five
 members, who had voted against me, I
 adopted a peaceful position of quiet reserve.
 He was occupied with the Station secular
 affairs, I devoted myself to my Pastoral duties.
 As to the other five, there would be no meeting
 with them, until our annual gathering two
 months later. I prepared a ~~document~~ ^{statement}, which I
 intended to read at that time, as a Reply to
 their Letter:— Under date of January 1893, I received
 in America, on March 7; a certain document
 from you, directed against me, from the terms
 of which, your Secretary, in officially forwarding
 it, was kind enough to express his personal
 dissent. My first feeling of indignation, on
 the reception of that document, was to give
 it no recognition whatsoever; in which I
 was encouraged by the opinion of valued
 ministerial and other friends, with whom I
 consulted in America. Subsequently, on review,

I have felt that an action of a Body, to which I have the honor to belong, should not be treated with the contempt that might properly be exercised toward the action of an individual, especially as silence on my part might be misconstrued as submission to the manner with which your Document closed. I therefore reply briefly, as follows. Firstly: Knowing, for several years, the undeniably unfriendly feeling held toward me, by a few of the Mission, I am unable to exercise faith in the sincerity of that Document's professed "brotherly" prelude. Secondly: In view of this, and other internal evidence, I doubt "the spirit in which" that Document "is written", and can "regard" it only as cruel, insulting, partly false, and entirely unjust. Thirdly: Looking on your Document in this light, its pious exhortations and instructions seem to me platitudes that come to me with small weight and no appropriateness against one who had already known (and might be supposed able to appreciate) by his title in this field of the Master, its special Christian duty, equally with men who were at that time only heath. Fourthly: in justice to myself, if the basis of your Document's

insinuations be other than the Mission's own suspicious, I demand the names of "the evil men", who, the document claims, have been impugning my purity. Fifthly: I beg to assure you that your document is more than "in vain": and, that I will not "regard" it in the manner your evidence indicates.

When I left Talaguga, in Dec. 1890, I did not know that there would be any transfer to the French Brethren. So, I had left my library there, in care of Mr. Barroneman, expecting to find it there, when I should return. But, when that transfer was made in 1892, and he had to leave and go temporarily to Kängwe, and thence to Angoum, he had kindly boxed and sent to Libreville my valuable books. At Baraka, were three storage-houses; a large galvanised sheet-iron house, several hundred yards to one side, filled with the goods, which, at that time, before the days of metal currency, were used by us in payment of workmen, and purchase of native foods. Erected on iron posts, and enclosed in iron, it was perfectly dry. Near it, was a bamboo shed, with only an earth floor, and wooden shelves, where were stored our provisions, which were safe, being canned, and on the shelves, which the dampness and darkness

did not injure. But, a few ~~do~~ rods from the dwelling-house, was another corrugated storage-building, intended by the Mission specially (1) for the reception of the ~~baggage~~ ^{valuables} of newly-arrived missionaries, (2) for storage of the furniture &c. of missionaries absent on their furlough. But, the occupants of Baraka used it as their private storage-house, thus depriving the absent missionaries of their right. The man in charge of Baraka had received my library from the Ogoave, and had stored it in the dark, damp, shed; and, I found my books badly injured.

In my Sunday Services, I used the assistance of the native minister, Rev. Atakā Tuumoa, who, though an invalid, was occasionally able to ^{help} ~~assist~~. During the week-days, aside from my preparation of my sermons in the day-time, I constantly made pastoral visits. As most of my people were occupied during the day-time, women on their plantations, and men employed in the Trading-houses, many of my visits were necessarily in the evenings. On such occasions, notwithstanding the threat of that Mission Letter, I visited at Anyentywe's, but, no more and less than I visited at the houses of others. (This was noted against me.) Also,

in the evenings, when we three of the Station sat in the parlor, the situation was an unusual one. Mrs Ogden had spent 19 years in America, educating her boy, who had been born in Africa, in 1861. Just when he was about to be married, and would have made a home for her, he died. She returned to the Mission. In her memory of her beloved son, she seemed to find a satisfaction in association with the young layman. And, reciprocally, he, in his thought of his own widowed mother, felt a kindness in giving her filial attention. In the presence of those intimate relations, I felt that I was the proverbial "third that spoiled company"; therefore ~~there~~ I thought it kindness to absent myself.

There was also another reason, during the day-time, I was busy with study, or visitors, or errands. But, in the evenings, I was often lonely, there would come over me intense longings for my little daughter. I wished for sympathy. To whom could I go? Not to the young layman; he had never seen my child. Not to Mrs Ogden; she had failed to do any thing for my babe or its mother. I would have gone to good nurse Heardi; but, she lived three miles away. So, I went to the devoted governess,

Anyentiguwe and her young daughter, a half mile distant. (This also was noted against me.)

On Tuesday, Dec. 19, Rev. and Mrs. Bannerman with their little Harold, arrived from Angora, to await any north-bound steamer, in order to attend the Mission Annual Meeting, which was to be held at Batanga Beach.

During my years of isolation at Talagusa, there was no community, with which to celebrate Christmas. So, for years, I had taken no notice of it; especially as all that the heathen had learned about it was, that it was the day on which white traders had drunken revels, gave gifts of Rum to the natives, and did no work. So, I was prejudiced against any celebration of the day, especially as, at Libreville, the Roman Catholics made a great display, to attract the natives to their church. But I recognized that our Protestant school-children should not feel that they had no amusements. So, I yielded to my associates at the Station; and, on the 26, we all went on a boat excursion for the day, to Ovendo Point, eight miles up the river, where the Station had a small building for evangelist Igwees; where they enjoyed themselves, singing, fishing, and romping on the beach. We were anxiously waiting for the

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coming of some steamer; and, I could not devote myself to any special work, not knowing at what hour we might be called away.

By Monday, January 1st, 1894, New Year's Day, no steamer was yet in sight. At the Station, we made our preparations for any sudden notice, as we were going to attend the Meetings of Mission and Presbytery.

The day was not very different from other days, except that the white residents of the town, English, German, Portuguese, French, and American, sent to each other their cards, with more or less form, from the post office, or by hand of special messengers. And, Lieut-Gov. De Behavanne's cards of Invitation were already out, for his Annual Reception. Only the heads of Departments and foreign Agents were recognised at that Function. The clerks were not invited, Missionaries ranked with foreign Agents. The affair was to be quite formal, with evening dress and late hours. The invitation was for 8.30. P.M. In deference to the Government, we three, the young layman, Rev. Mr. Bannerman, and I, decided to go at 9. P.M. I went in advance (for the night threatened rain) to pick up an employee on the way, who should carry my over-shoes, umbrella,

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and ~~over~~^{rubber} coat, the walk to the Government building was almost two miles, and I did not wish to put my stiff collar and immaculate white shirt-bosom in "a stew" with the perspiration of carrying those burdens. I was late in arriving. The official opening was signalled by a display of fire-works; of which I had a good view from the Public ~~Quarters~~^{grounds}. I passed the Negro sentinal soldier; and, at the Govt. Building, the scene was quite fairy-like, the palm-trees on the premises being lighted by hundreds of various-colored Chinese lanterns; and a Negro band, with its selections of music, burst forth every fifteen minutes. Though the band was not skillful, and the instruments were imperfect, it was music, and of bras. I was always ready to listen to any sort of brass-band. The Governor graciously received, at the top of the long flight of the stone steps of the house. I found some Englishmen, with whom to converse, and also Germans; for, Germans in foreign lands, always can speak English. There were also three French R.^o. ^{Jesuit} priests. I did not meet with them; preferred not to, though one of them was the "Bishop". I did not forget that I too am a "bishop", a Presbyterian (the very

best kind). But, the next day, I wished that I had followed their example of leaving early. The three Americans had decided to see the entire affair through; at least, to wait until refreshments were served. Our temperance principles were respected. We were not offered any of the many kinds of wines and liquors that were constantly landed abroad. We were offered only lemonade. Most of the company went to gambling with cards. One man told exultingly that he had come with nothing in his pockets just then that he had \$20.; and, a few minutes later, he had nothing. We found pleasant refuge in the little parlor, where was a piano, and where sat the four white ladies who were present, wives of some of the heads or agents. The corridors of the house were windy, I could not escape the draught of air, and was caught by a cold. Refreshments were not served until 12.30 midnight! Again, observing our temperance, tea was made especially for us. The agent of the German line of steamers was there, and told us that his vessel, the "Alone", had arrived that evening, and would leave for the north the next day at noon; but, not directly for

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Batanga, as it would have stoppages on the way. We at once engaged passage, and hastened to Baraka at 2. A. M. of Jan'y 2^d. (Key had hours for missionaries!) A concession to be made once a year to national courtesy! When day-light came, an English steamer was seen coming into the estuary; and, we regretted that we could not go by it; for, it was going directly to Batanga, that very day. But the "Alone" cost no more, was a cleaner and better fitted-up vessel. We went on board at noon. It had electric lights, and cell-balls in the cabins; and, over the tables in the saloon were punkahs, as in India, that fanned us all, the while we sat at the fine daily meals. The sea was so smooth that I was not at all sick; and I could point out to my companions, who knew little of houses, the Bay, Cape Esterias, Mbanga island, little Lava, Corisco with its stony station, Cape St John, and the turn into the Bay toward Elobi island. The steamer lay there at night, and all of Wed'y and Thurs'day, taking on an immense quantity of red dye-wood and piles of ivory. Passing out of the Bay on the night of Thurs'day, by day-light of Friday, we were entering Bela harbor, 23

miles north of the Bonito river. Soon came the Benita boat "Willie", with Mrs. Reutlinger, and the native minister, Rev. M. Ibiya. None of the ocean steamers can approach the Bonito river, because of the shore-shoals. So, Mrs. Reutlinger had come the 23 miles in the open boat, expecting to meet us on the English steamer, and had been waiting ashore for days at Rev. M. Itiyani's, Pastor of the Bata church. She was going to Batanga Beach, to escort to America Mr. Good, who was very sick. The "Willie" went back to Benita Station, to bring Rev. M. Myongo, for whom there had been no room in the boat.

That Friday afternoon, Jan'y 5, we anchored at Batanga Beach. My companions went ashore to the new station, Ehikehike, which is one-and-a-half miles north from Bongakelo, the site of Rev. M. Brier's original station, where he had died, and where the church is located. His house was removed. But, a small two-roomed house, which was built for Mr. Brier's attendant nurse, my friend Njivo, had (later) two other rooms added, and was being occupied by my sister, as her "Evangeline" Cottage. I went now. She was absent at the station, bidding good-bye to Mr. Good, who embarked that night.

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Before run-down, my sister returned to open her Cottage, and welcome me to one of its little rooms.

The next morning, word came from the Station, for a preliminary Mission-meeting in the afternoon. There, for the first time, I met Mrs. D. Laffin, and baby Frances Goddard, chubby and perfectly well. Besides her, were the other two infants, Harry Gault and Harold Bannerman; they chivalrously yielded to baby Frances, who already was beginning to exercise her female rights.

On Sunday, Jan'y 7; the sermon that Rev. Mr. Bannerman was to preach, was somewhat superseded by the funeral service for a Christian woman, who had died on Sat'y night. (In that climate, burials had to be very prompt.) In the services, Mr. Bannerman was assisted by Rev. Messrs. Goddard and Ibiya. (With my heavy cold, I was unable to preach or sing.) The church building (not the present one) was only a few hundred feet from my sister's Cottage. It was crowded all day. In the morning, one-third of the audience was standing outside near the open windows. The house was of bamboo-palm, and, a large portion of the wall-space was cut up with doors and windows; no sashes or shutters.

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How those hundreds of Christians did sing! How their voices did wriggle about the scale, in effort to hit the proper note, in time! They got there all the same, and came out right at the end of the line; in their way almost drowning my sister's poor little Baby-organ and Miss Babe's voice, who constitute the choir. She stayed that night at my sister's, as the walking was bad along the beach. Most persons followed that beach, for the sake of the sea-air. I preferred a forest-path, that had been cut by the white residents, back from and nearly parallel to the beach. Most of the path was shaded. I loved neither the sight nor the smell of the sea; and, its strong afternoon breeze was too cool for me.

I did not like the position of Eikebiko Station. It is on a rocky bluff; and, the wind tore through the two dwelling-houses, in a way that, while it pleased most people, was too chilly for me.

For twelve successive days, from Monday, Jan'y 9th, to Sat'y Jan'y 20th, I took the one-and-a-half mile walk every day after breakfast, for the 9. A. M. Mission meeting at the Station, returning at noon to the baggage for lunch. And, in the afternoon, the Ministers and Elders gathered for the 2. P. M. Presbytery meeting in the Church.

Though I refrained in the Mission meeting, from reading the Reply I had prepared to the Mission's unkind Letter of a year previous, I declined its offered nomination of chairman. It was an honor; but, to me, it had no value, as long as the members omitted to make any Christian acknowledgment of the wrong they had done me. That wrong was not wiped out by the offer of a formal honor. But, in Presbytery, there were native voters, whom I valued; and, I again resumed the office of Stated Clerk.

Part of the path between the cottage and the Station, before it strikes into the forest, leads along the beach, and crosses a little stream near the cottage end. It can not be bridged; for, the alternate tides cover its mouth. Always, there were men lounging on the beach, who would advance to lift me over, as I passed twice daily. They did not know me, except that I was a white man, a missionary, had formerly lived at Benita, spoke their language, and was Miss Kassar's brother. For each and all these grounds, they gave me respect, and would do the little service without expectation of reward. But, I remembered my University athletics; and, mentioning the men aside, with a swimming cap,

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I would clear the little stream, and pass on smiling at their astonishment; for, the natives are not good at leaping. When the "Willie" arrived on Tuesday night, Jan'y 9th, with Rev. Messrs Myongo, Etyani, and Elders from the churches along the coast of 80 miles between Berita and Batauga Beach, we were able to begin Preaching, with a full list, on evening of Wed'y 10th. The night of the 9th, M^r. Myongo's little daughter, Agalo, a pupil in my sister's school, was sitting with us on the veranda. She exclaimed, "I hear voices of welcome! I think that my father has come!" I listened; but, I could hear nothing except the tearing of the surf on the rocks at the beach, and the swooshing of the sea-wind. And, she went to her bed. But, the child was right; there were words of welcome, which she had heard above the breaker's roar. Her father was delayed in the discharging of the boat, and in looking to its safe anchorage. When he finally came to the beattage, our doors were closed, and lights out. He made his appearance promptly next morning. The days went on, with our various meetings, and, sometimes, animated discussions of work for the current year. M^r. Baumerman made a most

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acceptable Chairman of Mission and Moderator of Presbytery; just, impartial, urbane, always exactly, what he ever has been, a Christian gentleman.

For the first time in the history of Louisa Presbytery, the natives were in a decided majority. As most of them could not understand English, they asked that we conduct our business in the Benga language. We did so; either speaking Benga, or having English interpreted. On the 11th, I presented, in the name of Mr. Nassau, wife of my brother, Rev. J. E. Nassau, D. D., of Warsaw, N. J., a communion set, whose use that church had out-grown. It was gratefully accepted; and was immediately designated for the use of the Ubangi church that had been organized less than two years previously. On the 12th and 13th, among other discussions, was a very heated one on the question whether the request of Licentiate Stungolo for ordination should be granted. Looking back to day at the events of those years, it is amazing to me that men, who were sent to Africa to build there the Kingdom of God, should have made objection to the advancement of natives into the sacred office; what advancement had been made was so slow that many candidates had wearied and had

dropped out. In our favour, Messrs Ibiya and Tawman had been ordained, to save the legal life of the Presbytery; and Messrs Myougo and Etigani, also for special reasons. Also, back of each of these four cases, there was personal influence on the part of the missionary, whose special protegee the candidate was. Itongolo had been my pupil and protegee. After ten years of candidacy, he had been licensed; had faithfully served several churches as Stated Supply; and, after four years as Licentiate, now asked for ordination. There never had been the slightest rebuke on his Christian character, since the day he had first united with the church. The opposition to his ordination was led by the same masterful hand that, in my Ojome life, had always objected to any proposition made by me. To their objection that no church had invited Itongolo to be ~~the~~ ^{its} Pastor, and that therefore his ordination was un-called for, I reminded them that they and I had been ordained per se titulo, without the request of any particular church. The discussion continued during two days. Mr. Ibiya, warned with the opposition of the white brethren, would have given it up. But, I told him to persist; that the case was crucial; that I was arguing for the equality of Negro right. When the case finally

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came to a vote, the three white men still opposed. I, with Rev. Messrs Ibiya, Myongo, and Etiyani, and the eight native Elders granted Itongolo's request. He was made Pastor of the Ubenji church. I ever considered him the most spiritual of our native members. I rejoiced at this outcome in the action of Presbytery, for the development of native power, and the recognition of native right and worth. (Thenceforward, I was known, among the natives, as their defender; and my opponents, in later years, based, on that attitude of mine, their complaints against me to the Board.) On Sunday 14th, I preached for Mr. Goddahn, to a crowded audience. In the afternoon was celebrated the Lord's Supper, and the baptism of 20 adults uniting with the church. And, in the evening, sister and I went to the Station, ^{to} for a Song-Service for only our missionary selves. Counting men and women, lay and clerical, there were 16 persons present. Rev. R. H. Milligan, who had been too sick to attend the daily meetings, was a fine musician, and he led on the parlor-organ. We each called for our favorite hymns. Mine was, "In the secret of His Presence how my soul delights to dwell." Presbytery adjourned on Thursday 18th. But, sessions of Mission continued.

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On Saty 20th, I tramped the forest for an hour with Rev. Mr. Gault, to select a site for the proposed Girls' Boarding School. (This third building of the Station was subsequently called "Prospect House".) When I emerged on to the beach, the German steamer "Gertrude" was just coming to anchor. That was the vessel, for which my young layman associate and I had been waiting, for return to Libreville. I said my good-byes to the members at the Station, and hastened to the baggage, to get my baggage ready. By my haste, in leaping that little stream for the last time, I sprained my ankle. I sat at my sister's, with it bedded and bandaged, until the late afternoon; and then limped to the house of the same German trader, who had landed me two weeks before; and he took me and M^{rs} Abiga to the steamer.

By daylight of Sunday 21st, the steamer was at Bata, working all day. There were only four passengers besides ourselves; and no opportunity for Public Service. I sat and nursed my foot. There was a French P. C. Mission at Bata. Several of the priests were on board in the afternoon, and enjoyed themselves drinking wine and beer in the saloon.

By Monday morning, the steamer was entering the Gaboon harbor. Letters had come

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while I was away. Among other good things, was a "Memorandum Calendar," gathered by my friend, Mr. Arthur M. McComb, of Chestnut Hill. He had sent the slips to 365 of my friends and relatives. They returned them to him, and he pasted them together again. What a treasure that Calendar was! Every day, when I tore off a slip, I read the autograph of some friend. A daily letter from America! I restrained my curiosity, and did not look ahead.

It was necessary to get Mr. Ibiya back to his work on Corisco island, 40 miles north. Also, my young layman associate and I had been appointed, by the Mission, a committee to inspect the work there. After resting a few days, we started in a strong surf-boat, on Friday Jan'y 26th, with a native captain, his wife, and a crew of four, and Mr. Ibiya, his little son, and widowed daughter, and a load of goods and supplies for their. We landed at his Elongo Station late at night. Next day, many people, hearing of our arrival, came to see us. I had not been on Corisco, for more than a dozen years. It was exceedingly gratifying to have those affectionate friends revive memories of former days. There came the oldest female church-member,

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a woman who was not young in 1861, and who had been, even then, a member. There came women in the prime of life, who had been my school-girls 32 years before. The oldest of them had, with them, grown-up daughters; one had a grand-child! A short sermon on Sunday A.M. In the evening, we spent an hour in a Service of Song, singing Benga hymns, some of which I had taught those women when they were school-girls in 1861. On the Monday, I wished to see the old Evangelical grave-yard. I walked rapidly the three miles down the beach, the boat slowly following me. I stopped at the Spanish R. C. Mission that occupied the site of my former Maluke Girls School; asked permission to pass through the premises; saw the graves, in good repair, of Rev. Messrs Ogden, McQueen, and Paul, and the first Mrs. DeHeer. Some female church-members were clearing away the grass. The priest treated me politely; I told him that I had once lived on that very site. He invited me to partake of refreshment; but, I was in a hurry to join the boat; and rain was beginning to fall. The women followed me to a boat-shed on the beach. Finally, the boat came at 11. A.M. At that late

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hour of starting, it was impossible to reach
 Lihewille that day. But, after passing Cape Estreiras
 at night, we hoped safely to enter the Galon river.
 But, the wind changed; the under storm came;
 we actually did not know where we were. For
 safety, we anchored; and sat drenched with rain
 for six hours. By early daylight, we recogni-
 sed the shore, and found that we were in the
 estuary. Finally, we landed shortly after 9. A. M.
 of Jan'y 30th; faint with hunger.

I was always learning something new about
 native customs. On the 31st, I learned about
 the custom of "lifting a mourner from the
 ground." A distant relative of ^{you} Antyenne had
 died, and she and her half-sister, Akanda,
 had to go through the ceremony of Mourning.
 Much of the mourning is very formal. The
 mourners ~~are~~ ^{are} all supposed to be sitting down
 in the dust. (Few really do so.) But, one can
 not be excused from further mourning until
 some one else cheers her or her heart by some
 gift, however small, and requests "weep no
 more." Akanda wished not to displease the
 old people, who adhered to their custom, and yet,
 she was anxious to get the ceremony done. She
 asked me to "lift up" herself and her sister.

I did so. I went, on the afternoon of the 31st; made them a short address of comfort; gave a few small gifts; and they arose smiling. This ceremony was supposed to be in the dusk of the kitchen. It actually was in the plank room of their uncle Tassemi's cottage. Among the gifts were some pieces of soap, with which their soiled clothing and scarred bodies were supposed to be washed. But, actually, they had on only clean clothes; and, they were too civilised to allow their bodies to be soiled with dirt. They escaped a burdensome ritual; and spared the feelings of their older relatives.

When I arrived at Baraka, in the Fall of 1893, I expected to have charge of only the church. Mrs Ogden was in charge of the domestic arrangements, and I was boarding at her table. The young layman had charge of all the Station financial affairs. I had requested him to remain Superintendent of the Sab. Sch. But, my refusal to attend his C. E. (because of his calling it his, and ignoring any relation to the church Session) had offended him and his Mpongwe admirers. These differences, with the fact that he had offered me no reparation for that insulting Mission-Letter, had daily drifted us apart.

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But, there was no open disharmony. He professed friendship; but, he was offensively sharp in his criticisms. No young fellow-missionary had ever treated me so; and, I lost faith in his sincerity. I never interfered with his or Mr. Ogden's departments. But, they were making plans to leave, and insisted on my taking their work into my own hands. So, I had gradually been taking over the various works and responsibilities connected with the Station.

On March 11, I had taken charge of the house-keeping. And, on April 3, I took charge of the payment of employees. Drinking, drumming, and dancing in the villages, had become so noisy, that, some years before, permit was required to be obtained from the Government. So, there was generally a Saty night dance; and, one of the worst villages happened to be near Barakel. We often were kept from sleeping, by the racket. Usually, they ceased at Sunday day-break. But, on Mar. 11, they kept on all day, the noise interfering with our morning church, noon Sab. Sch., and afternoon English Service. It was too outrageous. So, I went down, early in the evening, to complain to the police (who did not interfere, unless

complaint was made.) To my surprise, I found that all that dance had been going on without any permit. It was soon stopped; and, I had a quiet evening for the night Services, I generally made use of the native minister, Rev. Ntākā Trueman, for one of the Services of the day. When Satan is especially rampant in the hearts of sinners, and things are in the confusion that they were that day, some of the evil seems to extend to even some good people. That same day, in Sab. Sch., two of the teachers were absent. My custom was to draft a member of the Bible class for any vacancy. I asked a woman, Izuri, who had been a school-girl in my Cruise days, and who was then a grand-mother, to take the vacant place, for the day. She was a devotee to the S. E., and shared in its leader's displeasure at my attitude toward it. She refused, and told me to ask Lucina, Lucina was younger, and also a devotee; but, she was timid, and shrank from responsibility, and disrespectfully refused. But, she came on Monday, to apologise. Anything is to be forgiven, when acknowledgment is made.

I made two visits of itineration, across the estuary, to the people of the other side, called "King William's side." Very little direct

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missionary work had been done there by us. One of my Elders, a young man, Mteango, was willing to be sent there, as an evangelist. I went with him, to inspect places. One locality was a village, Mina, among mangrove trees, through which the boat moved, a mile from the beach. On the first journey, I ~~trav~~ ^{went} ~~with~~ ^{trav} ~~with~~ ^{with} him; for, it was his preference, because some of its people were related to him. I was not pleased with the swampy locality, nor were there many people there. The chief of the village was absent; so, I said nothing about the object of my visit. I was pleased to find there a woman, Ejadibendonda, who had been a school-girl of mine at Louisa, 32 years before. A fellow-missionary, (S. Loomis) at that time, in order to prevent her being sold into polygamy, had paid to her mother the full usual native-marriage dowry; and, thus had been given entire control of her, as if she had been his own child. He went to America, and transferred his right to me. I called her "Matilda", for one of my wives. I believed that she was a Christian. But, her father, who was of the Mpougue tribe, came and stole her away, against her will, and forced her into polygamy. For many years, I had

last sight of her. During so many years, she had been away from church and christian association, that she had forgotten much that was good; but, she was still praying. I went also to another town on that side of the estuary, some half-dozen miles distant from Mirra, and near the sea-beach. It belonged to a son of Adande (old "King William") a wise native King whom I had met there some 25 years before. The old King had never assented to the French claim of his side of the river. And, the son, young Adande, though educated in France, and trained by K.C., claimed to succeed to his father's "throne," and signed himself "Roi Denis." For this, the French had seized him, and were about to exile him. But, he escaped; and, for many years, he had not dared to come to the Libreville side of the estuary. For a long time, he was in hiding. His people knew where he was; but, loyally they kept a watch on all boats coming from the Libreville side, and he thus had time to recreate himself. Whenever a French visitor landed, and inquired for Adande, no body knew where Adande was! Lately, the French had promised him amnesty; but, he was still afraid to trust them. But, he was no longer hiding from

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missionaries, not even from French priests; and, he was re-building his father's old town. He spoke French and English fluently, and received me with all the courtesy of a city bred gentleman, and set before me a better dinner than I could have had in my own house. I proposed sending Atyango to his care, as the "king" of that side of the estuary; but, did not promise to locate him at Adande's new town. I made the conditions that, if I did, (1) I would buy no ground, (2) would build no house (3) nor pay any tribute. Adande should provide every thing. I would pay for the wages and food of the evangelist and his assistant.

My "Cameroon" steamer cabin-mate, Mr Weir, of Old Calabar, came, on March 19th, to visit me. He had recovered from small pox, and was taking a sea-voyage, to regain strength. His sickness was most remarkable; there was no known cause; for, there was no small-pox in Calabar. But, it was known that there had been small-pox in a certain town in Scotland, whence Mr Weir (and he only) had received a letter. That letter was supposed to have carried the disease to him! He had been isolated, one native and a young missionary lady nurse

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were the only persons allowed near him. When he recovered, every thing that he had touched, even his valuable books, were burned.

And, the disease did not spread.

On a subsequent visit to King Adawde, on April 10th, I went with two boats; one, the small "Christine" (named by Mrs Jane Leck Smith, for Miss Christine Semple, of Rochester, N. Y.) with only Mr. Bannerman and myself. In the large surf-boat, "Lafayette", were Mr. Prewett and 30 school boys.

Between my two visits, the chief of Minda had come over to me at Banta, with a delegation of his people, to ask for Ntyanga's appointment there. I stated to them my conditions, and they had insultingly rejected them; very frankly showing that what they wished was not a Christian teacher, but the money that usually follows where white people go. It was true that it had been our former custom to buy ground, build a house, and spend money on repairs, &c. But, in the Agawe, I began to change that. And, at Batanga, we were requiring the people who wished the gospel, to support it, at least in part. It is a better way. Nevertheless, though Minda had rejected me, I thought that I would get Mr. Bannerman's opinion of the place; perhaps also the people would change

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their minds. So, we in the "Christine" went to Mira; while the "Lafayette" at once went to the King's town, and the boys enjoyed themselves fishing, bathing, playing &c, until we returned several hours later. The King's town stood on the edge of a long prairie that looked like an American grass-field. Adande had entertained Mr. Pressat handsomely. The R. C. priests (who spied all my movements) had heard that I had been there, and they had visited him, and had rebuked him for showing me hospitality. (He was only nominally a R. C.) They had said to him, "You belong to us, and should not entertain a heretic". Also, (according to their custom) they had spoken evil of my character, &c. Adande had bravely replied, "No, I am not of you. You and St. Vassan are, both of you, white men; and you and he differ about God. I join with neither. I will sit down until you and he are able to decide what is true. St. Vassan is a gentleman; and, I will entertain him the same that I entertain you. I do not believe the evil things you say about him. And, if you have the power which you say you have, you should long ago have exercised your influence with the Government, to give me my rights."

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The sail across the estuary, a distance of 10 or 12 miles, made a pleasant excursion for the school children. With wind and tide favorable, one can go in the morning, make a few hours visit, and return before dark.

I began, with my young layman associate to take an inventory of all the property and goods of the Gaboon Station, as it all was to be placed in my hands, and I was to be responsible for it. He and Mrs. Ogden left on April 21st for Batanga; and she, in a few months, to take her furlough to the United States; but, first, she wished to visit some other parts of the Mission, at Berita and Batanga. Since March 21st, when I took charge of the house-keeping, she had helped me by directing the cook and the pantry. But, now ~~that~~ I was to be alone, with only Mr. Pesset; and had a good many more things to attend to than I had during the previous six months, when I had charge of only the church.

I had taken no part in the C. E., which the young layman had claimed as his special meeting; and, when he was leaving, I declined to make any promise about its continuance. But, after he was gone, I announced to those of its members who were

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present at the regular church prayer-meetings, that it no longer existed, its owner having left. However, I offered, if they wished, to continue a Monday meeting, which should not be called by the name of myself or any one else, but which should be a church Member meeting, to be led, in rotation, by the members; and that I and others of the Session would be present, and would take part, if desired. This seemed to satisfy the members of the late C. E., excepting the chief female leader, Izumi. In her loyalty to the absent young layman, she absented herself, for almost an entire year, not only from this new Monday evening meeting, but also from the regular Wednesday church prayer-meeting. Her disloyalty to her church duties deepened my impression of the disloyalty of the young layman's C. E. Word came of the death of my brother Rev. Joseph E. Nason, D.D., Pastor of the Warsaw, N. Y. Presbyterian Church. I had no one, with whom I could speak of his loss. Even had my two recent associates been present, I would not have mentioned it to them; so little of sympathy had they shown toward me, in any of my interests. There were English-speaking employees

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of the trading-houses, who had come from Sierra Leone and other parts of the upper coasts, who had no regular safe evening social entertainments. I offered them a Saturday evening English-hymn singing-service. It was to be informal, though held in the church building, to church members, who were musical, attended it, and thus gave to the singing a social aspect. My offer was accepted; and that meeting became a useful part of the church-life. In my cordial intimacy with the white clerks of the two English firms, they generally attended my Sunday afternoon English Service; and, one of them, for many months, cordially helped by presiding at the organ.

In May, I had to forward on the steamer going to Batanga, five young Galwe men, whom Mr. Good had written to, for them to join him there. They had been his employees in the Ogowe, and he wished them for porters in his exploration of the Batanga Interior. I had nothing whatever in their engagement, I was simply to forward them on their way. But, in the end, after his death, they made me much trouble. Occasionally, the oppressive quiet of the evenings,

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was relieved by duetts with Mr. Presset; he with his violin, and I with my flute. One day, in the "Lafayette", he took his school boys on excursion up-river to Parrot island; and I went the three miles down to Añewondo, to visit sick Haridi.

Several Galvud young men, who formerly had been my employees, voluntarily came from the Ogowe, to seek work with me at Baraka.

I valued greatly my connection with the Newark. N. J. Jewsmith Memorial church. Its Pastor, my friend, Rev. J. H. Polhemus, and ladies, leaders in their church work, regularly wrote me most kind and helpful letters; and I, as faithfully, responded monthly with accounts of my daily works.

I employed two of the best female church-members, Mrs Julia Green and Mrs Sarah Lewis, to do evangelistic work in the villages, in order to counteract the R. C. A. S. I also engaged Anyontyrene to take Mrs Ogden's place in repairing the clothing of the school boys; and, for half a day twice a week, to do work on the house, putting the rooms in order. These works were on the Mission's account, they were not personal for me. All my personal servants were males. She did

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not reside on the premises, as had been necessary at Talaguga in 1890, when I had a little daughter to be safe-guarded.

On May 19, Rev. and Mrs. Jacot arrived from France, on their way to the Ogowe. They had been members of our Mission; but, when the Ogowe was transferred to the Paris Evangelical Society, they remained in its service. He was one of the three who had signed the Mission's offensive Letter to me in 1893. Now, he was my guest. In a candid conversation, he acknowledged the wrong he had done me. When an offender acknowledges, it is always easy for me to forgive. And, later, he proved his sincerity, by disciplining, in his Ogowe church, a Galwa, who, in gossip had said the same words, to which he had subscribed in that Letter. Henceforth, I valued his friendship.

I engaged, in Mission employ, Kwenanga, wife of Joktan, one of the Galwa workmen, as matron for the school-boys. Though she was living on the premises, I never heard any criticisms of my having thus employed her.

On May 31, Mr. Ogden returned temporarily from her visits to the northern parts of the Mission, preparatory to her expected furlough to America.

While I was in America, in 1891, Argyentynne had borrowed of me \$20., which later she had paid to Mr. Gault, at that time treasurer at Batanga. He was perfectly honest; but, he was not a financier; and, his accounts may have been incomplete. Now, the young layman, living at Batanga, at Mr. Gault's side, was writing to her, demanding that she pay the debt! I have always regarded his act as part of his persistent personal animosity to her as my friend. Her honesty, to those who knew her, as I did, was undisputable; and, she had Mr. Gault's receipt for the \$20.! The affair only widened the distance between her, and her and me.

The entire house-keeping was in my charge, Mr. Ogden being only a visitor, waiting for her expected steamer. On June 21, she went to the Kouba village to a Women's meeting. During her absence, I hired Argyentynne to do the cleaning of my room. When Mrs. Ogden returned, she was displeased at what I had done, as if I was interfering with her rights, in not requesting her to superintend that work. Had I employed any other native woman, I do not believe that objection would have been made. It seemed to me all a part of

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the unjust animosity toward a woman, who, in her education and social self-respect, did not cringe before white people, and therefore aroused jealousy, because of the respect I accorded her. (All this, later, was held up against me.)

The native minister, Rev. Ntākā Truman, was not in good health, and Presbytery had not given him any appointment; but, I frequently utilized him in some one of the three Sunday Services. He lacked good judgment. He was not a member of the Session, yet he often attempted to attend its meetings, uninvited. Though the Gaboon church had been made Presbyterian, in 1871, its members did not forget that it had originally been Congregational, under the A. B. C. F. M., and they sometimes attempted to act on the old Independent manner of voting. I alone had charge of the singing class, and had suspended from it a young man, Charles. His relatives were offended, and appealed to Mr. Truman. He, in his sermon on "Forgiveness", on the 24th, publicly attacked me for the suspension. He had mis-used the pulpit against others, on other occasions. I bore it quietly, and said nothing. But, in the evening, when I made a call on

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Anyonyueve (who was not well) she told me that he had been talking against me, with heathen, people, and was conspiring to drive me away. In this, a few of the women had joined, especially the disappointed C. E. leader, Igwiri. The next day, I called the two Elders, and asking Mrs Ogden to be present as a witness, I had an interview with Mr. Freeman. The Elders justified me; but he quibbled, and made no acknowledgment; and, the affair remained unsettled. I had taken much interest in the Igwiri class, endeavoring to have all the baptized children members of it, and Freeman wished to interfere in cases of ^{their} discipline. Also, I had aroused animosity by my attitude on creative self-help, requiring pupils and employees to buy their books, &c.

Rev. Walter H. Clark had formerly been a member of the ^{mission}; and, after 25 years absence in the United States, he had applied to be returned. I was very much disappointed at the Board's refusal to send him.

I was very close in my examination of applicants of the Igwiri class for baptism; refusing those who were slow in efforts to learn to read, or neglectful of attendance on church. But, when inquirers

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lived far up the river, they were not to be blamed for non-attendance on church. I was pleased, on the 27th, to accept for baptism the woman Ogandaga, who had shown such interest in her catechism one night on my journey up the river in 1893. Mr.

Truman, before being ordained as a Minister, had been an Elder, and he seemed to think that he still held the office. At the door of Session, he attempted to enter; but, I told him to return to his house.

On Tuesday, July 3rd, there was a Memorial Service held by the Government, at the R. C. Church, for the murdered French President Carnot. Out of respect for the Government, I attended it. At the close of the services, there was a salute by a battery of guns.

As the Stated Clerk of Presbytery, I wrote a long Report for the N. J. Synod.

On the 7th, a man and woman came from their Station Angou, Rev. and Mrs. Brownman, to await the steamer, for their return to America. Several of the native church women assisted Mrs B. and Mrs Ogden in the sewing of new clothing for their voyage.

Though nominally alone at Baraka with Mr. Presset, the isolation was frequently broken by the passing visits of members

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of the Mission from other stations, and by passengers from the semi-monthly steamers coming ashore for the day. On the 18th, at prayer meeting, was held a service of welcome for Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, who had arrived from Switzerland, on their return to the Ogowe; and, at the same time, a Farewell Service for Mrs. Ogawa, and Rev. and Mrs. Baumertman, ^{who departed on the 20th}. The latter never returned; but they gave efficient service in Alaska.

Also, on the 27th, Rev. and Mrs. Teissieres, from the Ogowe, came, on their way for a furlough to France. And, my sister and Dr. Laffin, on a steamer from Batanga for their health. During his visit at Baraka, Dr. Laffin made himself useful in a daily dispensary for the natives. He returned north on Aug. 5th. But, my sister remained until the 14th, taking with her Rev. Mr. Myonga's little daughter, Ngalo, and Mrs. Julia Green, who was going to Dr. Laffin for an operation for an internal trouble, from which she had suffered for a long time. Natives are fearful of surgical operations, and her relatives protested against her going.

Mr. Pisset was not a member of the Mission; he was only an employee; as such,

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he was my subordinate. By my predecessors, he was not accorded any authority outside of his school room. There, I recognised his competency; for, he was a good teacher; he kept good order, and his pupils appeared well under the examinations by the French Inspector, thus giving the Station a good standing with the Government. So, I never interfered with the School; indeed, I purposely refrained from making to it any visit of curiosity or offering suggestions, lest I should be suspected of seeking to interfere. He failed to recognise this courtesy of mine, and went beyond his sphere, by giving orders in regard to other points of purely Station interest.

I became very weary of my position at Baraka. When the Ogove had been transferred to the French territory, I supposed that I would be located at Bataunga; and, in the United States I had studied a special course of German, in order to fit myself for service under the Government there. But, Mr. Good, in his control of the Mission meeting when the transfer was made, had stipulated to the Mission that I would not follow him to Bataunga, but should be located at Baraka. And, yet, at that same

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time, he dictated the letter that denounced me for my association with Augentyne! Why, then, was I sent to the place where she lived, and where I would inevitably meet with her? And, sent, as I was, to have charge of the church, why was the treasurer, the young layman, removed from Baraka to Batauga? Baraka was the Wall st of that region. He remained treasurer; but, I had to negotiate for him all the bills of exchange and checks, which he sent to me to convert into cash in that Wall st. I had no fitness for it. I could preach and teach and translate and pioneer, but I was not a financier to discount bills in French, German, and British money. In my former simple book-keeping, I had had no difficulty with the Dr. and Cr. side of my accounts, over the expenditure of the lump sum of money the treasurer had placed in my hands for my year's expenses. But, now, I had constantly to go off to steamers, to get money from sea-captains, with bills of exchange, and to send cash to Benita, and Angou, and Batauga. It was unjust to me that I was placed in that position. Inevitably, I made mistakes; and, it was humiliating to have them pointed out in

an offensive way by that young layman when he came for annual accounting.

In the face of that insulting letter, it was useless to attempt to refrain from all association with Anyantweve. I knew that I was watched by spies. Their reports would be false. So, if I was to be criticised for nothing, I decided that I would do simply what was right and necessary, and disregarded my enemies threats. As an employee of the Mission, she came to my house twice a week, a half-day at a time, to put the rooms in order. Also, I was continuing my investigations into the Philosophy of the Bantu Religion. I had gathered, from very many natives, statements about their customs, religious beliefs, fetish-charms, and witchcraft; but, I had difficulty in co-ordinating these. I felt sure that they had some common basis, but, I could find no one who could help me to understand them. The heathens would not answer my questions; for, they felt that I was treading on ground sacred to them. The only persons were, few of them, sufficiently educated to understand what I meant by "philosophy"; and, almost all of them seemed ashamed to talk about beliefs which they had

thrown aside, Anyeulywe was the only highly educated native Christian, male or female, in Libreville; she could look on those rejected beliefs from the native point of view, and at the same time was willing, from a point of literature, to talk about them; and, with her bright intelligence, she helped me very much. I often went to ~~the~~^{the} house where she was living (her uncle Lasemi's large foreign-built house) where, in the presence of her daughters and other women, I took copious notes of her statements and explanations. I am indebted to her for much of what I published, ten years later in my "Fetichism in W. Africa."

An addition was made to the number of my special associates, when my friend Njivo arrived from the Ogowe on Aug. 29th. She had obtained a divorce from Mboa, and had married an upper-coast man, ~~M~~ Ainsley. He had some education; and, at first, made a pleasant impression on me. But, he was not a Christian; and the marriage did not prove a happy one.

Mr. Prescott, after the departure of the young layman, became more and more independent. He seemed to forget that I was superintendent, and he only the teacher. Also,

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he hated Bryontyne, because she did not cringe to him. Himself, of very poor origin, a servant most of his life; when elevated to power, it was the old proverb of "beggar on horse-back". As she was School-matron, on that line, her authority was equal to his. In church, he did not even try to keep order over the boys. His eyes were closed during prayer-time. ^{on Sept 2^d} She, sitting among the boys, discovered them putting snuff up their noses to make a sneeze and laugh, and sticking pins into each other. For weeks there had been disorder. She quietly took away the snuff; and, after church, she reported to me. At the noon table, I mentioned it to him. He flew into a rage, and said that neither she nor I nor any one else had any right to interfere with his boys. I justified her action, and said that I would request any one else to do the same, to aid in keeping order in God's house. In extreme anger, he left the table, and went to his room. A few minutes later, I heard him leave and go to the boys' house. He held an indignation meeting with the boys (who, of course, took his part) they lied, and denied about the snuff.

and pins. He announced to the boys that he would leave; and, they left, carrying all sorts of lies to their homes. Himself also went to the villages, telling them that the reason he was leaving was that he would not allow interference from Argentynere. Then he came to me, and asked me to arrange for his steamer passage on the following Friday. I reminded him that only recently he had intended to stay several months longer. And, I recalled to him the difference of treatment he had received from Mr Reading; how he had submitted Mr R's calling him "boy"; and what an unjust return he was giving me, who had treated him as friend, brother, and companion, and had accorded him the widest of liberty and honorable consideration. He left, radically denying my claim over "his" boys in church. Next morning, as I was going to the prayer room, he joined me, and I asked him to conduct the prayers. He declined any further service to the Station. After prayers, I told the boys to bring their clothes, and I would have them washed. I gave them food for the day, and then told them that they might go to their homes for two weeks, until I should

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send them word as to what would be done with the School. On the night of the 6th, after mid night, Mrs Julia Green's daughter, Lucina, knocked at my door, saying that there was a snake in her house. I hastily dressed, and went to one of the out-houses to call assistance: but, they were sound asleep. At her house, a large python was coiled about a duck. I could not see it distinctly, and could not strike at it without getting into a corner. I ran to my room for my Winchester; but, when I returned, the snake had released the duck, and had gone off into the bushes. As the School was closed, Mr. Prescott kept to himself, and attended none of the religious services. I went with him to the French steamer ticket office, and paid for his passage, and he sent his baggage on board. The steamer was to sail at 3. P.M. of Friday 7th. In the morning of that day, I went to his room to hand him some additional money, for current traveling expenses. I told him that I thought that his leaving was dishonourable. But, he still insisted that he was right. It was all said in a friendly way; there was no quarrel. And,

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we parted. I supposed that the parting was final. A half hour later, he came to my room, and asked to explain: that he did not wish to leave me with a bad impression, &c. We went over the Sunday afternoon talk; and, to my extreme surprise and gratification, he yielded to all my claims, and retracted all his demands! ~~He~~ But, he still said that he hated Argentines. This reduced his plea for leaving, to a small personal spite. Even this, he regretted, and said that he had spoken under suspicion and anger. We both felt happier at the restoration of reciprocal confidence. It was a long talk. The noon bell rang, we went to the front door; and were amazed to see his steamer going out of the harbor, in advance of its hour! I went with him to the steamer office, and claimed back his passage money. And, as his baggage had all gone, I engaged his passage for the next steamer (an English) due on the 11th. As he would arrive in England in the cool weather of the Fall, I loaned to him my over coat. He could leave it in Liverpool, until I should come, on my furlough some years later.

On the 13th, came Rev. R. H. Milligan, from

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Batanga, on his way to the U.S., for his furlough. He brought letters from Dr. Taffin and my sister, giving the news of the death of Mrs. Julia Green, 24 hours after the operation for the removal of an abdominal tumor. The sad news caused great excitement and loud outcries of mourning. Mr. Trueman, with his usual assumption, without consulting me, sent messengers for the church-members to meet in his village for a Memorial Service; and sent to me for the use of the church-benches. His action was premature; and, I declined. On Sunday 16th, I held a Memorial Service in the church, for Mrs. Green, assisted by Rev. R. W. Milligan. And, on the 20th, he left, on his furlough. In the Agave, I had endured many robberies of the house, on occasions of my absence on itinerations; and, there, and at all my former Stations, there had been the usual household stealings. But, the most frequent of such petty stealings occurred in my life at Baraka. Not that the thieves were always Mpougwes, or that I thought the Mpougwes greater thieves than Bengas, Kombe, Galwas, or other tribes; for, my Baraka servants came from all those tribes. But, Liberville was

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a great Trade center; and, it developed in the dwellers there the natural cupidity, which, in its longings for the white man's goods, would seize them at any risk. I had to make frequent dismissals of my employees on this ground.

On Sunday morning, the 23^d, there was a drum and dance in an adjacent village. This was allowed on week-days; but, the Government forbade it on Sunday. I went to the village, to ask the people to cease: they would not. I appealed to the police man; he declined to interfere. On Monday, I made complaint to the Governor. But, my appeal was in vain; for, on the following Sunday, the drumming and dancing continued all day.

On Oct. 2^d, the new teacher of French, Mr. Perrinquet, arrived unexpectedly early. I had not expected him until later in the month. In the very beginning of his coming, there was an unfortunate misunderstanding. In the Baraka house, were two unoccupied rooms. I was expecting that there would be new arrivals from America, and I was reserving those rooms for that possibility. On the premises was a small bamboo house, known as "the teacher's house". It had been

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occupied by a former teacher, M^r and M^{rs} Berquet; also, by M^r. and M^{rs} Mantel; M^r. Presset had been willing to occupy it; and, it was more comfortable than some of the bamboo houses I had lived in on the Ogawe. But, M^r. Perrinjaquet resented that he was not given a room in "the big house". Some months later, when my hopes for arrivals from America failed, I invited him to use one of those rooms.

On the 8th, there was wailing in an adjacent village, over the death of a prominent woman. When I went in the morning, there seemed only heathenism in the loud out-cries; but, when I went again in the late afternoon, there were Christian hymns. An illustration of the transition through which the Mpongwe were passing.

It was difficult to understand M^r. Perrinjaquet. He knew very little English; I very little French; and we made no effort to learn Mpongwe. He began to be assuming in matters that did not belong to the School. I refrained from checking him, lest he should misunderstand me. So, I was quite alone in the evenings. My Baraka employees did not come to chat with me after the day's work was done, as had been the custom of my Dyak workmen.

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of the Impongwees was often non-understandable. A certain ^{man} died, and her son-in-law came to buy a nice piece of cloth, with which to cover the coffin. To pay for it, he borrowed money from two of my workmen, at the same time making a display of his own "greatness", by having with him a slave to carry his cane and umbrella. And, yet, he wished the Mission to help him bury his mother-in-law! It was singular that a people, who was so financially able beyond some of the other tribes, should have been slower than they in the matter of self-help. This I had been pushing to the attention of all the natives for many years. Mr. Freeman was sick, and he wished some canned milk. He sent to me for it, as he knew that we often gave favors to the sick who were poor. But, he could have obtained it at the trading-houses, was not poor; he had his regular salary from the Mission; he lived in a comfortable foreign-built house of his own; and, he had no small children depending on him. I had occasional visitors, for the day, from passing ocean-steamers. On the 19th, came a Mr. Adamson, a missionary from the Kongo. I felt so much the injustice of the Mission's having

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placed me at Baraka, where most of the treasurer's ^{work} naturally had to be done (it being the Trade center of the coast, for hundreds of miles) and thus compelling me to do a work, for which I was not fitted, while they had removed the treasurer to Batanga, where I was not allowed to go. I therefore wrote to the members living in the Batanga region, protesting, and demanding that the conditions be changed, so that I either should be relieved of the position of assistant-treasurer, or be removed to some other station.

While I was at Subper, on the evening of Nov. 3, my friend Njivo came to the door with torn clothing, and in great excitement, saying that her husband Anisley had been beating her. I went with her to the police-office, for her to enter complaint against him, and she went with the officer to have Anisley arrested. She was beautiful, refined, affectionate, but high-spirited; and, she had not the self-control possessed by her older sister Angentywe. My sympathies were all with her against ~~her~~ her only partly-civilised husband; but, doubtless, her own temper had somewhat to do with her unhappiness with both her former husband Alford, and this new man Anisley. Next

day, they settled their differences themselves.

On Monday 19th, a steamer arrived, bringing from their furlough, Rev. ^{A. W.} and Mrs Marling. And, in the afternoon, Rev. Ntākāi Truman died. The next morning, burial services for him was held in the church, in which I was assisted by Mr. Marling. A large audience was present.

On the 22nd, came news of the death of Mrs Taffin, at Batanga. After a week of unpacking and repacking, and loading of their goods, Mr. and Mrs Marling went to their Angoum Station, on the 27th.

The next day, I went to the Plateau, to make an official call on Commissioner - General de Brazza. I saw his Secretary, but, himself was occupied in a Council meeting. So, I went into the Hospital, to pray with carpenter Thomas, and encouraged his faith against the priests who were assailing him.

M^r. Perrinjacque - table-manners were so disgusting, that, one day at supper, unable longer to endure his belching and tooth-picking, and fearing lest I should make some sharp protest, I quietly left the table.

The River, which all the Trading-houses brought to Africa, was all evil not only to the natives, but also to the white employees

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of these firms. On Dec. ~~21~~⁷, I arranged for the re-
turn to their ^{Ogowe} homes, of some of my Galwa
employees. The "Move" was to have started
at 6. A.M., of the next day. An hour later, I
found the white captain staggering about
my kitchen, so drunk from a night's debauch
that he did not know where he was. I led
him out of the yard, and sent one of my
workmen with him, to show him to his
trading-house of H. & C. A half-hour later, the
steamer started, the captain on board in a
drunken sleep, and the native pilot in
charge.

On Saturday evening, the 15th,
I attended Commissioner-General de Brazza's
Soiree. I was the first to arrive at 8.30. P.M.
So, I had time for an unusual conversation.
He told me of his plans for extending the
Libreville Boulevard beyond Baraka; the erection
of a new Hospital; and the importation of fresh
meat in refrigerating apartments on the steamers.
He also told me of his recent journey in the
Interior toward Lake Tchad. I was probably the
first to leave at 10.30. P.M.

I was very
particular in my examination of candidates for
baptism. On Dec. 21st, many persons came in the
afternoon, as members of the Singing Class, to

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talk about coming before Session, for examination. But, I knew that most of them were unfit, and told them not to come. Of the three who did come, only one could give the simplest answer as to the meaning of the Sacraments. She was a woman; the only one accepted.

Monday Dec. 24th was the loneliest Christmas Eve I remember having had, for many years. The next day, Mr. Marling arrived from Tugou, to await some steamer to take us to Batanga, for the Annual Mission meeting. The occupant of Baraka was always exposed to some annoyances that did not appear at other Stations. At these Stations, a visitor conducted himself simply as a guest. But, because Baraka was central, and was visited more than any other Station, visitors sometimes assumed too much. I was leaving Baraka closed, during my absence, as I had done in the Congo. The keys were to be left in perfectly safe hands. Argentyer was a Station employe, and there was not a more honest person in all Libreville. I placed the keys in his hands. Mr. Marling objected. It was not his business. I was in charge of the Station. His property was not involved. It was only an unchristian demonstration

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And the Mission's antipathy to this good woman, I had borne a great deal quietly for several years. My patience broke; and I did not spare my words in my reply to him, answering him more sharply than I had ever spoken to a fellow-missionary. On Sunday, 30th, the woman, Izuri, gave me the greatest insult I ever received from any native, during my life in Africa. A month previously, a man, whom I did not know, had come to the front gate, and had asked permission to bury a woman (whom also I did not know) in our Baraka cemetery. The R. Co. had their cemetery, where only R. Co. were buried. Our Baraka ground was used for only our Mission, our native christians, Protestants white traders, and (on rare occasions) some prominent natives even if they were not christians. As I did not know this woman, I refused. The man turned to leave. Just then, Angentywe was passing from her school, and I asked her who he was. She told me that he was a relative of Izuri. She had no interest in the dead; nor had she any reason to be kind to Izuri, except the christian one of returning good for evil. Izuri was jealous of her prominence, and reviled her for her past errors, which the

church had forgiven, more than five years before. For herself, Izuri did not seem to feel that it was a shame that she was ^{one of} the wives of a polygamist, the rather, she seemed to take it as a matter of pride that she was his "chief" wife, and that he was one of the three impugned hereditary "Kings" or chiefs. I called to the man, and told him to tell Izuri that I consented. My consent had nothing to do with Agyantyne as a favor to her: simply, she gave me information, on which I chose to give a favor to Izuri. In so doing, I knew that I was doing a kindness to one who had continued her active opposition to me. But, my permit for the burial had aroused a great deal of criticism; I felt that the criticism was partly justified, when I was, later, informed of the heathen character of the woman. The church-members felt humiliated that such a person was buried in their Christian cemetery. The matter became so public that I thought an explanation was due from me. So, on that Sunday, just before the close of the morning services, I respectfully mentioned the matter; regretting it; and said that I had not known of the woman's character, and had given my consent

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"out of respect to her relative, our sister Izumi!" She amazed me by rising in her seat, and saying, "You didn't do it for me; you did it for Sugenjima": I made no reply. At the close of the Services, the best church-members gathered around me expressing their indignation at the attack on my truth. Whatever may be my faults, I have ever been proud of my truth. I told my friends that I would not again enter that pulpit until the insult was atoned for.

The next day, with Mr. Marling and Elder Adande, we started on the steamer for Batanga. On board were some Kongo missionaries, of the American Baptist Mission, Rev. Mr. Jackson, M.D., and his lay brother; a Swiss lay missionary; Rev. Mr. Dawes and Miss Howard, colored; and a Swede, Mr. Westling and his wife and child.

On Wed., January 2^d, 1895, we anchored at sunset, off Batanga Beach. Three of the Station missionaries came in a boat, to take us ashore. But, I went in a trader's boat with Adande, to my sister's cottage at Bongabali. The next day, in the morning, I went to the Station, for dinner at Mrs. Gault's; and, in the afternoon, presided at the Prayer-meeting preceding the organisation

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of Mission Meeting. At its close, the other members suddenly decided to begin the Meeting, and nominated me as Chairman. That was an honor; but, I declined to accept it, the while that no reparation had been made for the letter of 1893. Mr. Marling was chosen. I made acquaintance with some new missionaries; and resumed acquaintance with some of the older ones. I had not met Mrs. De Heer for eight years; our furloughs had crossed. On Sat. 5th, the members were active in arranging a Mission Communion Service, for Sunday afternoon, from which Negroes were to be excluded. My sister and I thought it unchristian thus to draw a color-line; and, we refused to attend. Instead, we attended the Sab. Sch., where a large number of men were present. Rev. Mr. Gault was made Moderator of Prudency. Every day, I walked to Etikiiki, to meeting of Mission and its discussions. And, in the afternoons came Prudency to Bongabuli, where my stated labors kept me busy. Rev. H. E. Schnatz was placed in charge of the Batanga church. Candidate Ngände was examined for two hours, and was licensed. On Sunday 13th, ^{in the} morning, I preached the sermon in the church,

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and assisted in the usual Communion Service. As a number of the missionaries were present, my sister invited them to her lunch; there came Rev. and Mrs Gault, Rev. Mr. Mearns, Mrs De Kler, Mrs Reutlinger, Miss Christensen, and Miss Bohe; who remained to the afternoon missionary conference in the church, in which the native brethren took part. It was a pleasant day. There was also an evening service.

On Tuesday, Jan'y 22, I boarded a steamer for Libreville, with Mr. Mearns; and I landed in morning of Friday 25. On Sat'y 26, I called a meeting of Session, the three Elders, Adande, Kabeida, and Atyango being present, and evangelist Iguere on invitation. I told them that I had told Prefect that I had refused to take any charge of the Gaboon church services, until not only Iguere's misdeeds, but also some slanders by the young Elder Atyango, were retracted. He seemed ashamed; but, he made no apology. The other two Elders begged me to change my decision. But, I told them that if, according to the reputed statement of Atyango, "very many of the members were against me," my preaching would do no good. I said that evangelist Iguere could take care of the morning

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and evening Services, and Sab. Sch., and prayer meetings; that I would be present, sitting in the pews with the audience; and that the afternoon English Service would be omitted. This was done. Mr. Marling occupied the pulpit on Sunday; I in the audience. In the evening he came to talk with me on this subject, but he only made the matter worse; for, I found that the claudens were not Atyangai's, but his, and that he had seized Elder Kabinda also in the affair. This made his presence as a guest a discomfort, until he returned to his Angou Station on the following Wed. y.

When Mr. Good had died in the Batanga Interior, the five Galwas, whom he had called from the Ogowe into his employ, and whom I had forwarded to Linn, in May 1894, refused to remain longer in employ of Batanga Station, and demanded that, as they had been brought from their Ogowe homes, their expenses for return thither should be paid by the Mission. I think that their claim was good; but, I was never informed, by Batanga Station, of all the facts in the case. The young men demanded to be fed, as guests, and refused to do any work while waiting for a steamer. They came on the same vessel that brought me from

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Batanga; but, they were not under my care, nor was I or Baraka Station responsible for them. I offered them food and lodging, if they would work until some river-steamers could take them to the Ogowe. They refused; and three of them falsely entered complaint against me before the French magistrate, asserting that I had brought them from the Ogowe. A summons from the judge came to me on Saty evening February 2^d. On Tuesday 5^d, at 8. A. M., I was at the judge's, with a M. Pichault, a clerk of H. & C., to interpret for me. Only two of my accusers were present. The judge disposed of the case in my favor, in a few minutes, as my accusers had no documents to prove their false accusations. When we returned to Baraka, I ordered my accusers off of the premises. At noon, of the 7^d, I received another summons from the judge, in case of four of the young men. On Saty 9^d, I responded to the summons, again accompanied by M. Pichault. I was shown much consideration, and was allowed to sit. The plaintiffs had told a monstrous string of lies; and the case was soon decided in my favor. In the evening, came the native interpreter

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with a request from the Chief of Police, acting as a favor to himself, that I would pay the plaintiffs' passage on the "Move", which was soon to go to the Ogowe. I was surprised at his request; but, I felt like obliging him, because of his favor shown me in the morning, and would have done so, had not ^{also} a new citation before the judge been handed me, from another member of the party. At noon of Monday 11th, came the three plaintiffs asking for passage to the Ogowe, and saying that the Judge's interpreter Akanda had said that I should do so. I refused to reply to them; what I might do as a favor was one thing; what I should do as a demand was another. In the evening Akanda came with four of the plaintiffs, saying that they had been to the Chief of Police, and had told him that I had refused to respect his word. I told them that I would explain to the Chief next day. The next morning, the 12th, at 8. A.M., I explained to the Chief that I had not refused his request, but was waiting to see the result of the day's new trial. Before the judge, on the new citation, though the case was the same as that on which he had decided in my favor on the preceding Sat^y, he now seemed

to take the part of the plaintiffs, saying that he had read somewhere that I was the chief in authority of the entire American Mission, and therefore was responsible for all its doings. He put me on oath, my hand on the sign of the cross, and I swore that I was not "Director" of the Mission. Then, he decided that I was not responsible for the doings of Bataunga Station. But, he showed his sympathy for the plaintiffs, by saying that, though I was not bound to, yet, as a matter of charity, he asked that I should pay their passage to the Ogowe. I told him, that out of personal respect for himself, I would do so. Then, I went to the Chief of Police, and told him that I would pay for the passages; but, I asked him for a written assurance that I should not be persecuted again for any similar matter. It was a very unpleasant aftermath of the death of Mr. Good. I charged to Bataunga Station the money that should have been settled at Bataunga, for those four balances who had told all sorts of lies about my character. For this, my good friend, Rev. Mr. Jacot, disciplined one of them, on their return to the Ogowe.

On the 18th, came Mr. and Mrs. Bacon from the Ogowe, on a visit. Mr. Bacon had

ever been my friend, and I enjoyed his presence. But, I was particularly pleased that, in a conversation with him about Angentyewe, he explicitly denied having made a statement against her which Mr. Prasset and the young layman had asserted two years before.

On the 23^d, Mr. Casement, of the British Government Service in the Niger, a passenger on the steamer "Teneriffe", called at Baaka to see me. (In later years, he exposed the atrocities of King Leopold, in the Belgian Kongo. And, finally, he was the Sir Roger Casement, who was executed ^{in 1916} as a traitor, in the War with Germany.) Also, James Mapako and Akera-mbembe came in great style from their civil marriage, and I married them in the church. She wore a white bridal veil and a train. As I had given up all hope of any new recruits from America for Baaka, I ceased to retain the rooms which I had been holding for them, and on March 6th, invited Mr. Perrin-jacket to take one of them. He did so. And, though he was not a pleasant companion, I was glad to demonstrate to him that my original refusal of the room, at the time of his arrival from Switzerland, had nothing personal in it. Elder

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Ntyango, who was an employer of Mr. Mearns,
 came from Angora with a letter. Mr. Mearns
 made himself offensive by writing to me
 about the Gaboon church affairs. Those letters
 were not of a kind fraternal nature, but
 dictatorial, and therefore objectionable; for,
 I had not asked his advice, and the Gaboon
 church was not in his care. Ntyango himself,
 however, on March 8th, came for a long ex-
 planation of his course of conduct against
 me, and made acknowledgments and
 apologies, which partly opened the way for
 me to resume preaching; but, I still was
 waiting for the woman Izuri to make
 her acknowledgments. On Sunday 17th, she came
 to me making some weak excuses for her
 absence from prayer meetings during the
 previous ten months. On the 30th,
 Elders Kabinda and Adendo came to ask me
 to resume preaching. But, I insisted on the
 condition that I had made, in the previous
 December, that Izuri should make ac-
 knowledgment of her public insult to me in
 the church at that time. The next day, Sunday
 evangelist Igueve came to ask me to an-
 nounce the quarterly communion, which was

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due. But, I told him that I was waiting for Izuri. As usual, I went to church, and sat in the audience; and left, while the Sab. Sch. was being held. Without any authority from me, he announced to the people what I had said. I wish that he had not done so; for, I wanted the woman's repentance to be voluntary. But the other members got around her, and compelled her. She came from the Sab. Sch.; acknowledged her wrong; and offered to make a public statement on the following Sunday.

On the 5th of April came a very friendly letter from Rev. W. Jacot of the Ogowe, speaking of the offences of the four plaintiffs of the preceding February, and mentioning that two of them were church-members, and that he had disciplined them. On Sunday 7th, evangelist Igwe read Izuri's confession and apology, written in her imperfect English, for her wrong doing to me; and then I handed to him a few lines to read, consenting to resume charge of the church-services. At the close of the meeting, the members crowded around me, thanking me that the difficulty had been settled. It was a very gratifying contradiction of Mr. Mackin's statement that the church did not

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wish me.

M^r. Perrinjaquet was not as faithful a teacher as M^r. Presset. Besides occasional excursions (of which I approved) he gave half-holidays not only on Sat^y, but also on Wed^y.

Sunday 14th was a notable day, though I took no notice of it as Easter, it was a bright clear day, and I resumed preaching in Dupougue in the morning (text, 1. Cor. 2. 1.); in charge of the Sab. Sch.; afternoon English Service (text. 1. Cor. 2. 2.); with Iguere at Dupougue evening Service; and I again in charge of the Monday and Wed^y evening prayer meetings, and the Sat^y evening English Song Service. I was grateful to God for opening the way again to the hearts of the people of the Gaboon church.

On the 26th, came the young Lagouan treasurer from Batouga, for his annual examination of the accounts of Bakahe and Angoum Stations. With his even temporary return, I seemed to feel a rekindling of the former influences in the church against me. I seriously entertained the thought of asking the Board to allow me to give up the work at Gaboon, and go elsewhere. While I was thus brooding on May 6th, came to me a woman who had been a former church-member, and whose son I had

buried a year previously; she asked to be restored to membership. I arranged for Elders Adoude and evangelist Igwe to make short journeys twice a week for village prayer-meetings.

The examination of my accounts was very humiliating to me. There were many errors. And, while not the slightest insinuation was made as to any dishonesty or mis-appropriation, I was more than ever convinced that it was a wrong for the Mission to place me in the Baraka position, and an unwise for me to remain in it, if I was compelled to do the treasurer's work of buying bills of exchange, &c. financial dealings, for which I had no fitness.

Mr. Perrin Jaquet was so ~~addicted~~ unjust in his dealings with some of the children, that I had to interfere and make a protest. Then he threatened to leave; but, the treasurer induced him to remain.

On Dec. 20th, Mr. Haug, one of the new missionaries in the Ogowe, made a visit for the day. And, on the 22nd, came Newbault with his son Harry, from Batanga. I prepared for him the crib and little mosquito-net that had been used by my own little Mary. Miss

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Mrs Kingsley, a niece of Canon Charles Kingsley, of England, had been sent by a Natural History Socy, to examine fresh-water fishes of W. Africa. She had also a special interest of her own, for investigation of Comparative Religions. Stopping on the coast at many points, she had inquired of all sorts of people, Government officials, traders, and missionaries, and had been given various points of view in regard to African Fetishism; some laughing at it as an absurd superstition, and others scarcely recognizing it as a Religion. All foreigners on the coast knew of each other, even if they had not met: for, in our fewness, we spoke of each other; and, as passengers on the steamers, always went ashore, and made calls, without waiting for invitation. Some one said to her, "When you get down to Gaboon, there is a man, Nassau, there who has been investigating that subject." So, one day, word came to me from the house of H. & C., at Libreville, that a Miss Kingsley was being entertained there, and that one wished to see me. I promptly called. This was the beginning of a friendship, which I have valued as one of the most interesting during my life in Africa. I called on Miss Kingsley frequently, and she

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visited at Saraka. I told her all that I had learned of the Philosophy of the Bantu Religion; and I loaned to her my forty-minute Essay on that subject which I had read before Siry Ellinwood's Society of Comparative Religions, in New York, and gave her permission to utilize it. (Which she did, on her return to England, in her two books, "Travels in W. Africa", and "W. African Studies". She was a wonderfully brave young woman, Armed with only a pistol, and guided by a young native man, who could interpret for her, she wandered in the forests, waded in the rivers, and slept in the cannibal Famine huts, attended only by her five hired porters. She was fearless, and was safe every where. In her investigations for Science, she was exposed to dangers of the climate and forest as much as any of us missionaries; but, she was prudent in matters of food, drink, and other points of hygiene; proving, as I had often asserted to our Board, that it was possible to live free from Fever, even in fever-stricken Africa, if one followed the first law of physical life, i.e. adaptation to one's ^{environment} ~~Address~~, When our conversation sometimes touched on Christianity, I observed that she hesitated. Her

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association with her uncle's "higher critic" friends, had made her an agnostic. She candidly wrote to me, on her return to England, "I have a faith; but, it is not the same as yours. I wish that I could look on Jesus, as you do." I have trusted that she finally did. She came back to Africa, as a nurse in the Boer war in S. Africa; and died there of enteric fever, contracted from the hospital patients. Her friends there knew that she had approved of burials at sea. As she was an employee of the British Government, three war-vessels steamed out from Capetown with her remains; and her wish was regarded by a sea-burial.

In the transfer of the Ogowe to the Paris Society, our French missionary successors continued to use our Mission's treasurer as their agent for purchasing supplies. Rev Messieurs Allegret and Tessier came to Libreville to settle accounts with the treasurer, who was still visiting me. Their wives remained on the steamer, where they were visited by Mrs Gault.

After the treasurer had gone to Angou, to settle accounts there, I made a special Feast for Miss Kingsley and Mr. Heddon, agent of the H. & C., at whose house she was lodging. I

spent a day in advance, planning about the menu and the courses. Mr. Gault assisted me in directing the cook; and, when it was time for her to be present in receiving the guests, Argentynne came and took charge of the pantry. I had an ample table; and, I cut the second of the two fruit-cakes that Capt Holt of Liverpool had sent me on the preceding Christmas. I served at the table. When our feast ended, I told Argentynne to call in the three assistants; and they, with her and her daughter, also enjoyed the Feast. I gave my guests music on my mandolina and flute, and intended also to use my guitar; but, the strings were broken.

In June, Mr. Perrinjacquet was a ^{few} days absent from table, because of indigestion due to his unhygienic manner of eating. On June 22, Mr. Gault returned by steamer, to Matanga.

On Sunday 23, near the close of Sab. Sch., a slave woman rushed into the church shrieking and screaming that Elder Kabinda was dead. It was an outrageous bit of heathenism. There was much excitement, and many of the classes went out, under the intense native claims of "relationships", to begin their wailing; and the School was broken

up. I went to Kabiinda's, to arrange with his daughter Suanã, about the time for the funeral. In the afternoon, men came to dig the grave. In the evening, the permit was shown me, for 6.30 A.M. of next day; for, French law in the tropics requires burial within twenty hours after death. In this case, it evidently was needed; for, the odor of the coffin in the church was offensive. I was ready for the church service at 6.30 A.M. of Monday; but, the grave was not ready until 7. A.M. It was strange that the Impougves, so much richer than other tribes, expected the Mission to do so much for them. Kabiinda was comparatively rich, and his relatives had slaves who could easily have carried the coffin. But, they asked for the Mission wagon which was to be dragged by mission employees. I declined to send them. I spent the day in reading the records of the Gaboon church from 1843 to 1871 (when it was changed from a Congregational to a Presbyterian) to gather information about Kabiinda's life. It was a sad record! He called himself "Mr. Moore"; after a church-membership of nine years, during most of which time, he was a "committee man"

(Elder), there were two years of dallying with liquor-selling; and, then, finally a break into Polygamy. He was cut off; and stayed away for thirty-three years, gaining what he had pined for, wealth and power and gratification of lust. When he became old, and desires were satisfied, and his women died off or left him, he professed to repent; was restored, and almost immediately, without a time-test of sincerity, was honored by election as Elder! He lived only three years longer; with no time to undo the evil he had done in the 33 years. Many young men had followed his example, willing to risk sin, with the chance of being finally honored as he had been. I had supposed that my accounts had been settled by the treasurer in May. But, he had discovered some more mistakes. These increased my feeling of hesitation, at being required to remain in a position in which such mistakes would be inevitable. He went back to Batanga on July 4'. On the two days of the week that Angouty was at Baraka all day (house-cleaning in the morning, and sewing for the Boys School

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in afternoon) I had tea and and two little daughters remain for supper, and spend the evening, when I read to them. In reading for them "Uncle Tom's Cabin", it was very interesting to note how they joined in the excitement of the story, promptly appreciating the points in the plot, and interjecting exclamations, showing that they understood it all. Iga wept at Eva's death.

There was an educated K. C. mulatto woman, an elder half-sister of Angentyon, Madame Bizet, who was living at the French Plateau, where the Government had a machine for making ice for the Hospital. She sent me a piece of ice, which I shared with the children. They had never seen ice. When they touched it, they jerked away their fingers, exclaiming "It burns!"

At the evening Member prayer-meeting of Monday 15; (substituted for the L. E. of two years before) I noted two interesting remarks. Some had objected to coming, because of the dark nights. Ongâme arose and replied, "Is the night darker than the darkness of the grave? And, perhaps, there, you will have to go alone!" A small Fenne, a member of the Angou church, also

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spoke. Some people had despised him because of his youth. Referring to this, he said, "Did Jesus die for only grown-up people?"

All the Sunday and week-day church services were being regularly and well attended; but, I carried a growing protest against the amount of secular work I had to do, in filling many orders for other stations.

In my strong convictions as to the duty of native self-help, I preached a sermon, on Sunday Aug. 4th, on the desirability of the Native Pastorate. In only a few cases, had Presbytery favored making missionaries pastor; they were appointed in charge, as Stated Supplies. In the churches of the Beniata and Batanga regions, four natives had grown into the Ministry, and were in charge of churches, installed as Pastors. But, in the Gaboon church, during its history of more than 50 years, only one native had been ordained to the Ministry, and he had never been a pastor.

On Aug. 5th, came a letter from the Board, which made me more than ever unwilling to remain at Baratd.:-

Reason (1), Reinforcements were being sent to Batanga, but none to Baratd. (2), Mr. Present

was being returned to the Mission, not as an employee, but with full standing as voter and regular member of Mission. With my memory of his conduct, I would be unwilling to be associated with him at the same Station.

I had received a request, from Rev. Dr. J. H. Barrowes, to aid in the Parliament of Religions. I declined.

On Wed. 7th, I made an eleventh birth-day Feast, in thought of my daughter Mary in the U.S. I would invite only eleven guests; they should be persons who had acquaintance with her; they should be civilized persons; I would have preferred that they all should be young girls; but, I knew not of that many who would fill the other qualifications. So, I invited some mothers who had known her. The company were, Argentynove and Iga, Mrs Lewis and Sâiyâ, Lucinda and Ogandaga, Sophie Baughton, Mary and Lydia Erny, Kaka, and Mrs Anisley. The dinner was at 2. P.M. At 3. P.M. I had to go to the Inquiry Class. Returning, at 4.30, some of the company had left; I gave the remaining ones, for an hour, music on my mandolin. French Law

requisitions were difficult to comply with as to days, hours, and the absence of officials. I was seeking witnesses for a certificate of the birth of Mr. Macling's babe. Women had been present, but, the Law required that the witnesses should be males. Finally, I obtained them. And, then I had to go five times during one month, to the bureau. For a whole year, I had tried, in vain, to get a copy of the deed of cession of the Beakoa premises, for which I paid \$7. Also, paid part, for deed of the Benita premises, which France was claiming as its territory (subsequently it was yielded to Spain). No bureaus were open on the many fete days; sometimes I had to wait two hours at the office.

Mr. Perrinjaguet obtained from the doctor a certificate of ill health, as reason for his proposed leaving the Mission. It was notorious that any one who wished, for any reason, to leave Africa, could get a doctor's certificate of its necessity. It was amusing that impougue people, who claimed to be more civilised than other tribes, were so lawless about fires on the prairie near Beakoa house, robbing fruit-trees, trespassing

with cattle, and other offences. One day, I found some people bathing in the brook near our spring. The Mission owned the entire brook and spring; we allowed people to come to it with vessels to get water.

On the 12th, I wrote the draft of a letter, which, for six months I had been intending to write to the Board, asking to retire from the Mission, unless, at its next Dec. meeting, it should relieve me of the charge of Baraka. I refused longer to be in charge of the difficult teachers of French, the while that I was not sustained by the Mission in my differences with them.

Though Izquier's offense to me was settled, she had a quarrel with some members about other matters. She summoned them to come to the church to discuss their quarrel, and demanded me by asking me to open the church. I declined.

On the 20th, I sent three important letters to America. (1) The one, to Secy Gillespie, containing my request for permit to return to the U. S. (2) To my brother-in-law Wells (who was a member of the Board) explaining reasons for my request. (3) To Rev. F. M. Todd, in charge of my daughter, making intimation of my possible return next year. I made a good farewell

fear for Mr. Perrin-Jaquez; and, he boarded his
 steamer to return to Switzerland, leaving, in the
 minds of some of the natives, partisans or
 rousers against me. In order to fill
 the French Law, and keep the School in exist-
 ence, with some one who could do something
 at French, I engaged, as teacher, Thomas, son of
 Mrs. Lewis. But, he soon gave it up; and I
 engaged Ogoumbé. Stealing had
 become outrageous. On the 22^d, one of my
 most reliable employees, Ivake, son of Rev.
 Mr. Ibiya, of Corisco, told me, that, while we
 were at prayer-meeting, on the preceding even-
 ing, he had discovered two employees, Rapāndi
 and Njambé stealing in my food-cellar, and
 two others, Awora and Ogula, outside on
 guard. I had been patient with offenders,
 simply fining, or dismissing them. But, these
 four I had arrested. The chief offender was
 Ogula; for, in his care was the key of the spring-
 house, he had furnished it to the others; un-
 fortunately it was a duplicate of my food-
 house key, which I carried. At once, I changed
 keys. On the 29^d, the four were sentenced to a
 year's imprisonment. Awora's mother came
 to plead for a mitigation of the sentence. But,

I would not interfere.

At the request of the Rev. Dr. E. R. Craven, of the Board of Publication, I wrote an article on "Polygamy, and the Native Africa Churches".

At noon of the 31st, came word that the School Inspecting Committee would come at 3.30. P.M. When they arrived, the assistant, Ogomoo, was not present; and only young Joseph Lewis was there, to pose as teacher. Of course, the examination was short and unsatisfactory, though the Committee was polite to me.

On Sept. 2nd, Miss Kingley came to return my copy of "Crowned in Palms-land", which I had loaned to her, as she was returning to England next day. I gave her a copy of my "Maweds", and also of the Benge, and Impungwe grammars.

On Sunday 8th, just as we were going to church in the afternoon, two church-women, Kaya and Mrs Erong, brought word that good Mrs Lewis was in jail! It was astonishing! A young man, Ndongo, who, a year previous, had escaped arrest for introducing gun-caps (arms of precision were prohibited to the natives) had ventured to return, and was reciting a lesson to Mrs Lewis on her veranda. The police came to

arrest him; he escaped; and, they seized and jailed her, on suspicion of her having secreted him. Immediately after services, I went to the officers, with a number of Christian women; and, swearing to Mrs Lewis innocence, after some hesitation, he released her.

On the 9th; I began, with the aid of Rev. Mr. Ibiya, who was visiting me, to revise the Bengo Genesis. I spent two hours on the 1st chapter. And, on the evening of the 12th, after a very busy day of revision, Mr. Ibiya spoke very freely of what he felt was a lack of sympathy, from members of the Mission, for the native Missions. I agreed with him; for, I had felt that his charges were true.

Almost all my letters from Secoy Gillespie had been most kind, cordial, and just. But, on the 20th, I received one that, though it was kind and fraternal, showed that he had been deceived by the false representations of my enemies in the Mission. He urged me to dismiss my "house-keeper" Argentyna! She was not my house-keeper; she was not in my personal employ, except as my laundress.

On Oct. 5th; at a congregational meeting, Igwe was elected Elder; and Sonie and Ougânun, deacons.

On the 7th, I made a very carefully-worded reply to Sir Gillespie. On the 8th, I had another occasion to insist on the duty of Self-help. There was to be a burial; two men came with shovels, but expecting my employees to dig the grave, and that I should send the wagon, in which to bring the coffin. I refused.

I had read of Hermapthrodites; but, I had not believed in their actual existence. On the 21st, I was told of a person, from across the estuary, who was dancing in the Libreville villages, and who claimed to be a woman, but who had the characteristic appearance of a man.

On Sunday Nov. 3rd, it was discovered that ten of my ducks had been stolen from the fowl-house. Suspicion rested on two Bassa men. The next morning, I observed muddy human tracks at my front door, and a dead frog lying there. Evidently, it was intended as a fetish, probably, by the thieves, to injure me, and to protect themselves.

I had to do so many errands of shopping, for the rammers at Benita, Batanga, and even Angou. I was willing to be helpful; but, I could not forget how Mr. Good, when he was occupying

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Baraka, objected to doing such errands for my sister at Kāngwe; and, I at Talaguzza, he had told me to take care myself.

The Saty evening English Hymn-Singing, which, at first had been well attended, especially by clerks from the upper-wards, I dropped, as interest in it had ceased. See:y

Gillespie, in a kind and just letter in response to my letter to him, about the animosity to me of Mr. Macleay and the Mission-treasurer, plead for harmony, and asked that we should precede our Annual Mission Meeting with a Christian Conference, in which the members should present written papers on chosen topics. I favored his wish, and wrote an article on, "Fellowship with God". I made no reference to the unkindness that had isolated me at Baraka. But, perhaps my choice of topic was suggested by my own deprivation of fellowship with my human members.

On the 29th started, on the "Mary Basson", in company with Rev. and Mrs. Macleay and their babe, and Elder Nyango, for Batanga. Reached there Dec. 2nd, at 10. P. M., landing at Ehikitiki. Were met at the beach by Rev. Messrs Gault, Hickman, and Bates, and Mr. Prescott, and at the house by Mrs. Christensen and Mr. Gault,

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who provided us a lunch. My baggage had not come ashore; but, Mr. Gaull promised to send it to me in the morning, in time to dress for the Wedding Feast of Rev. and Mrs. Schornatz. And, I walked to my sister's "Evangeline" Cottage by 11.30. P.M. (To escape the Government marriage-law delays, the wedding had been held, outside the three-mile limit, on the steamer, before the lady landed.) I waited next day, for my box, which did not come until the afternoon, and then it was too late; I missed both the Feast and the Reception. On the 4th, I went to Shikihiki, and made acquaintance with new missionaries. I had business with the young layman treasurer. Beyond my necessary financial dealings, I did not intend to refer to his treacherous doings against me; but, he himself began to ask in regard to something I had said about him to Mr. Mearns at Baraka. This opened the old sore; and I determined that it should be probed, and he remained 4. P.M., as the hours for our talk. We talked for three hours; and matters were beginning to be reconciled, when he admitted having written to Secy Gillespie against me. This so aroused my indignation that I

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declined to continue the conversation, and rose to leave. He offered to retract what he had written. But, I had no longer a particle of faith in his truth or sincerity. I left; and found sympathy from my sister. There were awaiting me also some packages. One was a piece of Mr. Schnatz's Wedding-cake; and another was a present of an auto-harp from Miss Alice Inlay of Lawrenceville, V. J. These kind things made me try to forgive my enemy. And, the next day, I called him "brother" in the meeting, where I read my paper on "Fellowship with God."

Rev. Melvin Fraser was elected Moderator, and Rev. Mr. Ibiya Vice-moderator of Presbytery. In the Mission, on the second ballot, I was chosen Chairman, by a bare majority. To the noon meal at

my sister's, she invited Rev. and Mrs. Ibiya, Rev. and Mrs. Stongolo, Rev. Messrs. Nyongo and Etiyani, and Licentiate Ngârde. For Sunday morning Service, Rev. Mr. Schnatz, in charge of the Batanga church, asked me to occupy the pulpit; and I invited Rev. Mr. Stongolo to assist me. Because of the good feeling of at least half of the missionaries toward me, I did not present the Permit to leave the Mission, which

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The Board had given me, and which I had found awaiting me on the 4th. I was re-appointed to Baraka, with Mrs Ogden (who had returned) as my associate. Her appointment relieved me of the house-keeping. Also, the Mission complied with my wish, and did not appoint Mr. Prassat as my associate; he was sent to Benite. Prudley requested my sister to take charge of the Theological Class of Ministerial candidates. On the 15th, a communion service was held at the Station. There was no color-line. Rev. W. Launt and I distributed the elements, with the native Elders. But, the color-line did appear in Mission, on the 18th. While my sister was in the U.S. on her furlough, she had visited one of the Freedmen schools in the South, and had found a pleasant acquaintance in one of the teachers there. The young lady offered to come to Africa as her ~~assistant~~ ^{assistant}. My sister was pleased; and, she had me offer a resolution asking the Board to accept the lady's application. It was strongly opposed, the opposition being led by Mr. Manning. The discussion occupied an entire afternoon. After I had successfully swept aside his arguments, a woman arose and said, "But,

who will eat with her?" I exclaimed, "Madam! why then did you come to Africa?" Finally, when I had answered all reasonable objections, another woman rose, and said, "Well! then! put it on the color-line!" And, it was so voted by two-thirds of the Mission. It was noticeable that the one-third who supported me were, most of them clergymen; most of the opposing two-thirds were women and laymen. That Negro lady became prominent in Southern schools; herself became a Principal. When Pres. Taft was touring in the South with his retinue, he visited her school; and, in departing, courteously said, "Madame, my memory of this day will not be of the distinguished gentlemen at my side, but of the successful work of the lady in whose presence I stand." [A year later, Mrs. Manning told me that her vote had not been for sake of the color-line, but from fear of disharmony under the relation of "assistant" to my sister. It was true that attempts at that relation on the part of ^{new} young white ladies to older white women in the Mission, as personal assistants, had not been happy.]

On the 23^d, I wrote a very important letter to Sec'y Gillespie.

On Sat'y 28^d, we

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left, on a steamer. On board were two missionaries of the Southern Presbyterian Board, going to the Kongo, Rev. Saml. Phillips Vernon, and Rev. W. Phipps; the former a S. Carolinian white man, the latter a Jamaican Negro. It was in sharp contrast with our Mission's color-line, that the Southern Board was sending to the Kongo, missionaries, two and two, white and black.

At Bata, the company with us for Bonita, landed, to go on the 23 miles thither, in their boat "Willie"; and our steamer proceeded, reaching Elabi island in Corisco Bay on the 29. As the steamer was not going to Libreville, Mrs. Ogden and I and the Murrays were received ashore at a trading-house, to await the coming of the "Mary Nassau", which, it had been arranged, was to follow us. I became tired of waiting for that vessel. And, on Friday, January 3^d, 1896., I hired a canoe and crew to take me into the Mounda river, and up one of its affluents, whence I would walk on to Libreville. As I entered the Mounda, I passed in sight of Bolakobwe, where I had once itinerated with Rev. W. Clemens, 34. years before. I pulled on up the river all night, stopping occasionally to eat and rest. At midnight,

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entered the affluent. At daylight reached a Mbiko village near the end of the stream; and slept there for an hour. At 7. A.M. reached the end, at another, a Fariwe village; and, leaving the canoe and crew, hired a guide, and walking across a prairie, in half an hour, emerged on the beach of the Gaboon river, and walked through Aniwondo to the plateau. Stopped at the Post-office to get stamps for 100 letters I had brought from the Mission. I was at Baraka by 10.30. A.M. And, at 3. P.M., held Preparatory Service for the Communion of the following day.

On Sunday 5th, I had Elae Igwe preach in the morning. At noon, I led the Sab. Sch.; and held Communion in the afternoon. At evening Monthly concert, I told the church of my intention to stay, under the improved feeling of the Mission to me. (Though, I knew that that was not an improved feeling of the former members, but an unprejudiced feeling of the new ones.) Late at night, I saw the lights of the "Mary Karbau"; and, after some delay with boats, at 11. P.M., I landed Mrs Ogden, and the mailings. She latter went to their Angouy Station, on the 17th.

Mrs Facot, widow of Rev. H. E. Facot, with her two little boys, Edmond and

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Rager, came from the square, going home on a French steamer. On the 24th,

called on Com. Genl. de Brazza, and was introduced to his America-educated wife.

During the month of January, I was driven and wearied by amazing financial business, for other parts of the Mission, more than I had been at any time in the previous two years.

On February 1st, Mrs Ogden took charge of the domestic arrangements. While we were at supper at 6 P.M., came Countess de Brazza, attended by one native soldier; and, half an hour later, came de Brazza himself, accompanied by Agent Hudson of N. & C. They made a very pleasant call, that was not simply official.

A big robbery on the 7th. On going at 8 A.M., as usual to the iron store-house, I saw that the padlock had been tampered with. On entering, I found lying on the floor, hats, carpenter's pencils, and empty boxes, and hundreds of burnt matches, which the thieves had lighted in order to see their way to the piles of various articles, from which they had stolen. I sent Mike for the police; and called the five Faïwe who had slept that night in the adjacent house. If they were not

the thieves, they must at least have known of the noise of the robbery. The police arrested three of them. The thieves had entered in an easy way; the two folding doors had not been bolted to the floor; so, though safely locked, they could be pulled out from the wall. (I at once fastened the faulty plan of that door.) I was amazed at a collection of 50 women, down on the prairie between Baraka and the Boulevard, gathered for a fight! At the magistrate's next day, I could not prove that the three Fèwè were the guilty ones; the rather, I suspected the two Bassa men. But, the magistrate detained the three men, until the police should search the houses of their friends, for possibly some of the stolen articles.

A layman, M^r Faure, a new recruit for the French Mission, was my guest for a week, awaiting a steamer to the Ogowe. Burials in our Christian cemetery, were sometimes made disgraceful by the heathen relatives of the dead. The old mother of Paia, Elder Kabinda's widow, died. I went at once to the house, to forestal any action by the Romandets, who were accustomed to ~~offer~~ ^{offer} the price of a coffee, for permission to baptise the dead, and

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thus claim control of the children. The burial was in our cemetery the next afternoon. But, the men who carried the coffin were drunk; in lowering it into the grave, they let the ropes slip, and it tumbled down. Then, while the earth was being filled in, some brethren men and women were laughing and joking! At the Monday evening prayer-meeting, March 2^d, I made this disgrace, the subject of my remarks.

The Lakewood, N. J. church, with a memory of Mary Foster's teaching-work in that town, and of her marriage to me there in Oct. 1881, had sent me a gift of \$100., to use in my work. On April 16th, I wrote to them a long letter of special thanks.

On the 18th, came my friend, Wm. and Mrs. Bacon, from the Ogowe; she was sick, in a very weak and nervous state. He brought me a large box containing a writing-desk, of native woods, which, in kind memory, he had made for my daughter.

By May 1st, I was utterly wearied with the previous ten days work, of making up the annual accounts. I had made a final copy of items; their values run out; and the columns of figures of 18 pages of foolscap

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added up; and each-on-hand counted. Mrs Bacon was improving in health. But, Ange-nyewe was in a strange failing state, that would have prevented her from personally assisting me with any manual work. Her cruel detractors had no more occasion to complain of my "association" with her. (Nevertheless, their spies kept themselves busy on reports of my visits to her in her sickness.)

On the 14th, came Rev. and Mrs Schowatz from Batanga, on a visit for their health; the French doctor was called to see her. The next day, Mr. and Mrs Bacon left, to return to the Congo. And, the "Willie" came from Benita. And, on the 16th, the scientist, Rev. Mr. Bates, in "the" "Lafayette", from Angoum. All day, people were coming and going; for worm-medicine, or, to change German money for French, and other jobs. Verily, Baraka was a "Resort" for other stations, and for entire strangers.

My insisting on Self-help made me some enemies among the natives. Because the R.C. priests offered coffins, as a bribe for permission to baptise the dead, even some of my good members thought that I ought to provide the coffin for their dead! The French

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Fete days were numerous; the Passover extended itself over the 25th and 26th. Trades, who constantly worked on Sunday, would not work on those days.

On the 27th, arrived the treasurer from Batanga, for the settlement of accounts. Of course, at the examination on June 4th, notwithstanding my great care during the previous year, they were not correct.

On June 16th, Rev. and Mrs. Schnatz returned to Batanga.

The prairie fires, in the Dry Season, were a frequent source of anxiety and labor, as the prairie surrounded three sides of our premises.

In my efforts to teach and insist on the duty of Self Help, I had declined to give Bibles to Mrs. Ogden's Bible Class, as the members were all able to buy. The young layman, at the supper-table, had the audacity to rebuke me for my refusal! Even if it was a duty that the books should be given, why should the Mission do it? Why did not he or she personally do it? Until his arrival, Mrs. Ogden and I had had six months of harmony. But, after his coming, his attitude of two years previous influenced her; and she seemed to take offence on slight-

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suspicious. On the 25th, came a very gratifying letter from my friend, Rev. W. S. Bannerman, telling of Mrs B's medical treatment in the N. Y. Presb. Hospital, and their hope that they might start back for Africa in August. At the dinner-table, Mrs Ogden mentioned her intention to do house-cleaning, in expectation of their coming. I kindly offered to give up my room (the best in the house) for either herself or the Bannermans. And, she was offended!

I have never known why; for, I bore it quietly, and said nothing. Argentywe had been living in a large foreign-built house of her uncle Larsen, who made no use of it, being absent, trading. But, half of the house was also occupied by her elder half-sister, Madame Biset. The latter had been educated in France by her white father, as a R. C.; had come back to Libreville as a teacher in the Nunnery School. But, her high temper prevented her obeying the rules; she left, and married a French customs officer, who later had died, leaving her with one child, a daughter. She was not a harmonious companion, and Argentywe decided to build a house for herself.

On July 6th, I sent my books to a French steamer, to bring ashore

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Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, whom I was expecting. But, it was near by the steamer's launch with Mr. Bacon, coming to tell me that Mrs. Bacon had died at 4. A.M. He asked me to send for Angentyne to go on board with him, to prepare his wife's body for the grave. She soon was at the pier, and went with him. I notified the trading-houses and church members. At noon, the boat returned with him, Angentyne, and the coffin. Mrs. Lewis and Mary Boardman met it on the pier, Mr. Hudson, of H. & Co., sent people to help the wagon with the coffin, which was placed in the church, where Keya and Angentyne covered it neatly with black cloth. Though I was shaking with chills, I had to superintend Ivek's inefficient digging of the grave. The services were at 4. P.M. The school children assisted with a French hymn. The next afternoon, after parting prayer with Mr. Bacon, he left for the steamer. It was a sad parting. He made a generous return to the natives who had assisted him.

The national Fast day of the 14th was kept by the School, the workmen, and myself, at the Plateau, all afternoon and until late at night: on the play-ground;

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with a variety of plays for children; the brass band; dancing; fire-works; the Soiree at the Government House, which I left at 11. P.M., and, was asleep by 1. A.M. I felt that it was a mistake that I had welcomed Mrs Ogden as my associate at Barakoa. I so often displeased her: and, I never knew why. I certainly wished to please her, and tried to do so. But, it was difficult to know what she wished, or to know when she was satisfied. I decided that at the next Dec. Mission Meeting, I would ask to be located elsewhere. And, in August, I was pained at her praising as right, the closing of the door of return to a woman who had fallen from virtue. I defended the forgiving of sin, for both men and women, when they repented. There would have been few accepted in our Mission churches, if we did not do so. I was sure that her remark was based on her animosity to Augentyne. On the 16th, W. Prescott suddenly arrived from Barakoa. A week later, he and W. Bates went on to Angou. On the 22nd, I had a remarkable incident with a snake, of the cobra species. In my readings of Genesis, I had wondered why Jehovah, in

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cursing the serpent, had said, "on thy belly shalt thou go." Had it ever gone in any other manner? On that day, I was crossing the prairie near Laseni's house. It being dry season, the grass was all burned short, and the narrow path was very clear. A few yards behind me was a woman, and a few yards in front was her little child. A snake crossed the path, between me and the child. The woman screamed. I chased the snake with sticks and stones. It was six feet long, rising five feet in height on its bent tail, it wiggled toward me on that bent tail, as if it was a foot! I fled in amazement. Some men building a house nearby came with bamboo poles, and killed the snake. Was its act, an instinctive memory of its ancestor's having walked on its tail, in Eden? I really think so; for, Jehovah's words would not have been so "curse", if the original snake had always traveled on its belly. Another missionary in Gabon told me that he had seen that same tail-walking in another snake. On the 24th, on invitation of King Adande, I went, with Mrs Lewis and three of her children, across the estuary, to see his annual Fishing pic-nic. We went to

his town, where already were Angentigame and
 her daughter, the former having gone there for
 treatment of her strange sickness. All the
 Louis-people had already gone to the ponds,
 to prepare a camp. In the King's canoe, we
 went up the creek; and, landing on the edge
 of a prairie, walked a half-mile to a forest,
 where the camp was being prepared. Adande
 had had a bed-frame made for me, and my
 thick netting was put over it as a tent. Most
 of the people were R.C.; but, I sang hymns with
 the few Protestants at night. The next day
 there was an excited bailing out of the water
 of the ponds; and then men, women, and children
 waded into the low water, and caught the
 fish in baskets. Returned, on the following day
 to the town. And, at night, had the rare sight
 of a native sorcerer-doctor telling fortunes. He
 had a dish of water as a mirror, in which to
 see the future; made sacrifice of rice; prayed;
 dashed a torch; fire in his mouth; passing
 lighted sticks back and forth under his knees;
 face whitened with chalk; exclamations; in-
 cantations; slow and partial statements, to
 gain time, by his hearers involuntary signs of
 assent or dissent; very little prophecy; mostly

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descriptions of the characters of those whom he already knew. On Friday 28th, returned to Barataria.

On Sat^{dy} Sept. 5th, the Government had an Exhibition of Agriculture and Arts. Angelyne made a dress, which took a prize of \$2.; and I sent the writing-desk, which Mr. Bacon had given me for my Mary.

On Sunday 20th, Mrs Ogden went in the "Lafayette" to Angou, with medicines, on urgent call of Mrs Overling, for her sick little Mabel; and, in the afternoon, Mr. Preatt boarded his steamer to return to Barataria.

Since her public insult to me (for which she had apologized) the woman Izuri had not offended me. But, some of the members complained to me of (1) her dictatorial assumptions of authority in the Women's Meeting, and (2) the personally denunciatory character of her remarks, in those meetings, toward her fellow-christians. I went to her, and kindly advised, saving her the greater shame of sending an Elder, or summoning her before Session. But, she did not take it kindly; was quite displeased; and said that she would no longer come to prayer-meetings.

On the 8th of October, I went to the W. F. M. S. to show to them the receipt from the Board, for the \$5. they

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had sent to its treasury. It was to me a very gratifying fact that Ogandaga was presiding and reading Scripture fluently, who, three years previously had been only an inquirer and did not know the alphabet. After I left the meeting, there was reported to me a farewell remark of hers, expecting to make a visit to the town of her wicked Orange relatives, "Pray for me. My people are very wicked. I think that there is where Sin began. My mother is angry at my being a Christian, and says that she will pull away my christianity. But, it is not on me as a garment to be pulled off."

The French Law, concerning civil marriage, requiring consent of parents, birth-certificate, witnesses, a 12-day previous announcement, &c, &c, was sometimes difficult, even impossible, to be complied with. Without that civil marriage, the Church ceremony was forbidden. But, what should I do, in case of a church-member who found it impossible to comply with those conditions? Must I discipline him or her, before the church-session, for concubinage with the other party? To relieve the situation, I informed such persons that, while I would for myself keep clear of the Law,

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by saying nothing and taking no part, I would accept their "marriage by declaration", if, at the regular Wed. prayer-meeting, they would rise before the members present, and declare that they held as binding before God the relation in which they were living. And, I would so enter their declaration on the Session-book. On the 12th, the widow, Mrs. Lucia Dorsey Ermy, and a horse man, made such a declaration.

On Sat. 17th, a river-steamer came from Angoum, with Mrs. Ogden, Mrs. Marling and babe, and word that Mr. Marling had died on the previous Monday, and had been buried on the Tuesday. There had been a serious outrage by the natives just previous to his death. I was very much depressed at the prospect of difficulty at Angoum, whether Mrs. Marling wished me to go, to arrange affairs; for, in those outrages, she had been struck. After church services next morning, many people came to salute her. I was indignant that Tre assaultant, Olandi, was one of them!

On November 1st, Mrs. Marling returned to Angoum on a French steamer, and, I followed next day in the "Christine". Rev. W. Bates was at Angoum. I spent two days looking over Mrs. Marling's

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accounts, settling with his employees, and carefully packing his piano, which Mrs. Mearns wished me to take to Libreville. I had a very trying and dangerous return journey, made difficult by heavy rain-storms.

Anyoutine had left her uncle Lason's home, and had built a temporary bamboo house near it. She wished to build something more permanent. On the 14th, she came to me to help her plan the house, and make out the order to England. I did so. The plan was for a small neat frame building on masonry pillars; a story and a half high; with a sitting room, dining room, and pantry on the first floor; and two bed rooms, and a storage-room in the attic. My friend Mr. Holt, who had entertained her in Liverpool, in 1891, took an interest in carefully filling out the order. She had saved \$1500. from her laundering for the steam-ships. I added to the bill \$300., as a gift from myself, in order that the little cottage might be ornamented by a veranda, and covered by a galvanised-iron roof. It was not a great deal to give for the debt I still feel I have never repaid her for her rare help in my year of utmost need in 1891. (But, ten years later,

my generosity was held up against me, as one of my "sins".) On Friday 27th, the "May Nassau" arrived from Angora, with Mrs. Mailing and babe. And, on the 28th, we boarded the English steamer "Niger", under its excellent captain, Fred. Davis, for Batanga, for Annual Meetings. On the vessel was a Mrs. Russell and her babe, wife of an Advent Baptist missionary in the Kongo, on her way to Ancivera.

Reached Batanga, in evening of Tuesday December 1st. The mission-boat came, to take Mrs. Mailing to the Station. I went ashore in a trader's boat, to my sister at her cottage in Bongoheli. At the Station, a third dwelling-house, "Prospect", had been built, (originally intended for a Girls' Boarding School.). The next day, I made visits at the Station, meeting Rev. and Mrs. Schnatz; and Dr. and Mrs. Cox. Dr. Cox became my firm friend. On Sunday 6th, at Rev. W. Schnatz's request, I conducted the morning Service. Mrs. Mailing felt that I had been so kind and helpful to her, that she gave me some confidences, revealing that she had been a cheat on her husband, in his acts against me; acts in which I knew that he had been a tool of others. On organisation of Meetings, Rev. W. Stoups was

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made Moderator of Pruftry; and I, chairman of Mission. In Pruftry, direction was given to regard as grounds for church-discipline (1) neglect of prayer-meetings. (2) the sending of children to R. G. Schools. (3) slandering fellow-christians. Among the native Elders present, was Bokamba, of the Hanje church, who, twenty years previously, as a young man at Bolondo, in a fit of anger, had drawn a knife on my sister.

Mr. Menkel had been regarded as only a Mission employee, and therefore had no vote. The question was brought into Mission; and my sister was appointed a committee to report an answer. She reported favorably; but, a majority voted against it.

On Sat'y 19th, on a German steamer, returned to Libreville, arriving there on Tuesday 22nd.

On the 25th, came the English steamer "Borne", from the north, bringing as a visitor to Angou, Rev. Melvin Fraser, escorting Mr. Maclung; and a new recruit, Rev. S. G. Dunning. He and I became great friends.

I pitied the very limited school privileges of Baka; only an incompetent native teacher in the Bagg School, and nothing being specially done for girls. So, on January 5th, 1897, I engaged Argentywe, in

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Mission employ, to resume the Girls Sewing School, that had been abandoned by Mrs Ogden; that department, to be held for two hours in the afternoon five days of the week. It, at once, became quite popular. (My giving trace that employment was, years after, held up against me.) Three days later, Mrs Ogden, who proposed, for the church, a Junior W. F. M. S., began it, as a Girls Sewing Society.

On Sunday 10th, I began a series of sermons on practical subjects. The first was "Polygamy". On the 14th, Mrs Maclung, with Mr Munkel, on the "Mary Nassau", returned to Angou. On the 17th, my sermon was on "Marriage and its nature". On the 20th, Rev. Mr. Fraser arrived from Angou. I made an interesting visit with Tom at the Botanical Garden. On the 23rd, a steamer came from the north. Passengers visited ashore; among them were a Mr. and Mrs. Carner, from Philadelphia, of the Alliance Mission Society. My sermon on the 24th, was on "Weddings".

The sewing department of the Day School gave gratifying occupation to the little village girls. I put up swings for them to use, at recess.

At midnight of Tuesday 26th, there was a knock at my door; and there stood my friend,

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Mrs Bertrude Pratt, and her daughter Okweno. Mrs Pratt was sobbing and crying, because her daughter Sophie had run away with a white man at the plateau. I counseled with Mrs P's brother, Stafford, and the two grand-mothers, Keya and Wawa. Mrs P., with Okweno and Stafford, went that night to plateau; and, after much difficulty in searching for the Frenchman's house, found it, and demanded her daughter; who, after some parley, was yielded to her, the man was afraid. They returned with her to me at 4. A.M. of the 27th. I had spent a most anxious time, thinking what should be my best course to take, if the Frenchman should refuse to yield Sophie. I prayed with the four. It was a very solemn scene.

On February 3rd, Rev. Mr. Dunning arrived from Angou, for goods; he set to work promptly, for his return journey. In the evening, with Rev. Mr. Fraser, who was awaiting a steamer for return to Batanga, I went to the Gov. Gen.'s Levee, where we met many heads of Departments and the Captain of the French cruiser that was at anchor in the harbor. Returned by 11.30. P.M. Next day Mr. Dunning returned to Angou.

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was a very unsatisfactory Elder. It was good in him to have a village Service in his house. But, on Sunday 14th, he held it at the same house as the church regular afternoon meeting; thus reducing my audience. On

the 16th, I began a Revision of my "Historical Sketch" of the Mission, which I had originally written at the request of the Philadelphia W. F. M. S. They also published the Revision. At irregular intervals, continued my Revision of the Benga Old Testament. The

flower seeds sent me by Miss Alice Ingham of Lawrenceville, N. C., were growing well in the front garden. Mrs Macling made a visit from Angora. While she was still at Baraka, busy packing boxes, Mr Dunning arrived from Angora, and the new Treasurer, Mr. Roberts, from Batanga. On

March 20th, Mrs Macling, with all her baggage, left, on the steamer for England. On board with her was a Mrs Campbell and other African missionaries, on their way from the Kongo. On Sunday afternoon, at the English Service, Mr. Roberts assisted me with a Spiritual Address, and, on the 22nd, he went on to Angora with Mr. Dunning. I began to be afflicted

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with rheumatism and bilious headaches. On Sunday 28th, for the first time in two years, I omitted the afternoon English Service.

On the 29th, a delegation of seven young men, from Fernan Vaz, came to ask me to send an evangelist to their country. Even people who did not care for Christianity, wished for English education and civilization, for use in Trade. I regretted to refuse them. I had no unoccupied evangelist; and, their country belonged to the field of the Paris Society.

An upper-coast Acra man had died at one of the trading-houses. The man carrying the corpse, on their way to the Potter's Field, in passing the church, stopped on its steps, and asked me to baptise the dead! I was amazed that any Protestants should make that request.

On April 2nd, the mail brought an important Mission-letter from the Board, which contained also a special letter to myself, which was very gratifying. ^{on the} ~~the~~ Communion Service, Sunday, April 4th; Rev. Mr. Bates and Treasurer Roberts were present from Angou. Ntyango-nezoma was ordained deacon, and three adults were baptised. More and more I was impressed by the unworthiness

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of the Baraka employees. Excepting those like Igwe and Sonie, who were engaged in simply evangelistic work, I thought them the worst I had had in my entire African life. Oziemo, the assistant teacher, took offense at my holding a dollar from his wages, because of his absence. So, that day, he did not come to school; and, in the afternoon, he set fire to the prairie, so that the sea-breeze might carry the flames toward the house. Then, he sent me a letter saying that he left my employ because of lack of pay. No wonder that I gave extra trust and confidence to Anyontyawa, the only perfectly truthful and honest one!

The annual settlement of my accounts by Treasurer Roberts, with his courtesy and kind consideration, was in markedly agreeable difference from my experiences of the previous year with the former treasurer, the young layman. I read all the columns of my monthly American newspapers with very close attention. One day, some months before, I had read that a certain man, Hartzell, had been elected by the Methodist Church as successor of Bp. W. Taylor; and that he would come out to inspect the

W. Africa diocese in the month of April. On the 15th at noon, I was lying tired on the lounge in the sitting-room. The front door was ajar; a knock attracted my attention; and, I saw a stranger standing there. I arose; saw that he was in clerical costume; a steamer had arrived that morning from the north; this was evidently a passenger; I remembered that April was the month in which the new Bishop was to come. All these thoughts rapidly rushed through my mind, as I advanced to the door, and I said, "Come in! Bp. Hartzell!" He surprised, asked, "How do you know me?" "Well, Bishop, I read the newspapers"; and, I explained to him. He remained to lunch. And, I had several hours of most satisfactory conversation with him on Mission-methods. He agreed with my most cherished beliefs. It was the beginning of an acquaintanceship, which was renewed several times later, at the Battle Creek annual interdenominational Med. Miss. Conference.

For my recreation, I often, during two months, went to Fryer's, to see the work on her cottage. Indeed, it was necessary that the carpenter should be given some

supervision than she knew how to give. In the very next place that I, as architect, had made for that building, every inch of measure needed to be followed more carefully than in the large roughly-made foreign houses. The carpenter was so reckless, that the erection would have been a failure, had I not gone, during the month of May, almost every other day, for an hour or two.

Roman Catholic ceremonies were attractive to even some of our Protestants. They did not believe in them; but, they went to them for curiosity. On Sunday June 6th, there was only a small attendance at church in the morning; the others were absent at the consecration of a R. C. Bishop, at the Plateau. That ceremony made the morning so "holy," that no work was allowed; but, in the afternoon, the Customs officers permitted a German vessel to load mahogany logs! And, on Monday, not a single child was present at School.

I had to be excessively careful lest I should offend Mrs Ogden. On the 16th, came an Igoine missionary, Mr. Richard, from a steamer, waiting for passage up the river. He could speak no English, and I did not at first understand

his request for lodging: and, Mr Ogden being absent in the villages, I had to wait until she came, in order to ask her permission. She assented. But, the delay, before she came, had been trying to both him and me. He left, saying that he would return with his wife. But, they did not come, (I think that he had felt humiliated.)

Rev. Messrs Shiga and Downing, from respectively, Conisco and Angom, came almost every month for supplies from the store-house. If the days of their stay included a Sunday, they were always helpful in the Baraka pulpit; Mr. Downing in the afternoon English Service, and Mr. Shiga in the evening.

On the 22^d, women, on the front path (regarded as a public road) passed, ringing and playing their nyondi weather-doctor's bells. I went to the Chief of Police at the Plateau, and asked what authority I had to drive them off. He acknowledged my right over the premises, and said that he would imprison any who trespassed with their fetish ceremonies.

On the 23^d, Ntyewa-kero came to say that he had an invitation, at a larger wage, to go as a trader for a white man up the Ogowe. I warned him against

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the Rum-sale and Sabbath-desecration, in which he would be inevitably involved. He decided not to go. It was the turning-point in his life. He, later, became a Ministerial candidate, and reached Licence. But, to our sorrow, he died before Ordination.

On July 2^d, I had the pleasure of a visit from my friends, Dr. and Mrs. Cox, of Batanga. I enjoyed their company. The doctor was very helpful during his stay, in holding a daily dispensary service for the natives of the adjacent villages.

On Sunday 4^d, Deacon Somie was ordained as Elder. And, after the Communion Service, the Elements were carried to visit Elder Adande at his house.

On the 13^d and 14^d, with Dr. Cox and Rev. W. Dunning, I attended some parts of the national Fetich day celebrations. And, on the 16^d, began an affair, so intense in my memory of Baraka, that I give its details the prominence of a separate Chapter.

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Chapter XXVII

= An outrage

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The entire story of this outrage extends over nine months; but, I insert it for July 1897. I use the M.S. of the account of it, ^{which} I wrote, in 1878, for the information of my relatives. Re-writing the account twenty years later, the present form ^{of most} of the words should be changed to the past tense :-

On Sabbath afternoon, July 18 1877, our Baptist Protestant Mission Premises were subjected to ecclesiastical outrage by M^r. Mornier, the local curé of the Liberville, Gabon, Roman Catholic parish; the occasion being the burial of the corpse of a certain young native girl.

This outrage appears in two aspects: 1. A question as to possession of the corpse. 2. A question as to our Protestant control of these Mission Premises.

As to question No. 1, the wrong done to certain relatives of the deceased girl, it is not my place to make complaint, though I thoroughly sympathize with them against that wrong.

But it seems to me necessary to show their case in full, in way of explanation of the circumstances that led to the larger outrage against our Mission.

To be very explicit, I will prelude by stating the names and relationships of the parties involved; because, on these relationships depend largely their family rights.

A certain native chief, by name Sonié (alias "John Harrington"), a generation ago, was an educated, brave, truthful, and strenuous and rich man. But he was a polygamist: Most of his wives had children, making a number of sets of half-brothers and half-sisters. His chief-wife was also of a prominent family; and he had two daughters, Anyentyewé (alias "Jane Harrington", the widow Lampty) and Aziza-njivo (alias "Hattie", now

Mrs. Ainsley) were his favorites. An uncle, their mother's brother, is Laseni (alias "Marshall"). They are also his favorite nieces, and have always given precedence in family councils. He married one of his half-sisters, Nywanjima (alias "Alida Booth"). (She had had also ~~a~~ ^{previously} a mulatto daughter, Mary, who was educated in France, by her white father, as a Romanist, and who, on her return to Africa, was married to a Frenchman, and is now the widow Bizet.)

All these, Nywanjima, Nyiza, Alida and Laseni, were educated in our Baraka mission school, were members of our R.C. Church; and, the first two still are. Laseni and his wife Alida had one child, a daughter, Kekeya. They did not live well. Both were ~~separated~~ ^{excommunicated} from church. They separated; Laseni retained possession of Kekeya, and placed her in the R.C. school, partly paying for her education.

Each of them subsequently married, - Alida, to an educated non-Christian man; Laseni to a R.C. woman. Alida was allowed no control over Kekeya; and lost standing in Society, and in her own family. But, a few years ago, when the R.C. Mission demanded that native parents should sign for ^{contracts} Kekeya promising to leave their children in the school for a certain number of years, Alida, in Laseni's absence, assumed to sign for Kekeya. She had no authority to do so; nor was she a fit mother (though she still continued to

attended on church) for she was intemperate. Lasemi is honest and gentlemanly; and was seeking restoration to church. He is heading on to Batanga region.

From the above statement, it is apparent that the nearest and oldest relatives of Kekeya were Protestants. She had been baptised with us in infancy. The R. Co. had a boy want re-baptised her, without any reference to her parents, as an "orphan"; though the father Lasemi, in his visits to her on his occasional returns from Batanga, always proclaimed to them his Protestantism, and paid for his daughter's schooling. His last visit in Libreville was in 1896. He left then, for a three years absence, telling Kekeya that he would on his return remove her from school, for marriage. (The three years, for which the mother had signed, could be ended in Dec. 1897.)

On Friday afternoon July 10 2.30 o'clock, Mrs Ainsley came to me saying that, on the Thursday the 15th, the R. Co. Men had sent for A. to take away Kekeya, who had been sick with them for a week. Hilda had found the child unconscious in speech, with convulsive spasms. She had had her carried on a woman's back to her village; and the child remained in that condition during the 24 hours until Mrs Ainsley came on Friday to ask that Dr Cox of Batanga, who was visiting me, should come and prescribe for her. A Nun had visited the child on Friday; and, alarmed, felt blame should attach to their Mission, assumed

great surprise at Ketya's condition. When advised by the family for allowing the child to be so long unreported, she
had seemed distressed, particularly when a priest, who had
followed her, openly blamed her for not reporting the case to
him. All this was regarded by the family as "just what"

Dr. Cox was out walking. When he returned at 5 P.M.,
I told him. (In the meantime, about 4.00 P.M., Argentynow,
who has charge of the Sewing Department of the
Day School, had also asked me for his services.)

After tea, at 6.30 P.M. of that Friday, we went to
Dr. Cox closely examined all Ketya's symptoms. She had
ceased to be even incoherent: she was speechless. No
more for Louisa. The cause of it will never be known. The
Nuns had said they had given her large quantities of quinine
and purgatives. When brought to the village, on the Monday,
the child seemed to be in terror. The family suspected that
there had been punishment or abuse.

As the mother was draughty, and she herself unable
to control the women element (who were already proposing
to bring in a fetish-doctor), and as she neither claimed, nor
by native custom) had right precedent to her two older
half-sisters (the two Aunt-cousins, Argentynow and Mrs
Sinsley); these two determined to take the patient away; and
the ~~youger~~ ^{elder} half-aunt (the M. M. Madame Biegel) accompanied
them and stayed her house, which was near those of the two

younger
elder mes, and not far from the ... The ...
agreed. With the consent, and with no resistance
from the more distant relatives, the change was made that
evening, Mr. Kinsley (a Sierra Leone carpenter) kindly carrying
the slender form of the 15-year old girl in his arms a good
half mile, for the medicine for the fever, and also for a
certain disorder of action of the heart.

On Saturday A.M. July 17, about 8 o'clock, Dr. Cox visited the
patient, and found all symptoms worse, and told her family
that he did not expect her to recover. About 9 A.M. a
Nen, with medicine and Holy water, came to the house. But,
though the woman, Ma de Bizel, was a N.C., she recognized the
activity of her ~~other~~ ~~other~~ Protestant half sisters, and did not
resist Argentynne's refusal to allow the Holy water to come into
the house. She latter however allowed the Nen to enter, see
Kebeja and administer some spirits of nitre. During which
the Nen surreptitiously applied the ... The Nen latter
but was followed later by a priest, who, while the two ^{other} ~~elder~~
sisters were away at their own home, administered the N.C.
office for the dying.

In the afternoon of that Saturday, I was at Argentynne's
house. She was already weeping, in expectation of the death;
and, while I was sitting there at 3.45 P.M., came a messenger
from Ma de Bizel to her, calling her to come and make
general arrangements, Kebeja having died at 2.00 P.M.

Argentyuwi, on arriving at Mad^r Bizet's, asked Alida where she preferred the burial to be. She replied, "at home", of course, the two Agents in authority had no other wish; and the R.P. Mad^r Bizet did not object (but, it afterwards appearing, that she had already sent information to the V. L. priest.)

Argentyuwi then notified no. The person in charge of Baraka House is always thus promptly notified, in order that he may consent to a refusal burial, the so & sometimes excuse. I consulted (1) on the ground of the child's baptism. (2) the express wish of the three leading members of the family present. (3) the known preference of the father. (4) my personal friendship for that gentleman.

Relations always come to see the site selected, and measure the grave, and themselves provide for the materials and making of the coffin. In my friendship for Sasoni and the family, I furnished the materials, gave the service of my carpenter, and aided with Mission workers in having the grave dug.

At 5 P.M., Argentyuwi came and selected materials; and, according to French Law, sent notice of the death to the Chief of Police, M^rs Magniez, at the Station House, (distance, distant one mile and a half. (The V. L. Mission is also near these Public Buildings.)

On Sabbath morning, July 18, Argentyuwi, accompanied by his female and three male cousins and other distant relations came and selected a site; and these three young

men, aided by three of my Station employees, began to dig the grave. She had previously sent several young female cousins to the Chief of Police, for the permit to bury. He issued it without objection, simply asking where the interment was to be. Those young people told him, "at Kanaka". They thought the Permit to M. de Bizet (who by that time had had his H. C. preferences aroused by competition with the other more distant relatives who were almost all H. C.) She ~~was~~ and speaks French fluently. Looking at the Permit, she dissembled, and said, "It doesn't mention any particular place." Injantiyuni took and read it; and, though she is not a French scholar, she will swear she saw the words, "Kanaka Mission". Just then came a messenger from the Chief, demanding the return of the Permit. (A most unusual proceeding.) She refused to deliver it to the messenger; but, retaining it in her possession, went to the Station accompanied by Mrs. Anistey and the young people to whom the Permit had been originally issued. At the Chief's office were awaiting, besides himself, M. de Dolisic, younger brother of and secretary to Lieut. Governor Dolisic, and priest Normier. The latter had claimed the body for burial. The Chief had assented to his claim. Anjantiyuni gave up the Permit. But she and Mrs. Anistey, so firmly, clearly, and persistently insisted on their claim, that the priest yielded point after point, and M. de Dolisic, M. de Dolisic,

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notwithstanding their R.C. prejudices, decided in her favor, and so announced publicly to her and to the priest in presence of them both. He particularly asked her whether the burial was to be at Navata within the town, or outside. She distinctly told him that the grave was already dug within the town. He seemed satisfied, and said promptly, "D. that finishes it." But, in his duplicity, the Chief sought a loophole by which to allow the priest to gain his object. She asked them for the return of the required Permit. He said he would write another, and would send it to care of the native Justice living at Glass (the English name for the Navata end of Littraville.) It is required by law that a policeman shall attend at every burial, to see that the grave is sufficiently deep. The priest also seemed to have yielded; for, he asked her consent to attend the burial, saying he would like to show his sympathy for the child. She and Mrs. Amaly came on to the tribunal, about 11.30, to tell me all this, checked their sanguine feeling, and told them I suspected there would be difficulty; that I doubted both the Chief and the priest, particularly as the Permit had not yet actually arrived. At 1. P.M., the young man had finished the grave, and came asking at what hour the interment would be. I told them it would be in connection with our usual Sabbath afternoon 3.30 o'clock English Service, at 4. P.M., unless the priest made some difficulty. It was an unfortunate

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I did not then know that two of those young men were R.C. But, up to that time, I still believed that these R.C. expected to allow the services to be performed by us at the grave they had dug (though subsequently I was told that they had said that the priest would not allow it). Gaiacoon people enjoy excitements, and notoriously distort reports. These young men said nothing to me; went away; and reported that I had said, "there would be a big quarrel with the priest."

They found material only. Made Bizet had gathered the strength of numbers, and had played into the hands of the priest, encouraging him (whatever may have been his intention, in the morning) to come on my grounds and assume control of the whole Services.

I told Dr. Cox, and Rev. S. G. Dunning (who happened to be down on a visit from Angora), that I expected difficulty, and that I would resist even to the extent of use of force; that I did not wish to involve them in possible prosecution, and would alone assume all responsibility before the French Government and our Mission Board. But both gentlemen heartily endorsed my position, and voluntarily said they would support me.

First bell for church rings at 2. P. M. At 3.40 P. M. the Rev. ~~Dr. Cox~~ ^{Dr. Cox} with three other male students appeared hurriedly in my back yard, saying that Rev. P. ~~...~~, with two Nuns, a R. C. choir of boys, and some thirty native R. C. and heathen female adherents, had appeared in force at Made Bizet's at 2. P. M.; had arranged

their order of procession, but possession of the coffin, and were
 sitting on the palanquin with the permit, which had been
 issued for 2 P.M. (but which they had not yet received), and that
 the procession was even then on its way to take possession of
 the grave, the priest being overheard to say that "Dr. Bassani is
 alone, and can do nothing". (One of my female attendants, an
 Anasako, the self-proclaimed "Christian", had been brave enough
 to say, "Dr. Bassani will not be alone", what she meant, I do
 not know exactly; whether "alone" of human or divine aid.)

These five women had hastened over the fence and
 through a trap a short-cut to get in advance of the
 procession coming around the road. I looked down one Mission
 path; saw the procession, hastily called Bro. Dunning and Dr. Day,
 ordered my watchman Ovinga (not a Christian) to immediately
 lock the large wooden gate by the church (which he would have
 done a few minutes later anyhow, as he always does, and
 locks it as soon as he rings the second bell at 3.30 P.M.). The
 only remaining entrances to my yard and to the grave would
 be through the small iron gate fronting our dwelling house, or
 through the church doors. All this took me five minutes.

I hastened, at 3.25 P.M., into the church through the
 side door; told Deacon Ongani and the other people there to stand
 by and be witnesses of what I said and did; locked one of the
 front doors; Dr. Cox stood, barring the threshold of the other
 front door; Mr. Dunning stepped with me (standing behind me)

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coffin away with her umbrella. The priest plucked
 from his bosom the Permit, and held it up for me to see.
 (He had no right to it.) He had received it from the police on
 the way. The police should have taken it to the Family,
 and the Family representative was to hand it to me. That
 is the usual way, I do not know whether the priests had
 intended to deliver the Permit to me. The younger one looked
 frightened. I took it from the priest's hand; he did not resist.

I instantly saw I had that priest at a fault, and
 determined there should be a law suit. The Permit read dis-
 tinctly in French, "to be buried at the Nation's cemetery (so called
 Naata). He surely must have known that that cemetery
 the whole Hill, not simply our Mission Premises, is called
 "Naata". The Government call their Target ground, which is
 behind our Premises, "Champ de Tir de Naata". The
 cemetery, a Pottas' field, is near that Target Ground. Yet the
 priest, knowing all that, was intending to enter our Mission
 Naata, with his ceremonies, and bury the child in a place
 for which he had not proper Permit! I myself, even if there
 had been no Pottas' dignity, could not have buried
 the corpse in the grave made for it, or that Permit.

I instantly saw my opportunity, and thrust the Permit into my
 pocket. The priest asked for it. I refused.

The crowd had become more restless; the bearers angry. But
 the priests evidently had ^{still an} intention to enter; for, they were

one heard asking "was there no back entrance?" It was probably in reply to this that the voices were heard saying they "could rather carry it back, to the Plateau". The priest immediately ordered his procession to turn around. As they did so, George Weirani seized one of the handles of the coffin, trying to detain it. But he was pushed him aside.

The few members who attend my English Service, and who had stood still, now turned to enter the church.

After going a few yards, the priest sent back the policeman to demand of me the Permit; he demanded it five successive times, and each time I repeated my refusal more firmly, both in French and English. My fifth refusal was an angry one. He did not attempt to seize my coat or arrest me. He turned away angrily saying, "You think me a fool, because I am a black man?" (I had no thought of nor intimated any such thing. I will submit to a negro authority quite as well as to a white. But I would not have given that paper even to a white.) When the policeman left, I supposed he was going to call some other authority. I expected arrest, and told Bro.

Severing, as we entered the church (I had directed the service hall to be rung) that I would not resist arrest, and that if I had to leave during Service, he (W. D.) should carry it.

All of my church members withdrew, except the two youths, who, indignant at the outrage on our Church, and on the promises, the capture of the French niece's body, and the

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theft of my coffin, followed me to gate, trying, in a desperate
 hope, to seize the coffin. I went on with the Services
 seeing that the case was hopeless, Mrs. Ainsley turned back and
 came to church, but Angelynn's went on to resist ^{to} the end.
 When that procession was emerging from the stone gate way the
 conspicuously marks our boundary with six inch long letters
 "Mission, Protestants, American", her indignation (as
 she told me next day) could no longer restrain itself at the
 jeers of the R.C. native women. She seized one of them, and
 flung her to the ground with such force the woman was injured
 and subdued. And the other twenty R.C. women, no
 police nor priest interfered with her. I commended her act.
 I think it right sometimes to fight. Had there been ten or
 more Protestant male relatives to stand by Mrs. Ainsley
 I might have carried the day. I had not myself returned
 to the possession of the corpse. I thought that was a question
 to be settled by the Family. These members of R.C. and
 heathen, ^{distant} relatives carried against the few Protestant rightful
 relatives. And, fortunately, it so happened that all
 were ready to back the priest. Madame Bizet is a
 woman; probably she was earning by her zeal, and
 went against next Confession day.

I went through my usual hour's Service, closing at 4.45 P.M.
 Then I started to enter complaint for Trespass
 Not knowing whether I might be walking into

arrest, I hid the coffin. I also, not knowing what had become of our enemies, asked some Spaniards and boy to keep a look out lest they return. Mrs. Anstey, and her male church members accompanied me. I met Sr. Argenteque, carrying with her long hasty walk.

The story was that the procession, after clearing our premises, had halted in a way, one of the priests taking guard over the coffin, while the others had gone on. The zealous bearers to the Chief of Police with the falsehood that I had refused to confer burial and to ask a new permit. Those Spaniards went and reached Argenteque the almost two miles to the Plateau; the Chief of Police refused to have anything more to do with the matter and bade them go to the Chief of Police; they had reached to him, and had found him prepared by what his brother had told him of the morning's proceedings. And that at what he considered only an ecclesiastical quarrel over a poor dead body, had said, "If you or somebody else will buy it anywhere myself." (As he was a R. Co., his burial was to be in the R. Co. cemetery.) That was enough for the messengers. They raced back to where the priest was awaiting them. And Sr. Argenteque was alone and too late to be shown before the Governor. And the corpse was buried in the R. Co. cemetery.

On the way to the Plateau, and to the Chief of Police, in his

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office. He protested that he had not given a permit for burial at Baraka Mission; asked me had I not observed his parenthesis ("no-caveat") . I told him I had observed that, and yet that the priest had attempted to bury on the real Baraka ground. He desired any further authority; said I must go to the Governor. I told him I would do so at another time, too late for that evening. Starting to return, I met

and a box, coming to me for any possible need I might have of aid; and I had their company on my way back. As our return was late for the

night church-service which is usually conducted by the elders, I left the two gentlemen on the way, and turned aside at the Greenland Trading House. I told the

(a Protestant)
Agent, Mr. Gebauer, the whole story in full detail. He knew all the parties, and understood all the aspects of the case. He consented to act as interpreter for me with the

On Monday, July 19th, A.M. at 7.45,
I was at Mr. Gebauer's door, and he drove me in his carriage to Lieutenant Governor Stolinski's, who received us apparently warmly, and who seemed to have expected me. (Mr. Gebauer had been there on Sabbath evening, and had not been cordially received, the Governor not wishing to hear of difficulty between the two missions.) I made complaint of trespass on Priests Property. He would do

pleased to converse with me on the Natural Sciences & other topics, about which he said he knew something; but that he did not know Law; I should have to go to the Judge for that. But, that his private opinion was that French Law on Cemeteries was against me: that no "private" cemetery was allowed; that any body could bury in any cemetery; that I might bury, if I wished, in the St. ... He had in his hand a Law-book, with pages he had evidently marked for the occasion.) I was amazed, and said, "you know perfectly well that if I attempt that, I will be hindered." "But by the Government," he replied. "But, an officer of your Government, the Chief of Police, did betray me yesterday." "I was ashamed to have such a chief, and would soon dismiss him (for his offences) and the Judge also." "So shall I then take my case?" "Take it to this French Judge, enter your case; he will be gone in two or three days; and I will appoint some one ad interim till his successor can come from France."

Mr. Gebauer went to the Judge's room door. He was not so far from his previous night's "drunk." Mr. Gebauer is quite intimate with the Attorney Public, Mous Jaech; and, meeting him in the evening of the ... told him of the affair. Mr. Gebauer told me Mr. Jaech expressed his sympathy for me, and his opinion that the Government was mistaken in his view as to the law on Cemeteries.

As we were going down the boat house steps, the Chief of Police
 saw us, and called us into his office, and asked how the
 affair was going on. I told him that we had discovered
 further authority in the law, and had sent me to the
 I had gone there; and the Governor had just referred me to
 Judge; and I was waiting till a Judge should be appointed.

He asked, "Have you the Permit with you?" "Yes", and
 I drew it from my pocket. He said he wanted to see
 in the case; that he had required that Permit, but
 after the trial. (They have not so required.)
 I put the Permit into my pocket, saying that I also
 wanted it in evidence. To Mr. Galvan I said in
 that I would refuse to give it up. He suggested that
 I yield it to an officer of the court, or to him. To this,
 I assented. But the Chief was vexed; and though Professor
 to Mr. Galvan, took no notice of me, as I left.

He returned to Mr. Ineck, told him the
 circumstances, and I gave him the paper, across which he
 wrote, "for identification". He put it in his pocket.
 (The Chief had probably destroyed his original
 Permit, when he "Kanakas" mission, he wanted to
 evidence of his duplicity, and perhaps with another
 priest, and thus to justify himself on the records.)

Some ten days later, about Aug. 1,
 Governor Loring appointed Mr. Ineck a Judge ad. interim,

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Complaint for Trespass, against M. Monnier

- 1st Passing, with his attendants, over the well-defended private Premises of the American Mission, not as a visitor, but in his capacity as Parish Priest.
- 2^d Bringing onto the American Protestant Premises the official Ceremonies of his Catholic Religion.
- 3^d Disturbing, with an attempt of an antagonistic Service, the peace and order of the usual Service of the Protestant Church.
- 4th Attempting to take possession of a portion of the American Mission ground, as a grave for one of his school-children.
- 5th The Doing of this, without ^{official} Permission, for the above-named Mission grounds.
- 6th All the above-described occurring on the afternoon of Sabbath, July 10th 1877, between hours of 3. P. M. and 4. P. M.

Receipt

Superior Court

F.
H. P.
the judgment against

(2)
... ..

(1)
... ..

(2)
... ..

Accepted

U. S.

Noting
of charges
against
Priest Monnier.
Lilburne
Koborn

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and immediately sent him south to adjudicate some matters.

About Sept. 5, Judge Mack returned, and I immediately
 [Insert page 114 1/2]

asked my complaint to him. Later on, having nothing in
 reply, I became anxious; but Mr. Gabaner told me that Judge Mack
 was just then over-run with work, and that I would not be informed
 until the Judge had first studied the priest.

About Oct. 1, becoming again anxious, I made inquiry with Mr.
 Gabaner. He said he had to know that my complaint had been
 received by Mr. Mack, who was a delicate matter, Judge Mack
 leave it to be settled by the new Judge soon expected
 to arrive at Louisville. But, later on, Mack himself

was appointed President of the Court, and took up his residence in
 Louisville the new year 1898.

Had there been a long delay of my own, I could get all the papers in the
 case properly translated into French.

Finally, in 1898, the Prosecuting Attorney announced having
 ready to prosecute the case; but he advised me to withdraw the
 assigning, among other reasons of policy, that the controversy between the
 two Religious Orders was a delicate matter for the Government to
 handle. These reasons influenced me less than the fact of my
 not being able to obtain any information on whose sympathy I could
 depend; and my belief that, in his utter dishonesty as to truth, the
 priest would never admit any proofs however strong I should bring
 him.

In April 1898, I then regretfully dropped the prosecution,
 the priest also having written a letter of apology.

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Chapter XXVIII

At Barāka, continued.

July 1897 - December 1898

When time for re-roofing came, it was safe to have the old thatch torn off, in the dry season; as, then there was no probability of rain or even mist. I spent five busy days in superintending an extra band of men at removing the old and placing new thatch on the Baraka house. If well-done, the work will last for five years. My inspection so tied me from all other work, that the school-children had to go without their weekly gift of coco-nuts from the trees on the premises.

On the 24th of July, a British man-of-war entered the harbor, and fired a salute for the French Governor. The natives had seen me going with W. Gebauer, the German Consul, to the Chateau, in the matter of my complaint against the R. C. priest. So, they spread a report that England was come to sustain Germany in my cause against the French! A good illustration of the absurdity of most native reports about white men.

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Dr. and Mrs Cox had gone to visit Mr Denning at Angoum. And, King Adoude had invited me to repeat my excursion of 1896, to his fishing-camp. I did so, on July 28, accompanied, as in that year, by Angentygwe and her daughter, and Mrs Lewis and her family in another boat. I was annoyed that the R. L. woman, Mad^e Bizet, was allowed to join the Lewis boat. At night, in an adjoining camp, was a woman powerer, in her incantations imitating the cry of the dreaded owl. The catching of fish, telling of folk-lore stories, and other entertainments of the previous year were repeated. I had with me a copy of Miss Kingsley's "Travels in West Africa", and I read from it to those who knew English. And returned to Baraka on the 31st.

On August 1st, came a mail, with promise of recruits for Angoum and Batanga; and permit for me to take a furlough in 1898.

My friends, Dr. and Mrs Cox, returned to Batanga on the 3rd. The fires on the adjacent prairie were a frequent cause of anxiety during the two dry seasons. Sometimes, they were the result of carelessness; sometimes,

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on purpose, for revenge. During the afternoon of the 17th, I discovered one; and, after some effort, thought that it was extinguished. But, at 11. P.M., I was awakened by the crackling of flames. Dressing hastily, I called the watchman, and went out to work, fearing that the fire would reach Elder Adande's house.

On the 31st, Angentyguwi's little cottage was completed; and, she invited me to be present at her first meal in the new quarters. The house was a comfort. But, it had an incidental disadvantage. It was so pretty, and stood so prominently on the ridge, back of the Boulevard, that people assumed that the occupant of such a handsome house must be rich. She had a contract for the laundering of the trading-house of H. & C. But, the Agent, thinking her so well-off, took it from her, and gave it to Mrs. Lewis.

On September 13th, I dismissed Azogue, the assistant teacher, for allowing two of the larger pupils to take possession of the School exercises, at the preceding Sat. y noon, in reciting a R. G. prayer. The priests were very active in drawing away our pupils, having started a school in one of the villages near

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Baraka. On Sunday 19th, a French steamer came in from the north, bringing a new missionary, a Mr. Favre, a cousin of Mr. Gacon, on his way to the Ogowe, to take charge of the saw-mill, which Mr. Gacon and I had built at Talageza. He came ashore, to obtain milk for his wife.

On the 23rd, the women's weekly village prayer-meeting, which had been neglected for some time, was started anew, with a large gathering at Angentywe's new home.

In illustration of the slowness and unfaithfulness of some of the Libreville employees, the last day of Sept. marked four months of dilatory work of a carpenter, in repair of the "Minnesota", one of the Baraka boats.

There was a pleasant incident on October 7th. The day had been rainy at intervals. As the Sewing School was dispersing, I was giving coverings to the children, to protect them. Then, I playfully withheld a garment from one ~~girl~~ of the little girls, and pretended to run away with it. She pursued me, and readily over-took me; but, in her respect for me, she did not seize it nor touch me. She stood, and plead, "Mi Kot sa!" (Let me catch you).

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While I was struck with my own employees, I was very careful to give no orders, nor in any way to rebuke Mr. Ogden's servants. On the 13th, she reported to me that two of them had been taking coco-nuts from the trees on the premises, and inquired whether I had given them permission. I had not; and, on my asking one of them, he promptly said that my employe, Iuke, had given them permission. The next day, I investigated Iuke; he asserted that not only had he not told them to pluck the nuts, but that he was not "with them" (though passing by on his way) nor had shared in the theft. The two young men then being called admitted that they had stolen and lied. I dropped the affair. But, in the afternoon, Mrs. Ogden asked me the result. I informed her; and added that I should do nothing about it. On the following day, the young men were absent; and, to my surprise, she told me that she had dismissed them. And, then she burst into tears, because she had sent them away before having obtained others in their place. The confusion distressed me very much, considering that I had tried to save her from it. Two days later, she took them

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again into her employ. On Monday 18th, early in morning, came a note from Rev. Mr. Myongo, saying that he was in the Plateau prison, on a charge of theft! I had heard of his arrest at Bata, two weeks before; stolen goods of a brother-in-law having, unbeknown to him, been secreted in his house. I went at once to Gov. Solisic, who inquired of Judge Saack and Chief of Police Magniez; and, they gave Mr. Myongo parole in my care, I giving my word of honor as to his innocence. It was impossible for me to doubt his honesty; nine days later, he was declared innocent.

In the frequency of Law's delays, my suit against the R. Co. priest was progressing very slowly. On the 27th, in company with Mr. Gebauer (who was interpreting for me) I went to Judge Saack, who gave me a copy of the Reply which the priest had written to my complaint; and, I was told to write an Answer, in detail, as a rejoinder.

While Mr. Buroning was on one of his monthly business visits at Baraka, a steamer came in from the north on Sunday 31st. And, on Monday, November 1st, there landed two new recruits, Dr. and Mrs. Friend; and the young

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layman, returned from his furlough, Rev. Mr. Ibiya also came on his monthly errands. At the Wed'y evening prayer-meeting, a Service of Welcome was held for Dr. and Mrs. Friend. And, on the 4th, they went with Mr. Dunning to Angora.

The arrival of the young layman, while it added very little to my companionship, was a relief, in that, by his resuming the treasurership, a very unjust burden was taken from me.

On the 6th, a steamer from the south brought, as the day's visitor, Rev. Mr. Bentley, an English Baptist missionary from the Kongo.

A new Commissioner Gen'l, M. de Larnothe, arrived on the 18th; and, I attended the Levee of his Reception at the Plateau. And, a long important letter came to me from Miss Kingsley.

On the 27th, in company ^{with} Rev. Mr. Dunning, Dr. and Mrs. Friend, Mrs. Ogden, Elder Sonie, and the young layman, I went by steamer to Batanga, for the Annual Meetings, arriving there on Sunday 28th. The others were landed at the Station; but, I, of course, went to my sister's "Evangeline" cottage.

On Wed'y December 1st, I went to the Station, to the preliminary Devotional exercises, where I met Dr. and Mrs. Johnson

and their little Mary, a new recruit, Rev. Mr. Knauer, and Mrs Gault and Harry returned from furlough. The harmony of the Services was marred by ^{remarks of} the young layman, in which he renewed his former insinuations against me. On Sunday 5th, at request of Rev. Mr. Gault, who was again in charge of the church, I occupied the pulpit. At the Mission-meeting of the 8th, the actions were so inharmonious that I declined further to attend; and, I wrote to Secy Gillespie about it. (Later, I received from him a very comforting reply.) And, Mr. Dunning, who was ^{about} resigning from the Mission, confided to me his entire sympathy in my feelings. Hence, I devoted myself to my stated labors in the Presbytery sessions; where, on the 11th, evangelist Edema was licensed, and placed in charge of the Kribi church. At noon of the 15th, my sister, in conjunction with Mrs Gault, made a Feast for all the 20 members, white and native, of the Presbytery. My friend, S. Boy, gave me his dog "Jan". Which, however, I could not retain at Baraka; so, on arrival there, I gave it to Argentynus, to whom it became very useful in the destruction of rats. Left Batanga

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on the 22^d, with Rev. Mr. Deering, Dr. and his Friends,
and Elder Souie; and, was again at Baraboo
on the 24^d. And, I resumed my Benga re-
visions. A mail came on the 26^d;
among its other good things was a photo
of my May. On Monday 27^d, the delayed
Christmas recognition was celebrated with
the giving of tags to the girls of the Sewing
School. When I showed the photo to Ange-
ntyne, she broke into tears, in memory of
the little girl to whom she had given such
devoted care. The man Ainsley
was not a christian, and he still clung to
some superstitions, going so far as to place
on his wife's bed a charm. In my great
friendship for her, I could not believe that
she had any trust in fetishes. But, I sum-
moned her before Session. She was displeas'd,
and said that she had not plac'd the charm;
but, I blamed her for allowing it. Two of the
Elders did not fully sustain me, and Ainsley
was very angry. He said: "I put that there to
protect my wife; and you call it treathous.
And, yet, you, in your Civilization in America,
put an iron-rod on your houses to protect
them from lightning." I reminded him of the

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difference in the two acts; viz, that my lightning-rod recognised God in Nature, but that his fetish-charm recognised only an evil spirit independent of God. As my Rejoinder to the priest's Reply to my Complaint had to be put into French before I could carry on my suit against him, I had another delay for the Law. I had found no one who knew French sufficiently well to do the translating. Finally, Mr. Gebauer had offered. But, at last, on January 6th, 1898, he handed the M.S. back to me, saying that he could not complete it. With all his friendship for me, I think that he feared that his Trade-interests might be injured by a possible conflict with the Government.

On the 8th, on invitation from the Governor, I attended the Dedication of the new Hospital buildings, the Doctor's House, the Dispensary, Hospital, and R. C. Nuns Cottage.

When the young layman had returned from his furlough in 1897, at the table, he had told as a funny joke, what two of his fellow-travelers, Frenchmen, had said about what they called my "quarrel" with the priest. He did not express any sympathy for me in that difficulty, nor join in any

condemnation of the priest's act, or offer to give me any assistance. So, though he had knowledge of French, I had not asked his aid. I did not think that it would be efficient, if he was unsympathetic in that affair. So, in my helplessness, I went to Angou, on the 3^d of February, in order to utilize two young men, former assistants of Mr. Mackig, both of whom had some smattering of French. With a very poor translation, I returned on the 10th, in company with Dr. Friend.

The journey was made very trying by storms of rain, and the strange disobedience of one of the crew, Iwete, who had been one of the best of my Baraka employees. I dismissed him.

Mrs. Friend's health had been so poor, from the very first, that it became necessary for her to return to America; and Mr. Ogden was to escort her, as far as Liverpool. As, however, the case became serious, Dr. Friend also decided to go. A Farewell Service was held on Sunday evening the 20th. And, the three missionaries departed on the steamer, on the 21st.

The color-line appeared again. When Rev. Mr. Shige came from Coosco, on his monthly visit for supplies, I wished to

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lodge him in the Baraka house. Mrs Ogden, as in charge of the house, had objected; and, he had been placed in one of the out-houses. The young layman, in his loyalty to Mrs Ogden, called me to account for differing from her.

On the 25th, Mr. Prasad came from Benita, on a two-weeks visit to Barakee and Angou. He kindly offered to translate my Rejoinder; which he did very efficiently. And, I was thus able to take another step in my suit against the R. C. priest.

On the 6th of March, another passenger-visitor for the day, was Dr. Lynch, of the Am. Bap. Missy Union, from the Kougo, on his way to the U.S. And, on the 16th, came Mr. White, a Methodist missionary from the Kougo.

The 16th, was a sad day. Angentyewe's daughter, Iga, had reached attractive young womanhood, and there was the possibility of her yielding to the temptations of wealth that white foreigners offered to so many of our School girls. I had hoped that her mother's careful training of her had been a sufficient guard. But, on the evening of that 16th, after prayer-meeting, Angentyewe came to inform me that her child had suddenly told her that she was going to leave, on a steamer next

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day, to live with a young Englishman at Kamerun, who had sought her acquaintance, on a visit he had made to Libreville, a month before. Of that acquaintance, the child had not informed her mother. I went with the weeping woman to her house; Iga had already left; but, was found in an adjacent village, and came to me. I talked with her for more than an hour, plead, begged, and prayed with her. But, she would not promise not to go. A very heavy rain-storm came, and I remained to the family supper; and then held family-prayers. Again, I plead with her, but in vain. She was quiet and respectful, but decided. I returned partly at 11.30. P.M. The next day, at 7. A.M., I received word that she had ~~gone~~ left her home, and had boarded the steamer. My only blame for the mother was that she had not used force to prevent her child going; and that she had not followed her to the steamer to protest; in order that the public might know (what I have never doubted) that she had not consented to her daughter's act. That young woman was not a Christian. For her, I will say, that, in her elopement, there was not the low attitude of a

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shameless harlot. She had always been modest and virtuous. The young man, to whom she went, gave her every consideration and kindness; they were faithful to each other. He wrote of her to his parents in England, as his "wife"; and, they recognised her, by sending her presents addressed to "Mrs. —." (Some years later, when he had to go sick to England, where he died, he carefully sent her to her mother, on first-class passage by steamer to Gaboon. The vessel was barely out of sight of Kamerun, when the white captain dared ^{to go} to her room, and told her that he would pass the night with her. Frightened, she locked the door against him. Then, he bade the stewards to give her no food. She remained a prisoner, during the three days to Gaboon, and would have been hungry had not the stewards disobeyed him; they secretly took food to her. In the Libreville harbor, she emerged on to the deck with her baggage, to go ashore; but, he ordered his officers not to allow her to enter any boat, of either the ship or of visitors from shore. He told her that he would take her on board with the vessel until she should yield to his demands. She sat weeping on deck. People from Libreville saw her, and reported the case to

her mother, who hastily came for her. When the mother reached the deck, that false captain changed his attitude, and pretended to find fault with her for not coming sooner, and blaming her for her daughter's tears! She answered, telling him what she knew, and what she thought of him. He never forgave her. And, in Dec. 1904, a year after her death, pretending to be a friend of mine, he berated her, to a representative of the Board, as an unworthy companion!)

On the 18th, Dr. A. L. Bennett arrived, transferred from Bataunga to Angoum, to be associated with Mr. Sennings. But, the latter was passing through a painful mental and spiritual contest, as to his duty whether to remain in the Mission or return to America.

A native friend, Mrs. Gertrude Pratt, had arrived from her husband's trading-place at Bata, and was about to build a house in Libreville, for herself and children. I assisted her, as I had assisted Argentyne, not by aid of money, but by engaging building material and workmen, and also by superintending the erection of the house.

On the 26th, I had an invitation to attend the funeral of a French R. C. official. But, I did not

go: I did not wish to be present at a ceremony led by my antagonist, the R.C. priest; nor, could I reverence the memory of a man, who, while living, had misled young Mary Emony; and, when she had left him, he tried to seduce Angentyew's daughter Iga. At the next Communion Preparatory Service, I took as my subject, a warning to young women against white seducers.

At the Monday prayer-meeting, April 4th, I proposed to the young men that they should start a Village prayer-meeting at Anwondo, three miles down the estuary. To my surprise, deacon Ongânu objected to it, Elder Sonie rebuked him.

On the 5th, came a notification from a Government official, that he wished to consult with me about my complaint against the R.C. priest.

At the Wed's evening prayer-meeting of the 6th, I read to the members, the receipt and thanks of Board-treasurer, W. Hand, and Gen'l Assembly Stated Clerk, Rev. Dr. Roberts, for the annual contribution of the Gaboon church to the Board's treasury. Held also a farewell Service for Elder Sonie, going to his evangelistic work at Ouengou.

I went on the 7th, to the Public Prosecutor, M. de Lesquemy

and, he advised, that, though he agreed with me, that the priest was in the wrong, he feared that it could not be ^{so, I dropped the suit} legally proved. Dr. Bennett

came from Angou, ^{on the 17th} for me to extract a tooth; but, on his arrival at Baka, the pain sud-
denly ceased. He remained a few days, and kindly held a dispensary service for the ad-
jacent villagers. ^{x [Insert below]} As Elder Sonie had

usually had charge of the Sunday evening service, in his absence, I took his place, and began a series of addresses on "Trees of the Bible". I began with the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil.

On the 18th, came a gratifying letter from Secy Gillespie, "congratulating" me for my Revision of the Banga Old Testament; yielding to my "protest" against the Mission's attempt to make W. Fesset (a mere teacher) my equal, as a voter in the Mission; and "appreciating" my plea for an ordained minister at Baka.

On May 4th, came visitors from the Ogowe, Rev. and Madame Teissieres and their two little daughters, Yvonne and Madeleine.

^{x [Insert about Dr. Bennett]} On the 16th, Agent Hedson, of H. & C., made quite a formal "breakfast", at 12 o'clock, noon, for Dr. Bennett, the Teissieres family, my young layman associate, and myself. It was a

twelve-course dinner. On the 17th, came a mail, with good news from each of my three children; and, the surprising news of the Senegalese war; and the distressing news of the necessity of furloughs from Batanga, for Rev. W. C. and Mrs Johnson, and Dr. S. F. Johnson ^{and} Mrs Johnson. I ^{had} found the book of the original records of the Gaboon church (in its Congregational days) in a worn state, damaged by African dampness and insects. At intervals of Benga Revision, I carefully copied that M.S. giving my copy to the church, on the 26th; I sent the original volume to the Historical Committee of the Squad of N. J., to be preserved in the Library of Princeton Seminary.

Dr. Bennett was a good surgeon; but, Angoum had no good carpenter. I had the Baraka carpenter make for him an operating table.

On Sunday June 12th, arrived Mr Ogden from Liverpool, accompanied by a new recruit, Miss Duke, Dr. Bennett's fiancee, and a Miss Kern, a new missionary for the Ogowe. Word also came from my niece Miss Seabella Gasman, telling me of the death, on April 2nd, of my sister Hannah, Mrs Edward Wells, of Peekskill, N. Y.

Miss Duke was an excellent musician.

On evening of the 14th, we had a delightful singing of quartettes and solos. For the first time in many years, I sang on my guitar, for others, the "Old Songs". I felt excited; for, I found that notwithstanding all the depressions of those years, I still could sing ballads. On the 15th, on the other side, there was an unpleasant incident. The young layman proposed that there should be two sets of morning and evening prayers: one, the usual native one, (which all missionary visitors had always attended), and a separate one, for only the white members of the household; saying that our two female visitors felt the need of a prayer in their own language. I declined:—for the reasons: (1) I had declined a similar request five years before. (2) I considered it discountenanced for visitors to suggest changes in our Family and Station arrangements. (3) I did not approve of a color-line in a religious meeting. (4) I thought that the new missionaries should accept the conditions of foreign life, and at once join in the native Services, which they would soon have to comply with at their own Stations. I was placed in a very unpleasant situation. For, my refusal would be taken as "objecting to a prayer-meeting"; if I

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agreed, I certainly would not attend both (because of the color-line); and, I would be mis understood, if I stayed away. I explained my reasons to Dr. Bennett. He seemed to be brotherly; he proposed a compromise, viz, that the young layman and I should keep on at our usual Station Services with the natives; and, that himself would hold a "house"-prayer with the two ~~visitors~~ visitors. (except on church-nights) To this I assented. So, I expected them to be present at the evening (Wed.) meeting. But, none of the five came. They held a rival prayer-meeting of their own, ^{in the house} ~~melodeon~~ ^{melodeon} their ~~own~~ music interfering with the church Services. Some very unsatisfactory explanations were made the next day; which, instead of harmonising our relations, only deepened my desire for the months to pass rapidly, in order that I might use, at the close of the year, the Board's permits for me to take my furlough from Baraka. In this entire unpleasant affair I did not blame the two strangers, Miss Debe and Miss Kern.

On Sat'y 18, came Madame Farne, of Jalaguze, from the Ogowe, who with her husband was on their return to Switzerland. They were to visit Baraka for a few days, waiting for their steamer. As the house was

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crowded, I vacated for them my room, and went, for the few days, to the "Lower" (bamboo) house. That house, which the young Swiss teacher, Perrinjaquet, three years before, reviled me for giving it to him as his domicile, as not fit for him, I was to occupy for the sake of two of his countrymen! And, of course, the house was not in as good condition as it had been.

On the 23rd, after the civil ceremony at the Plateau office, the church ceremony for the wedding of Miss Duke and Lt. Bennett was held at Baraka. On the previous evening, I had stripped the garden of its flowers to adorn the church, aided by twenty of the female members. At 11.10. A.M. I went to the church, followed at once by the wedding party, the young layman playing the organ as we came in. I read a portion of Ruth 2.; led in a short prayer; read the Marriage Form, with a ring; and closed with a very short address. The ceremony was over by 11.20. A.M. I emerged with the bride and groom, the organ continuing as we went out. Then, the natives came on to the veranda, to salute. At 11.40. A.M. we sat down to the wedding breakfast prepared by Mrs Ogden. It ended at

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1.30. P.M. The guests scattered, and, at 2. P.M., the Angoum boat started up river, with Dr. and Mrs. Bennett under a shout of good-byes, and the Dr. firing his rifle in salute. There was the reaction of a very quiet home; the excitement had given me a headache. Miss Kern was anxious to get to her work on the Ogowe, I offered to escort her on the "Mary Nassau", as we were told that no steamer would be going soon. We made a start, in the morning of Tuesday 28th. But, the Dry Season South-wind was unmercifully strong, and the crew was an incompetent one; so that by 10. P.M., we had made no farther progress than just outside of the river's mouth. The very rough water, and the hopeless tacking had made me so desperately sea-sick that I was in extreme pain. By the morning of the next day, my sufferings had become so great that we turned back to Baraka. We inquired then for steamer possibilities. On Friday, July 8th, Miss Kern and I boarded the "Bona"; fellow-passengers were Dr. and Mrs. Plehn, of the Kamerun Government. And, by Sunday morning we were landed at Cape Lopez. Ashore, there was no house for public lodging; the trading-houses were small,

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Dr. R. H. Nassau has made so many friends all over the Church during his visits to the United States, that they will follow him in his second letter on another page with special interest. The very minuteness of his personal descriptions is a graphic picture of missionary life—its hardships and its pleasures

The Independent states that it has lately received the offer of an article for publication, the purpose of which is to show that the Bible does not provide any place in heaven for women, but that God has provided for women a heaven separate from man's. Wonder if the article tells which is the better heaven of the two.

By a vote of thirty-one to three the Philadelphia Board of Education has elected Robert Ellis Thompson, S. T. D., President of the Central High School and thus ended an internecine contest that has been injurious to the school. Prof. Thompson will make an efficient president. He is a popular preacher, a cultured scholar, a literary man of the widest and most varied attainments, and a good executive.

The Evangelist was one of the papers that advocated, wrote up, and favorably reported, the Parliament of Religions. But now it says editorially: "Our Parliament of Religions bids fair to be succeeded by a period of seismic disturbances. The authorities of the Celestial Empire gravely assure us that they have executed one man, imprisoned two, banished several, and bastinadoed more, for the murder of the Swedish missionaries, but unfortunately the executed and proscribed were not the men who murdered the missionaries, but the ones who befriended them! The Turk, whose representative preached the brotherhood of man at Chicago, does not practice it in Armenia. And now comes the intelligence that one of the most

applauded speakers from India, declined, on his way home, to visit a dying fellow-countryman on ship-board, because they did not belong to the same caste? It looks as though we should be obliged to set another date for the beginning of the millennium "

Prof. W. H. Green gave on Sabbath the fourth of the series of Princeton lectures, in the Wylie Memorial Church of this city, to a very large audience. The subject was, "The Unity of the Pentateuch." *The Press*, in introducing its report of the lecture, says: "One distinguished orthodox Rabbi of the Hebrew faith in this city has asserted that Prof. Green is the ablest Christian expounder of Hebrew literature in this country."

This issue of our paper is dated on Washington's birthday. Not as much is made of this American anniversary as once was, though it is a legal holiday. But the lessons of that grand life should be kept fresh and reproduced on the minds of successive generations. His farewell address should be read on the birthday anniversary in the home, in schools, in political gatherings. What a paper it is! What sound statesmanship and forecast it exhibits! Amid the multiplication of holidays, let this one lose none of its sanctity and prominence.

Principal Rainy, of the Free Church of Scotland, delivered a lecture at Cambridge in October last on 'Presbyterianism as a Form of Church Life and Work.' In the conclusion, he discussed the recent Episcopal overtures for Reunion, and roundly declared that the acceptance of the historic episcopate on the part of other communions is impossible. It would be to acquiesce in the repudiation of their own character as an authentic branch of Christ's Church, and to cut themselves off from all the Protestant Churches refusing to follow it. The absurdity of the Episcopal position is shown in this quiet but incisive sentence: 'They will not recognize the Church standing of those who recognize them; and they only recognize the Church standing of those, Greeks and Latins, who do not recognize them. Is not that an odd kind of Catholicity?'

Here is a contribution to that question concerning men-and-women-attendance upon churches, about which we had a little to say lately in criticism of the reader of a paper before the Philadelphia Ministerial Association. A writer in the *Church Standard*, Unitarian, expressed the opinion, "that if there were in Washington, D. C., heterodox or liberal churches to go to, they would be crowded by men who decline to go elsewhere." To this a Unitarian or Universalist minister in New York replies, "that, in point of fact, the 'liberal' churches of New York are a little

hundred letters of inquiry are received minus a stamp for return postage, to say nothing of paper and envelopes, and on business wholly personal to the writers, the amount is not inconsiderable.

It is especially aggravating when, besides asking the names of vacant churches and those of the Session, if not to use our personal influence in obtaining for them a hearing as candidates, we are asked for information which renders it necessary to search dusty Presbyterian Records through a period of ten or fifteen years.

Such inquiries are often unnoticed for the simple reason that no postage stamp accompanies them. Let me say then, in behalf of the aforesaid 221 Stated Clerks, and for the special benefit of all whom it may concern, that, if the information desired be worth anything, it certainly should be worth a postage stamp, or a stamped return envelope.

Yours truly, B. N. R.

Correspondence.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN AFRICA.

TALAGUGA, OGOWE RIVER, WEST AFRICA, }
Oct. 20th, 1893. }

I could not feel settled at Gaboon till I had simply looked again on the loved Talaguga home and my wife's grave. I had not even unpacked my trunks, nor arranged my room at the Baraka station there until I should first make this pilgrimage to my Mecca. There came, while waiting for the steamer, my friend, Mr. Gacon, one of my successors at Talaguga, and his lovely wife on their way to Switzerland for his health. They hoped to be able to return in six months. Talaguga was given up by our Mission to the French Protestant Society. When I looked at Madame Gacon listened to her story of effort for work among the Fang women,—knew that she was living in a little odd bamboo house on the hill, in the very room where my wife died, and saw that her spirit was brave and good and devoted, I felt as if my wife's work was being carried on in and through her. And I asked her to accept our little boat as a present. Her name also is Marie. One of my fellow passengers on the steamer was a Mr. Beddoes whom I had known formerly on the Ogowe, trading for Holt & Co., Liverpool merchants. Two of his little steamers were lying at Cape Lopez harbor (Princes Bay), also the "Jennie-Laurie" belonging to a French trader, and two small French gun boats.

October 11th was the 58th anniversary of my birth-day. I did not have any feast. There is little at Cape Lopez on which to feast, at least where there are no ladies to help make it. The Cape is a long, low, sandy, marshy peninsula. The sandy soil will give no gardens. There are only a few natives living there. Fish are abundant, sea turtles are numerous, and on the adjacent prairie and jungly forest there are often antelopes and wild oxen and elephants. But to obtain any of all that meat means mud, and wet, and rain, and hot sun, and an early morning tramp. The savory venison would be obtained at the expense of health, to say nothing of toil, strength and danger. At the Cape were Galora (Ogowe tribe near Kangwe station) employees in the trading houses and on the little steamers, as cooks, table boys, household servants and pilots. Some of them I knew well; all of them knew me.

On the afternoon of Thursday, October 12th, the "Jennie-Laurie" was ready. Mr. Beddoes was a fellow passenger. But in asking for transportation, and also being given entertainment free, we knew there was no room for sleeping conveniences. We were grateful for being allowed to sleep on deck, which, though it was covered by the roof that ran the length of the vessel, was open on all sides. Fortunately there was no rain that night when we anchored at Wooding station! Early on Friday, October 13th, the little steamer was again on its way. Progress that day was slow, for a piece of the machinery broke and hope of reaching my journey's end before the Sabbath began to fail. At the place, Asyuka, where we anchored for

the night, some Frenchmen have planted a very large farm of coffee and cacao. I am glad of the new industry for the natives of the Ogowe. The farm is still young, and has only just begun to produce.

On Saturday, October 14th, our progress was still slower, for another piece of machinery broke. By 10:00 a. m., the captain stopped at Igenja, to buy fire wood and to make repairs. At Igenja is located the 2nd Ogowe Church, and licentiate Yongwe is stationed in charge of it, living in a little house belonging to the Mission. He happened just then to be away preaching in other villages. The welcomes of the people who came off in canoes to sell wood, when they discovered and recognized me, were very gratifying. I was longing for one of the native foods (odika). I asked a young man, who had formerly been in my employ for a short time, whether there was udika ashore which I could buy. Saying nothing, he hastened ashore and soon returned with an odika and a bunch of ripe plantains, and presented them to me from himself and wife, refusing to accept any pay. His gifts represented in this were value \$1.20. Yet foreigners here who abuse and despise Negroes, and who only see their worst side, are accustomed to say that these natives have no gratitude.

Repairs to the engine being completed, the vessel lay at Igenja all the Saturday night, and the rain fell heavily. The deck where Mr. Beddoes and I had lain was flowing with water. When evening came I took him ashore to sleep at the Mission house. It being small, one of the villagers, who was a Christian, took us to his much larger house and gave us each a room and dry bedding. It was just the time for the usual evening prayers held by licentiate Yongwe, and I enjoyed conducting the service. Not many people were present, for, according to custom, many had gone in the afternoon to guard their plantain trees and other vegetables from the depredations of wild beasts. It was a very quiet Sabbath as the little vessel moved on up the river. But for the accident to its machinery I would have been at the Church at Kangwe. As we passed the Third Ogowe Church at Ovimbiano, in the Wombaba region, I saw people who had come from meeting reading books in the streets. I knew that those books were the Inpongwe Bible, for this is almost the only book they have. Late in the afternoon I landed at Mr. Beddoes' house at Inenja. After evening tea he kindly gave me a boat and crew to take me to Kangwe three miles distant, where I wished to attend the evening service. There I was welcomed by Messieurs Teisseres and Bonson and Madame Teisseres and her pretty little babe Yvonne. Many of the former Mission employees and church members also gave me gratifying greeting, and late in the evening I returned to Inenja, to be ready for the journey by the "Jennie-Laurie" on to Talaguga next morning. In the book of African pictures I showed everywhere in America, was one of an old African Chief, dressed in fantastic costume, smoking a very long pipe and receiving some white visitors. His village is at Inenja. They were great heathen, and formerly would not listen to the Gospel. Within the last two years so many there have suddenly begun to try to be Christians that a Bible reader has been located there to daily teach them.

On Monday, October 16th, early, my journey was resumed for the seventy miles to Talaguga. My heart beat faster each mile as I passed well known spots. But there was much to sadden. The pitiable habit of the natives of breaking up their villages,—leaving old places and making new ones, gives a look of desolation to the deserted places and prevents the people from making the improvement in buildings, furniture, comforts, etc., which they would make if they felt that their locations were permanent. Night came when we were only a few miles from Talaguga, and a blinding rain made the captain careful of the way. So he anchored. Early on Wednesday, October 17th, we were on our way, and by 7:30 a. m., turning the well known Point, the loved Talaguga was close at hand. A call to the shore brought off in quick haste two canoes, sent by Mr. Allegret, who stood at the landing

The Society of the Second Church of Altoona has been without a pastor now for nearly a year, but steadily at work, and is one of the most spiritual forces in the church. It is one of the best organizations, it is not hard to see that the young people would either drift away to other fields, or else suffer a spiritual decline. At no time can a Christian Endeavor Society demonstrate better its loyalty to Christ and the Church than during a pastorless period like this. All honor to the young people who stand true to their church while it is without the instruction and guidance of an under shepherd.

Prayer-Meeting Topic.

BY A. W. S.

Feb. 25th.—Giving Our Best to God. Mark 12: 28-33; 41-44. Read also Mal. 1: 6-8.

There are supreme duties, and also supreme privileges; and sometimes these are so closely allied that it is almost, if not quite, impossible to discriminate between them. The Bible, to whose declarations we take no exceptions, declares that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." If this be true, and undoubtedly it is, then our supreme duty becomes our most supreme joy.

The good Father Himself set us an example for giving, which we must always follow, if we would enjoy the blessing which proper giving always imparts.

He gave His best. Read John 3: 6,—you all know it,—say it in concert. "God so loved,"—and the measure of that love was His "only begotten Son." He could give nothing more to demonstrate His affection for dying men. He had given everything when He had given His Son. The fact of the case is that "love gifts" are always "best" gifts. If we really love God we shall give Him our best, just as He loved us and gave us His best. When Jesus came to the earth He followed the example of His Father. He, too, gave His best. You remember what He said: "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." He gave His life for the "sheep" and thus proved that He was the "good shepherd." In considering this subject, we need to observe the spirit in which our gifts must be offered; in order to be reckoned as "best gifts" they must always be "love gifts."

There are those who will receive our gifts and call us very generous, and say nice things about us, without stopping to ask whether or not they are "love gifts." Not so with our Heavenly Father. He looks always at the heart when the hand is outstretched to make an offering to His cause,—and He counts more what is in the heart than what is in the hand. Before we can make an offering to God that shall be accepted, as was that of the poor widow, we must obey the injunction of the Master when He says "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength"—this condition fulfilled, then we are prepared to offer "best gifts." The blessed truth connected with this is that if we do thus love God, we may be as poor as the "widow"—yes even poorer—we may have no gold or silver to give, yet the Heavenly Father, seeing that our love would prompt us to give if we had anything to bestow, counts us among the "best givers." Here is encouragement to the weakest and to the poorest. "If there be first a willing mind, it is reckoned according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." Oh! how glad ought we all to be that inspiration prompted the Apostle to utter these words, so full of comfort to the many who want to do, and want to give, but cannot. You are not too poor, not too feeble, to cultivate the "willing mind," and if that is the best you can do, then you are enrolled, my dear Christian friend, among those who offer "best gifts."

What have you to give? Now be careful about answering "Nothing." Are you sure that you have nothing by which you can honor God and bless the world. Oh! how unexpectedly great are some of these little gifts. Mary had no idea that there was spikenard enough in the little box which she broke above the Master's

feet to fill even Jerusalem while in fact it has filled the whole earth. The cup of cold water given to the Master, none will surely be rewarded the kindly word spoken out of love for the Saviour, though apparently smallest at the time, will prove to be "Like apples of gold in pictures of silver" and find its own place in God's great gallery where such treasures are stored.

We think it easy to distinguish between *little* and *great* deeds, but we are mistaken often, most strangely, little things are frequently the greatest, and feeble things the strongest. The "weak" confounds the "mighty," and things that "are not put to naught things" that are.

A little boy gives a few bricks in a great city, and in a short time they have grown into a beautiful church. A penny falling from the hand of a dying child is placed in the hand of a live missionary, and it becomes a fund sufficient to establish a "child's paper" in Japan. The lesson to be learned from these facts, which might be multiplied indefinitely, is simply this, that a "love gift," however small it may seem, is never really small because it contains germinal power.

Still we may consider a little longer the question,—*what shall we give?* Of course the first answer will be *money*. The church needs money—thousands, yes millions, of dollars every year to carry on her work. The Christian Endeavorers of the world must and I venture to affirm will become the most liberal givers of the Church. They are interested in all her work, are becoming absorbed in the grand endeavor that is being carried on among the heathen nations of the earth, and already the treasures of the Church are feeling the influence of this awakening on the part of the young Christians.

Give also TIME.

One of the most common excuses rendered by men and women, and often by those who have vowed to make the interests of the kingdom their first concern, for not taking hold of the work which often languishes for lack of helpers, is, that they have no time.

They have time for business, time for social enjoyments, time for vacations and picnics, and all that, but not time to work for Christ and His Church. With rare exceptions it is not true that these busy people have no time—the thing that they lack most is "a willing mind." Let them get that, and they will be surprised at the amount of time at their disposal. Don't say you have no time. MAKE TIME. *It may save eternity.*

GIVE TALENT. Now of course I do not know what talent you possess, but I am perfectly sure that you have some particular gift which, if consecrated to God, will make you a power in your Society and in your church. I once went to school with a poor foolish fellow who never got beyond the "A, B, Cs" and we all wondered what *Willie* would do when he became a man. One of the churches in the village finally put a pipe organ in its auditorium, and the question was answered. The church could not pay much for a "blower" and Willie was willing to play (?) that end of the organ for just what they would give, so he found his "niche" and slipped into it.

Above all GIVE YOUR HEART. I know that I am talking with Christians, who have given their hearts to God; but still, when it comes to *service*, we must give our hearts over and over again. How we are tempted to do our work as slaves do theirs—without the least bit of heart in it. That is not the way. Whatever you do for Jesus put your heart in it. If you sing "put your heart in it" if you play the organ or piano, "put your heart in it" and people will wonder what has happened to the instrument, it will sound so much better. If you pray, or speak, or recite a verse of Scripture, or carry a bunch of flowers to a sick room, or invite a young man to become a member of your Society, or whatever you do, "put your heart in it," and God will surely reckon it among the "best gifts." Will you make this your motto for the future?

I will give the *best* I can, the *most* I can, as *quick* as I can to Jesus.

with the warmest of welcomes. There were also several of my former most trusted assistants still faithful and most useful to their new missionary employers. And Madame Allegret had me sit down to the breakfast from which they had just risen. The bang from the adjacent villages came every day to see me. On Saturday, October 21st, a Fifth Ogowe Church was organized at Talaguga and the next day (Sabbath) I had the great privilege of assisting at the Lord's table. And to-day, as I close this letter, I am preparing to go down river to Kangwe. I have been very, very glad to see the old home again, for whatever of sadness it must always have for me is brightened now by what I see of progress, and growth, and light, under the hands of my immediate successors, Mr. and Mrs. Bannerman, and their present successors, Mr. and Madame Allegret. For all of which I have much to thank our kind heavenly Father.

On Monday, October 23rd, in the long flat-bottomed canoe, such as are made by the Ogowe natives, and belonging to Mr. Allegret, with ten young men whom he sent to paddle me down the seventy miles to Kangwe. I started at 8:00 a. m. Canoes can go very fast if the crew choose to pull faster than boats, but I dislike them for the reason that the crews are all in the rear, behind one's back, and the temptation, when the master's face is not before them (as in a boat), to laugh and play and dawdle in their work is very strong. Mr. Allegret had sent a very good captain along. The captain had formerly been one of my people. He hesitated to exercise his authority, waiting for me to speak. But I had determined not to speak. So the crew idled slowly down stream. It was a trying day; the sun shone warm. When 5 p. m. came we were opposite Nyunge river mouth and twelve miles from Kangwe. A storm of rain was driving down that river; to escape it, my playful crew stopped their antics and bent to their work. It was thrilling that lull time. For an entire hour that sheet of falling water was less than a mile behind us and following us and gaining on us. That canoe actually ran ten miles in this hour, and reaching the trading house we ran the canoe ashore, snatched its contents into a wood shed, and in five minutes the storm was all about us, but we were safe! I made a detour into the lake to see Ahamba, an Elder of the Second Ogowe Church, who is located as Bible reader. His wife Pawa had died a few months ago. I wanted to say a few words of comfort to him. She was a Christian. At other villages I stopped to speak the Word, to get food for my crew and to eat our noon meal, and to buy some of that native odika that I liked so much formerly. At one village I found and bought 50lbs weight, which I shall enjoy at Gaboon. It had been a beautiful day, but as the afternoon wore on heavy rain clouds began to follow us, and I was glad to reach the village, Elovj, in safety and be welcomed by old Mamba, a patriarchal Elder of the Third Ogowe Church. A pleasant prayer meeting we had that evening in that polite old gentleman's village.

The next day I kept on my way up the increasingly swollen river, passing inundated villages and barely finding at noontime a dry place where we could land and eat, and that day's journey was happily ended in the face of another heavy storm, reaching Kangwe just in time. On the way we just missed finding a gazelle for our supper. In the evening the new French Protestant Missionary, Rev. Mr. Bonzom, gave a magic lantern exhibition in the church to the pupils of the Kangwe school as a reward for good behavior. The scenes were all Scriptural and the children sang in French and in Fariq and Mponwe, appropriate hymns.

On Sabbath morning, October 29th, rain fell heavily, yet there was a good assemblage, and I had the privilege of conducting Mpongwe service. After the meeting had closed the Fang portion remained and were taught by Rev. Mr. Tessiers. My stay at Kangwe during those three days was almost like a continuous levee, men, women and lads who had known me, who had been in my employ, or church members from long distances around, coming to say how glad they were to see me. Next day

I left my kind hostess and again with my trader friend, Mr. Beddes, started on the 13 miles down river on his little launch, the Oka making some ninety miles that day. We slept that night on the river, but at midnight a violent storm beat in on all sides. I awoke with the warning in time to get on my clothing and cover myself with my precious rubber coat. When the storm had passed our bedding was soaking, but I lay down on the same wet mattress, enveloped in the dry overcoat and slept again, and woke only a little stiff but well. Here I have waited for the French steamer

R. H. NASSAT

OUR CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA CORRESPONDENCE.

Some account of the Presbyterian Church of Lewistown, Pa., in connection with improvements recently made to its large, substantial brick building, may be of interest to your many readers. The earliest history of preaching in connection with the place, like that of many others of the oldest churches in this region, is very meagre. And as a consequence what can be secured is not always accurate. The earliest preaching dates back to 1785, by the Rev. Matthew Stephens, who supplied Lewistown, together with Waynesburg, (now McVeytown) and the intervening twelve miles. He had in his hands calls from what were termed the united congregations of Wayne and Derry, on the Juniata, when the Presbytery of Huntingdon was organized, April 14th, 1795, which, two years later, he returned to the Presbytery, not having been installed as pastor, and accepted a call and was installed in the Church of Shaver's Creek, in 1797. The Church of Lewistown was, so far as can be definitely ascertained, dependent for many years upon supplies, occasional and stated. Among others the name of Rev. James Simpson appears as a stated supply for part of his time at Lewistown and Wayne, in 1800. Coming further down in the history Rev. Wm. Kennedy was called by the Church of Lewistown for two-thirds of his time, and by West Kishacoquillas for one-third in the year 1810, and in October of the same year he was ordained and installed pastor of said churches. This pastorate continued to April 2nd, 1822, twelve years from the date of his acceptance of the calls.

The Rev. James S. Woods, D. D., licensed by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, October, 1818, received by the Presbytery of Huntingdon November 24th, 1819, called to Waynesburg Church for one-half his time which he accepted, and ordained and installed April 20th, 1820, became stated supply of Lewistown Church for one-half his time April 1st, 1823, and was called as pastor for one-half his time and was installed April 28th, 1824. In 1837 he resigned the church of Waynesburg in order to accept a call for all his time to the church of Lewistown. And Dr. Woods continued the pastor of said church until his death, June 29th, 1862, covering a period as supply and pastor of thirty-nine years and three months. This long pastorate was a very successful one, as was happily evidenced in the large membership and congregations wont to wait on his able ministry of the Word and ordinances. He was a learned man, an earnest preacher, a judicious leader, a warm friend, very sympathetic, and, with all, of a very cheerful and winning disposition.

The Rev. Oliver O. McClean, D. D., became the successor in the pastorate of Dr. Woods in the same year (1862) in which he died. This pastorate continued for twenty-two years. It also was a very successful pastorate. For the people were ministered to by a ripe scholar, an eloquent speaker, a very godly man. Many additions to the church testified to his earnest labors and his importunate prayers. Dr. McClean is spending the evening of his life under the shadow of the church where he so faithfully served the Master, ripening more and more for the communion of the saints in the upper sanctuary.

Succeeding Dr. McClean, Rev. John Gourley, now of Lancaster, Ohio, became pastor, near a year after the church became vacant. He remained the pastor for seven years. The present pastor has said this of his pastorate with which

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and Dr. and Mrs Plehn were at the German house, where formerly I had lodged. The "Eclairneur" was on the beach, being repaired; its quartermaster allowed Mrs Kern and myself rooms on board, we providing our own food. The conditions were not comfortable; but, Dr. and Mrs Plehn, who came to call on us, said that our quarters were better than theirs. We had a trying wait there of more than two weeks. The monotony was slightly varied by the observance of the National Fete day, the 14th. And, on the 21st, I completed an autobiographical statement, which had been requested of me by Secy Ellinwood. And, on the 15th, I walked with Mrs Kern to call on Dr. and Mrs Plehn; they were out, hunting elephants. We waited for their return, and enjoyed a cup of coffee with them. We might have been saved all this waiting, if we had been better informed at Libreville; for, there was a French steamer that was in the harbor just before we left there, and which had connected with an Agouwe boat, the "Avantgarde", just a day before we had reached the Cape! On the 23rd, we were visited by our friends, the Plehns, to a pic-nic. In the morning, they and we, with two young traders, Messrs Stacey and Huggins,

started on a one-and-a-half mile walk across the prairie, to where Dr. Plehn had a tent, for his hunting. On the way, we saw an elephant; and, on nearing the tent, saw five wild oxen; and, I went to stalk them a mile farther. They disappeared in the forest. At the tent, Mrs. Plehn had prepared a very good dinner. And, then, we all went to target firing; I ranked second. Mrs. Plehn took a sketch of my face. And, we all walked back by 6. P.M.

On Monday 25th, we boarded the "Avantgarde", which had again come down the river. A fellow passenger was a Mons. Oswald, who had been sent out from France, to investigate possible railway routes. It was very interesting, on our way up the Ogave, to recognize former familiar villages, and points of land, and Galvas who had known me eight years before. And, we were at the Lembarene anchorage by 9. P.M. of the 27th. Our whistle was heard, and a canoe came from Audende, whose crew of school-boys welcomed me, and plans were made for the next day. On the 28th, Rev. Messrs Teissieres and Hally came to tell me of their ~~plans~~ arrangement of a boat and crew, which I was to take with me to Salazaga, in which to return, and which should

Then take me back to the Cape. Then, on the "Aventgarden", we continued the journey to Talaguga. It was a touching revival of former memories, to look at the changes in the old places, especially as I approached the sacred localities of Talaguga. On the 29th, in the afternoon, we landed at Njoli island (whither "Talaguga" Station had been removed). Rev. Mr. Allegret came, and first took Miss Kern; and, after some goods for him had been landed, he came again for me. I was welcomed by Mrs Allegret and her singing school-girls, and her two little sons. There had been made very formal preparations for a welcome, when ~~it~~ we had been expected a month before. The mis-information, that had marred our plans at Baraka, had caused much disappointment both for our Talaguga friends and for us. The old Talaguga was being occupied as an out-station by evangelist Elder Loudo. On the 30th, with Mr. Allegret and Miss Kern, I re-visited that house, and stopped at all the dear old scenes, the garden; where orange and palm-oil were now large trees; the site of the grenadilla arbor; the back-yard; the kitchen; the guava bushes.

Mary's mother's grave, the saw-mill, prayer-room, church; and the overgrown site of the abandoned hillside cottage. How the memories crowded! And, we returned to Njoli.

On Sunday 31st, Mr. Allegret asked me to preach, the audience was Faéve. I had never been fluent in it; and, for eight years, had had no chance to use it. So, I spoke in Njougwe, and Ombagho interpreted. In the afternoon, I had an important conversation with my friend Mr. Allegret. The situation at Baaka had become so distressing to me, that, for several months, I had entertained the thought that, if after my furlough in the U.S. in 1899, the Board should still insist on my returning to Baaka, I would resign, and would offer my services to the Paris Society. Mr. Allegret cordially welcomed my thought, and assured me that I would be gladly received.

On Monday, August 1st, Mrs. Allegret had thoughtfully made an early breakfast, for the day's long ride down river to Kéngwe. I started with my crew at 6 A.M. Good Londs had come to see me; so, I did not stop at old Talagege, but gave all my eyes and thoughts to the grave, as we drifted by,

The crew was not disobedient; but, I could not get them to pull vigorously. Perhaps, my stopping at various places, for the sake of old memories, broke their energy. All day, there were recollections of camping-grounds, eating-places, &c., and Bitagā with its annual birth-day fishing pic-nic in the lagoon. In the afternoon, met faithful Māmbā in his canoe, with an enthusiastic ~~reception~~ ^{reception}. The men having lost the good morning hours, were sleepy, tired, and warm; and, the sand-banks were bad. The moonlight helped us. Finally, we reached Andēnde at 10. P.M.! The worst and longest day's journey (16 hours) I ever had had from Talaguga. There was a hearty welcome by Rev. and Madame Teisseres, and a warm supper they had kept for me.

The next day, I was shown many improvements that had been made in the Andēnde houses. (The Kāngue hill had been entirely abandoned.) I was quite interested to see, as the door of one of the store-houses, my original Couisco-Malukū-Belambila front-door of 1861! On the 3^d. there was a marriage in the church, of a young man to one of Mrs Teisseres school-girls. And, in

the afternoon, there was the usual Galwa dis-
 cussion, which, in the former days, had mar-
 red most of my journeys, viz, a demand
 for higher wage. I yielded to it, as I was
 helpless, and needed to get to the lake, for
 my return to Bawka. On the 4th, after breakfast
 with the cordial Teissens family, I started with
 my crew at 7.30. A.M. Fifteen miles down, I
 stopped at Aveya's old Sinigo village (now
 Elder Re-Montigo's), was warmly welcomed
 by him and old Elder Mambã and their people.
 Especially, by a young woman, Iquwi, who
 had been assistant to my May's Angentywa
 at Jalaguza. She was married, and had a
 little daughter. While I was there eating my
 noon meal, the trader Mr. Watson in his
 "Oviro" passed down. (Had I known that that
 vessel was in the river, I would have sought
 passage by it, instead of the Audãde canoe.)
 Having resumed my journey, I overtook the
 "Oviro" a few miles below Orãnga. Thinking
 that Mr. Watson was in trouble, I offered to
 take any letters from him to the lake. He said
 that he had stopped to make some slight
 repairs, and, seeing me coming, had waited
 to offer me passage! I gladly accepted the

offer; removed my baggage; and sent the unwilling canoe and crew back to Andaiide. And, on the 6th, was at the Cape, entertained by Mr. Huggins, where I wrote letters to Messrs Allegret and Teissens. I wished to make in written form, stronger than my parting words, my thanks for their fraternal kindness and courtesy in their reception and entertainment of me. At night, while lying on a comfortable mattress on the floor, I was awakened by a sharp sensation on my big toe; this was repeated twice. I jumped up, and found that it was a rat biting at my toe! I could not longer sleep; dressed at 3.30. A.M.; and set in safety.

The "Bona" came in from the south, on Sunday 7th. I went on board. Among other passengers was the Commissioner General de Lamotte, Madame de Lamotte, a maid-servant and valet; and his suite of four men, and his nephew. He was cautious; he gave me news of the Cuban war, and the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Santiago.

The next day, I was ashore at Bacaka. At the same hour, a steamer had come from the north, with Dr. and Mrs. Cox, and Rev. Mr. Hickman. In the afternoon, the latter went, in our mission-boat to Angou.

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With Mrs Cox was a Batanga young woman, Botombaka, a valued protegee of my sister. In the Ogowe, Mr. Teissier had given in my care a chimpanzee which I sent to the French doctor. And, I went with Dr. Cox to have my photograph taken. On the 10th, there were many letters and papers to read, from Angou, Beuta, and Anauca.

My dear friends, the Bannermans, had decided that they could not return to Africa, and had friendly written to me to send to them the goods they had left at Baraka. So, I was having crates made for two trunks and half-a-dozen other boxes of theirs, to be sent to them.

On Tuesday 16th, with Dr. Cox and Botombaka and Anzentjewo, and followed by Mrs Lewis and her company, I went on my annual fishing excursion across the estuary, at King Adande's. In the camp, I enjoyed the forest scenes. And, at night, when the day's fishing was over, I read to the company, Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm". Another evening, King Adande entertained us with a long skano (folk-love story) about the legend of Njigâ (Leopard) and Atori (Rat). (Later, I included it in my "Where Animals Talk")

We were back again at Baraka, on the 19th.

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Next morning, just after breakfast, a large horned viper (*Cerastes horrida*) was killed in the yard.

On Sunday 21st, Rev. Mr. Hickman, who had returned from Angoum, was with me in the pulpit. And, in the afternoon, with Levin and Dr. and Mrs. Cox, we enjoyed a view of the Bay, in a walk around the ridge back of our premises. The next day Dr. and Mrs. Cox went on a visit to Angoum.

Among my readings, on the 29th, was "The Spanish Brothers", a tragic story of the Inquisition, in the 16th century.

On the 30th, Dr. and Mrs. Cox with Rev. S. G. Dunning arrived from Angoum, to await a north-bound steamer; the Cox's and Mr. Hickman to return, respectively, to Batanga and Benite; and Mr. Dunning to America.

On Sunday A.M. September 4th, the latter gave his last sermon in Africa; and, at evening Monthly Concert, he and Mr. Hickman assisted me.

On Tuesday 6th, came an English steamer, with two new recruits, Rev. and Mrs. G. J. Boppell, to take Mr. Dunning's place at Angoum. At the wed. evening prayer-meeting on the 7th, I held a Farewell for the latter and a Welcome for the former. On Thursday 8th, the "May Narran" started north,

with Dr. and Mrs. Cox and Mr. Hickman.

This was September, but my accounts for June and July, in the hands of the young layman, were not yet complete. When I asked for them, his reply was very unpleasant, even insulting. Such association was hard to bear, and I looked restlessly for the coming of the end of the year, when I could exercise the rights of my permit for departure.

In the morning of the 9th, I went on board an English steamer with my friend Rev. Mr. Browning, to say my last good-bye to him. And, in the afternoon, in our boat the "Lafayette", started for Angora with Rev. and Mrs. Boppell. With an unusually rebellious crew, the two days journey was a very trying one to the two new missionaries. We did not reach Angora until 11 P.M. of Sat'y 10th. They were kindly met by Dr. Bennett. On the Monday, I was interested in his dispensary and operating-room, where he made a full physical examination of me as I lay naked on his table. He was delighted with my ^{lungs} ~~spleen~~, heart, liver, and especially with my spleen. After dinner, the organ of the Brauerians was opened, and

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unselfish Mrs Bennett, though her heart was sad at the recent news of the death of her sister, sang for me, and accompanied me as I sang "The Ingle-side", and "Listen to the Mocking-bird". In the afternoon, I started down the river, the crew again rebellious from the very beginning. It was an excessively trying journey, I had never had such rebellion, even in the Ogowe; and did not reach Baraka until 3. A.M. of Wedy 14th. The crew of six were not my employees, they were hired by the young layman, who had charge of the Station. But, he justly sustained me, when I fined each of the three rebels \$1.00 (which I at once gave to the three who had been loyal). At first, the rebels refused to take the reduced pay; but, they afterwards came and took it, one of them, Mbutu, adding a threat against my life.

The accumulated Baraka troubles were affecting my health with severe headache. On the 19th, it was extreme. I tried all sorts of medicines, quinine, citrate of magnesia, caffeine, lime juice, acid phosphate, none of them did any good; nor, locally, soap liniment, ammonia, and oil of mustard.

On the 21st, I began to

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pack my library, with reference to my leaving in December, remembering how that same library had been neglected in 1891.

The table, at which I was boarding, was nominally Mrs Ogden's; but, I believed it to be really under the control of the young layman. In either case, as his treatment of me had become so unjust, that food at their table was no longer endurable, especially as she seemed to affiliate with him in his acts. So, on October 4th, I went to Agent Hudson of the trading house of H. & C., and asked for boarding. He promptly consented. There I remained, going daily for my three meals, which I enjoyed, in the courteous and intelligent company of himself and his clerks. The next morning, as I started out the door to go to Mr. Hudson's, Mrs Ogden called to me, and begged me to reconsider my decision. I told her that it was too late to mend; and went on to my comfortable breakfast. At night, when I returned at 9. P. M. from the evening meal and its subsequent conversation, the young layman was awaiting me, and began a long and very unsatisfactory talk about our relations to each other, professedly

seeking peace; and yet, making no acknowledgment or retraction of wrong done to me, only asking for "pardon": and, then finding fault with me, as if I was un-forgiving.

My understanding of the Bible doctrine of Forgiveness is, that it is to be granted to any one who repents. But, Repentance consists of (1) acknowledgment of wrong. (2) expression of regret. (3) effort at reparation. (In Divine dealing with mankind, that Reparation is made by Christ's vicarious Atonement; and thus Salvation is accomplished. And in my childhood Primer, I had learned, "Repentance is, to leave ~~the~~ ^{the} sins we loved before, And show that we in earnest grieve, By doing so no more".)

But, the young layman's "apologies" never contained any of those ^{three} factors. (An Apology is a mere conventionalty for the smoothing of an unintentional error.) The next day, he brought his big dictionary, with definition of "Forgiveness": The definition was correct; but, I knew that we would differ as to its application. So, I declined further to discuss the matter. Already my health

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and digestion were improving, in the pleasant companionship at Mr. Hudson's table, where the conversation elicited personalities, and often was instructive in literary, geographical, and political topics. In my plans for the future, I decided that, on my furlough in the U.S., I would not weary myself with the constant travel for addresses on Missions, as I had done during the two years 1891-1893. But, that I would travel more for restful pleasure, in which I included a tour of Switzerland, about which I had been disappointed in 1891. I even fixed the date for the Spring of 1899, which was a good time for starting on European tours; and, I would bring my daughter with me on that tour. When my daughter heard of all this, she plead with me to permit her to see the girl, to whom she had given care as devoted as that of a Southern "Mammy". Connected with this was a need to have repaired the tooth-plate that had been made for her at Liverpool in 1891. I granted her wish. And, the best, most reliable, and most gentlemanly of all the English captains, Capt. Fred. W. Davis, being in the harbor on the 7,

I inquired in regard to his future dates of sailing; and found that he would be in Libreville in April 1899. That fitted well for my expected month of May; and, I engaged him to bring her to Liverpool at that time.

For the kindnesses accorded to me by hosts and hostesses in America on my furloughs, I had so little to return, as demonstration of my thanks. So, as a small something, I carried for them curios from Africa. I began in October to collect fetichus, ivories, instruments of music &c, for that use in the United States, before my prospective journey in December.

I was a faithful correspondent, keeping in my desk two corners for "answered" and "unanswered letters. Now, I hastened to write, in order to empty the unanswered corner.

On the 29th, an English steamer from the north came, bringing Rev. R. H. Milligan, returning from his furlough; and, as visitors, Rev. and Mrs Fairley, of the Fernando Po, English Methodist Mission, and a Kongo missionary and his wife. But, a letter in the mail distressed me. Rev. Mr. Todd, in whose care was my daughter, was leaving Dover N. J. (to which place he had removed from Monrocton, Pa.)

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I had expected Dover to be my home, on my furlough. Would Mr Todd have a home ready for me? If not, where should I go?

The month of November began unhappily, with an increase of unkindness from the young layman. An Englishman, trading on the south coast, had married a native woman; she died, leaving him a little son. The father had taken good care of him; but, now when the child was five years of age, the man was returning to England, and he wished to place the child in a mission-school, for protection and education. Such children were frequently placed in the R. C. School. As I had been in charge of Baraka for most of the time during five years, my name was known along the coast by men whom I had never seen and who had never seen me. The man assumed that our Protestant School was open to his child just as were the R. C. Schools; and that Mrs Ogden would take care of the little boy, just as the Nuns did. So, without any arrangement with me or by me, he sent to me a check to pay the child's expenses. When I handed it to the young layman, he berated me for seeming to accept for his friend Mrs Ogden a care, which

she did not wish, and denounced me for trespassing with the check on his office as treasurer; I was perfectly innocent. I was not responsible for the father's having made the mistake of thinking that I was treasurer, or that the Mission accepted such children. The treasurer's unjust charges more than ever convinced me of his insincerity as a professed friend, and made me more restless to get away from association with him.

Packing my trunks and boxes was quite a problem; choosing what should remain in storage until I would return to Africa; what I should take with me for use in the United States; what I would need on the voyage; and what I should wear until I went to Batanga in December.

On the 9th, came Rev. and Mrs Boppell from Angou; Mrs Boppell was very sick. I enjoyed Mr. Milligan's aid in the pulpit, and his courteous companionship and literary conversation.

On the 17th, Mrs Boppell's symptoms became more serious; she was delirious, and the French doctor was sent for. For her, we obtained rice from the Hospital, to apply to her temples. For three days and nights, we watched her, as she lay unconscious. And, on Sunday

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the 20th at 8.15. P.M. she passed away. I went to the villages, and brought three women, Kaka, Mrs Boardman, and her daughter Mary, to assist Mrs Ogden in care of the corpse, over which I watched from midnight to 6. A.M. of the 21st. On the Monday, invitations were sent to the white residents of the Plateau; and at 5. P.M., the funeral was held in the church, Rev. R. H. Milligan assisting me. The Service was solemn and touching. Some of the French white men and many of the natives were affected to tears.

On the 24th, word came from Angoum, that Dr. Bennett was sick. After some misunderstanding as to who should go to bring him to Baraka, Mr. Milligan was sent.

On Sunday 27th, I preached two farewell sermons; one on the words, "That proclaimeth Peace", as the last message I should proclaim; and, the other, on the words "the Angel of His Presence saved Them", as to Christ's Presence saving us in all times of trouble.

On the 28th, Dr. and Mrs Bennett arrived from Angoum.

On the 30th, Anyoutyem made a parting supper for me, at which were present, Akera Governor, Mrs Boardman and her daughter Mary, Alida, and Aziza-Makiema.

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On the 1st of December came a mail, and a French recruit for the Ogowe, Rev. Mr. Couve. And, immediately at 6.30. P.M., I went to the beach to go on board of the "Mary Nassau", for Batanga. At the pier, were twenty of my native friends, waiting to bid me a good-bye. And, with my fellow-missionaries, we started for the Annual Meetings, on the voyage, the vessel stopped at Benita, at 1. A.M. of Sat'y 3rd. A boat was sent for; and we were ashore by 5.30. A.M., welcomed on the beach by Rev. Mr. Hickman, and, at the house, by Mrs. De Keer, Mrs. Rautlinger, and Miss Christensen. I had not been at Benita for a dozen years. On Sunday, a sermon by Rev. Mr. Mbiza; and I conducted Sab. Sch. In the afternoon I walked to Mbâde, to my graves in the cemetery there. On the Monday, the voyage was resumed, with additions to our company. And, we were landed by Dr. Cox at Batanga's Ekekeke Station, by 4. P.M. of the 6th, where we all were welcomed by six missionaries. With one of them, Miss Halle and a native Elder, I started to walk to my sisters at Bongaheli, stopping on the way, at "Prospect House", to see Mr. Kerr. I did not see Mrs. Kerr; she was sick. And, was at my sisters, in time for supper.

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At Bongahali, was a new framed church-building.

On Friday 9th, at Mission, there was an agreement not to have the usual afternoon Presbytery; and word to that effect was sent to Moderator Ibiya, by hand of one of Rev. Mr. Knauer's school-boys. At noon, the lad returned, saying that the R. Co. ^{native} teacher at Bongahali had taken the letter from him. Mr. Knauer at once went with the lad to that teacher, who did not deny having seized the letter, but said that he had not read it. It was one of the R. Co. spyings on our doings. He was taken to King Madala, who had him at once flogged with 25 blows.

On the 10th came a very gratifying letter from a young trader, ^{P. J. Gerritzen} at Liberville. I had been kind to him in sickness, and had entertained him in his evening visits at Baraka. One sentence in his letter especially impressed me: "I hope you will have a nice and safe sea-passage home, and enjoy a nice time with your children, who certainly will be very happy to see you again, and perhaps will keep you home, although we all will be only too glad to see you coming back." These words from a white trader, and speaking for others (in that word "all"); together with the demonstration by

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church
 those 20 women at the Liberville fair, came to
 my thought a year later, as a precious reputation
 of certain false statements to the Board, sent
 by my enemies in the Mission, charging that "The
 church" and "the traders" did not respect ones.
 On Sunday 11th, at church, a sermon by Rev. Mr. Stige.
 There was present, Akā, wife of Rev. Mr. Etujani. The
 good woman, as a young girl, had been child's
 nurse of my little George Paul, at Mbade, Benin.
 I had not seen her for 25 years. In Mission-
 meeting of the 13th, among other resolutions to the
 Board, was one against its receiving, from in-
 dividual missionaries, private and secret ^{statements},
 against fellow missionaries. (This was to defend
 me from what I had been subjected to in 1873.)
 Mr. Bopfel was appointed to Bamaka, and Mr.
 Milligan to Angou. On the 19th, Presbytery licensed
 three candidates, Mbula-Diföfi, Mbula-Ngebi,
 and Ikitike. On the 21st, Sister and I left the
 mission-meeting, in order to make ourselves
 accessible to the native brethren, at Bongahali,
 who were preparing for their journeys home,
 Presbytery having adjourned on the 20th.
 I remained with my sister, waiting for the
 steamer that was to take me to Liverpool;
 and, on Sunday 25th, I preached for Mr. Gault,

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who was in charge of the Batanga church.

Early in the morning of Tuesday 27th I boarded
the English steamer ^{"Lagos"} of Capt. Hughes, in company
with Mr. and Mrs M. H. Kerr, who were leaving
the Mission. Thus I began my fourth furlough
to the United States.